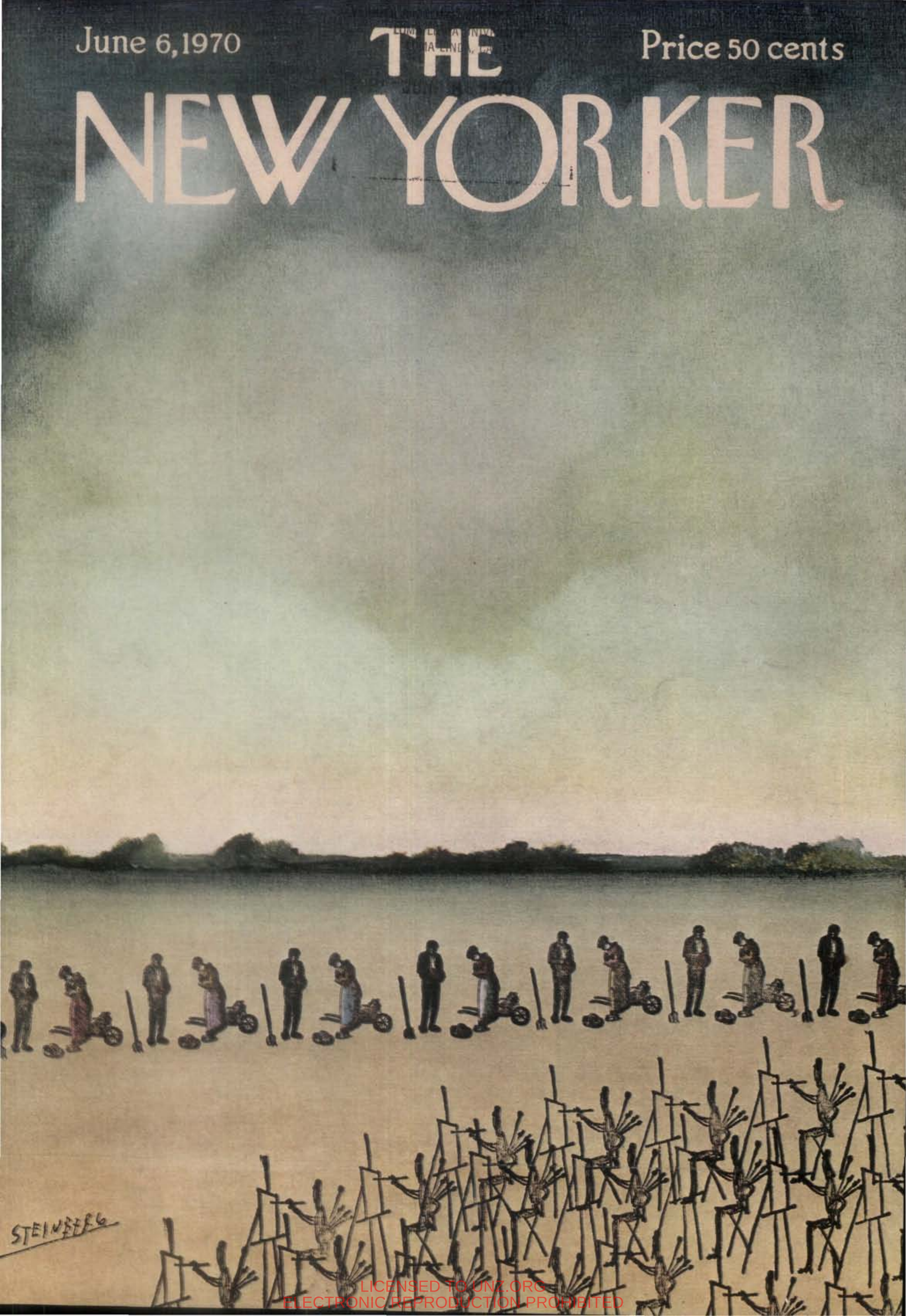
June 6, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

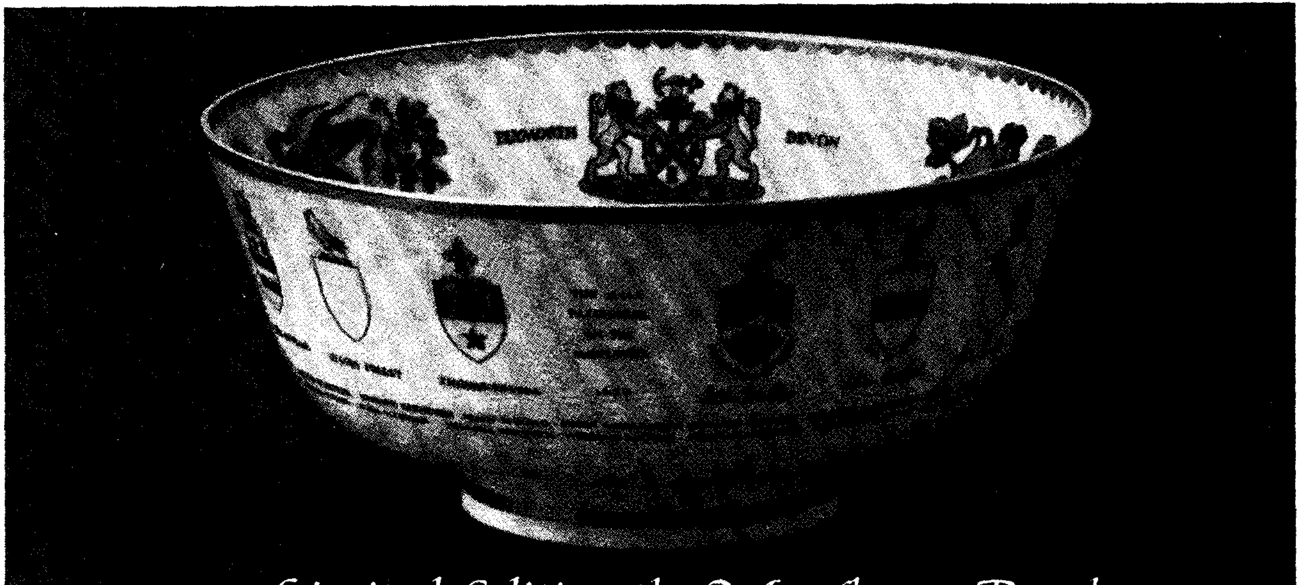


MEET THE VERMOUTH THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH TO DRINK STRAIGHT.
MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH
M&R
SWEET
VINO VERMOUTH
ITALIA
VERMOUTH
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO VERMOUTH SECCO
S.A MARTINI & ROSSI TORINO
CONTENTS 1 PINT AND 14 FLUID OUNCES
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD.

Martini & Rossi tastes great
straight. Sweet or Extra Dry or
half-and-half on the rocks.
Try it.

Outside the U.S. and Canada it's called MARTINI Vermouth. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAILING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS TO AMERICA
The Mayflower 1620



Limited Edition the Mayflower Bowl

To commemorate the 350th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, ROYAL WORCESTER created this bone china bowl especially for the occasion. The inside depicts the Mayflower, the coat of arms of Plymouth, England, the seal of Plymouth Colony, symbolizing the new freedom of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the produce, the land's abundance. The outside of the bowl carries the names and coats of arms of the male passengers.

The Mayflower Bowl, exclusively ours, is truly a collector's item (each bowl is certified) – a beautiful reminder of America's precious heritage – taupe on white, luxuriously gold trimmed, $4\frac{3}{8}$" high, $10\frac{1}{2}$" diameter, $250.

Mass. Residents add 3% (or if delivered in Mass.) Please add $2 for shipping.

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON
Boylston at Arlington
Boston, Mass. 02116
(617) 267-9100

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Awake and Sing!—A satisfactory revival, after thirty-five years, of Clifford Odets' masterpiece—a wonderfully moving and funny play, which is much less dated than you might expect. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Borstal Boy—A violent and merry evening with Brendan Behan, brilliantly reincarnated by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Candaules, Commissioner—A play by Dan Gerould. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago 70—A prankish takeoff on our recent conspiracy trial, as originally improvised by the Toronto Workshop Company. There are a few bright spots, but they are all but lost in the general witlessness and complacency. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is ably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

Dark of the Moon—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Nuns—A Paris import, by Eduardo Manet, adapted by Don Parker and Paul Verdier. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Open Theatre—Final performances of a three-week repertory of three plays. Beckett's **ENDGAME**: Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 9-10.... **TERMINAL**, a collaborative piece by the group: Friday through Sunday, June 5-7, and Friday through Sunday, June 12-14.... ¶ Jean-Claude van Itallie's **THE SERPENT**: Thursday, June 11. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. 228-4321. Evenings at 8:30.)

The Pig Pen—A play by Ed Bullins. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8, and Friday at 9. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 6.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A deplorable revival of **BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK**, an old play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 27.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **AMPHITRYON**, adapted from the Greek legend by the German playwright Peter Hacks and translated by Ralph Manheim. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 20.)

Room Service—The nineteen-thirties farce about hard times off Times Square is as funny as ever. Ron Leibman heads an excellent cast. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—George Voskovec, Billy Dee Williams, and Madeline Miller are the entire cast of this revival of

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25

"WHO STOLE MY GOLDEN UNDIES?" . . . . . *S. J. Perelman* 30

"A TUTOR IN THE VILLAGE" . . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 33

"FIVE POEMS" . . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 38

U.S. JOURNAL: FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 40

THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 49

OFF BROADWAY . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 50

THE ART WORLD . . . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 54

THE SPORTING SCENE (HORSE RACING) . . . . . *Fred Feldkamp* 62

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 85

LETTER FROM OSAKA . . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 88

THE RACE TRACK . . . . . *Audax Minor* 103

AROUND CITY HALL . . . . . *Andy Logan* 104

"A FIGHT BETWEEN A WHITE BOY AND A BLACK BOY IN THE DUSK OF A FALL AFTERNOON IN OMAHA, NEBRASKA" . . *Wright Morris* 109

BOOKS . . . . . *Edmund Wilson* 112

BRIEFLY NOTED 134

COVER: *Saul Steinberg*

DRAWINGS: *Ed Fisher, Lee Lorenz, Alan Dunn, William Hamilton, Al Ross, Warren Miller, Edward Koren, J. B. Handelsman, Eldon Dedini, Donald Reilly, John Corcoran, Stan Hunt, Barney Tobey, Henry Martin, Edward Frascino, Claude Smith*

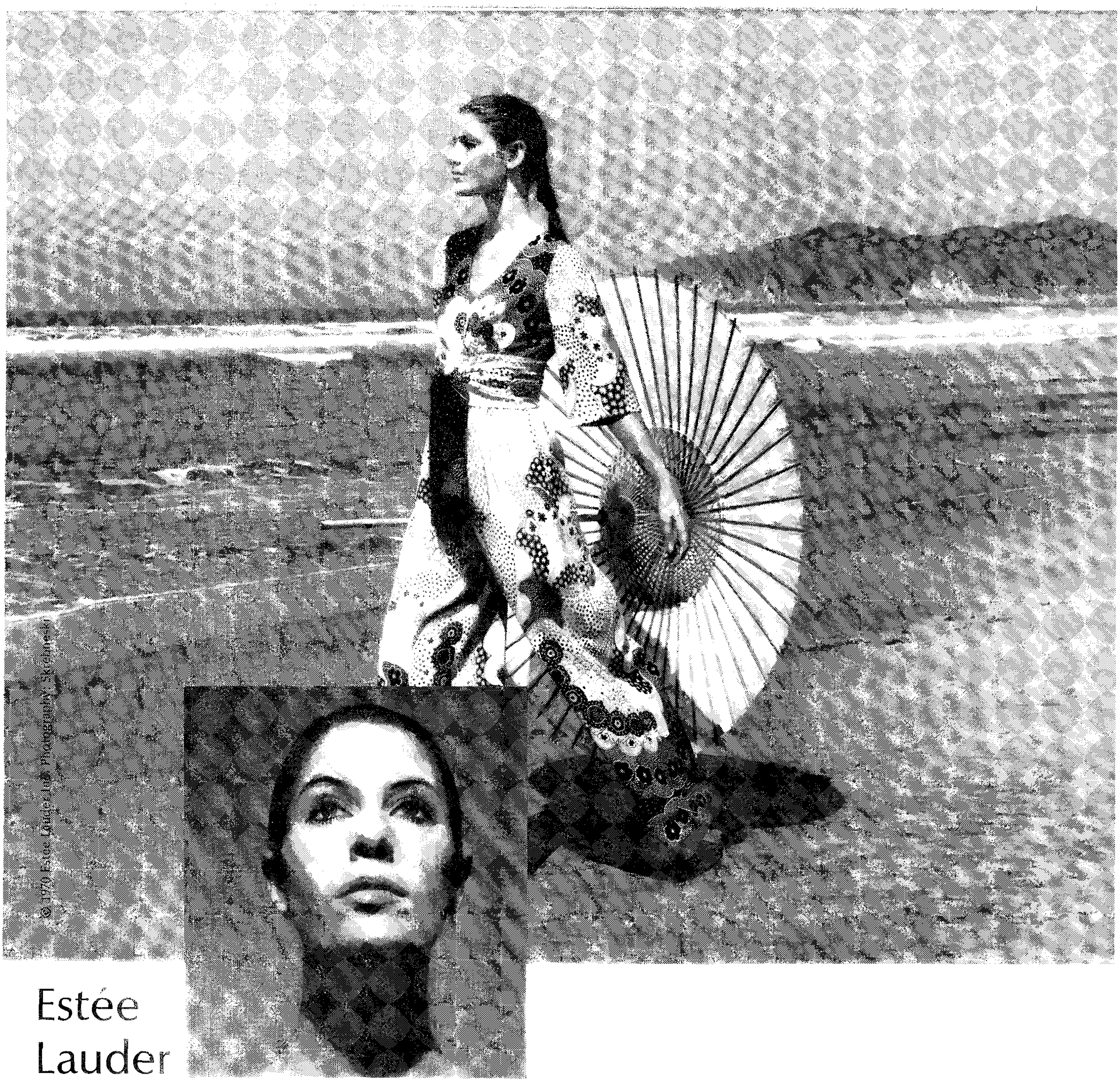
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 16, June 6, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



© 1970 Estée Lauder Inc. Photography: Skrebneski

Estée Lauder gives you a new mid-golden beauty with makeup that turns on the sunny glow of the Côte d'Azur.

Estée Lauder sees the new summer face, touched with just enough golden glow to make you look like a radiant outdoor beauty. Lips are glossed and polished with New Tender Lip Tints, Estée Lauder's sleek lipstick formula in six new summer-frosted shades. Skin is gently tanned with Go-Bronze, Estée Lauder's famous suntan-in-a-gel. And cheeks are blushed and buffed with new Tender Cheek Tints.

For summer, six new frost-shimmered shades of Tender Lip Tints:

Pink Lights
Golden Coral
Cinnamon Ice
Polished Beige
Strawberry Shimmer
Sunny Melon

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

William Hanley's play. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Steambath—Rip Torn in a play written by Bruce Jay Friedman and directed by Anthony Perkins. Preview Wednesday, June 3. Opens officially on Thursday, June 4, at 7. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, except Tuesday, June 9, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the concept:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) ... **forty carats:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With June Allyson and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **no place to be somebody:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **plaza suite:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton (replacing Peggy Cass, who will return on Monday, June 8) and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

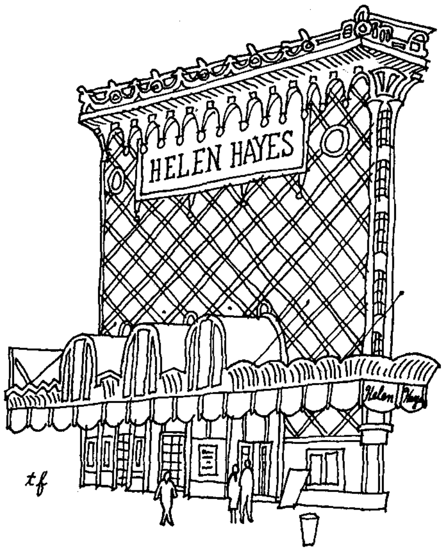
MUSICALS

Akokawe—A program of dance, song, and poetry arranged and directed by Afolabi Ajayi, who also stars in it. The last in this season's series of offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Applause—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boy Friend—Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan in a jaunty revival of the mock-musical of the early fifties, if you remember that far back. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—Katharine Hepburn is the making of this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

Company—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Dean Jones, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to agreeable samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mod Donna—A fierce, sporadically entertaining, but not very musical musical, which demonstrates and sets forth the ideas of the Women's Liberation movement. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Whispers on the Wind—David Cryer and Nancy Dussault in a folk-rock musical, with a book and lyrics by John B. Kuntz and music by Lor Crane. Opens Wednesday, June 3. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **the fantasticks:** His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase, level with the roof. —Don't mope over it all day, he said. I'm inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the stairhead: *And no more turn aside and brood/ Upon love's bitter mystery/ For Fergus rules the brazen cars.* (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hair:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **man of la mancha:** Charles West plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. West at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)... **promises, promises:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **you're a good man, charlie brown:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Wednesday, June 3, at 8:15: "Firebird," "In the Night," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... ¶ Thursday, June 4, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, June 5, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, June 6, at 2:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Fantasies," "Tchaikovsky Suite," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, June 6, at 8:15: "Reveries," "Pas de Deux," "Four Temperaments," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday, June 7, at 1:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, June 7, at 7:15: "La Sonnambula" and "Harlequinade."... **a midsummer night's dream:** Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12, at 8:15; Saturday, June 13, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, June 14, at 1:15 and 7:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Larry Richardson—With his company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington

Boda Crystal.

Even more intoxicating than the liquids they hold is the gift of Boda Crystal. While you're at it, may we suggest you enhance your own liquor cabinet with Boda Crystal. The fine art of civilized imbibing has never been more gracious.

Art you use.

At fine stores everywhere. From the collection of

GEORG JENSEN INC.

667 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Tailored by
HICKEY-FREEMAN

For the man who wants the best. A luxurious combination of mohair, wool and baby alpaca. Woven in our diamond head weave which is mesh like for coolness

Our new six button double breasted model also features the deep center vent

NAVY BLUE

$175

Please add $1.00 for mail orders

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.

Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes

MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, June 6, at 8:30.)

Jean Léon Destiné—With his Afro-Haitian dance company in a benefit performance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, June 13, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Barely bitter, hardly the end. Singer Townes Van Zandt and the Chapins, a rock group, will be here until Wednesday, June 10, when folksters Brewer and Shipley will arrive. Tom Paxton will join the show on Friday, June 12. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Evenings pass at an unhurried pace. From eleven to three, Joe Beck fingers a provocative electric guitar, while another musician assists him on bass. Dinner, from a responsible kitchen, is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A headquarters for the six-stringed instrument after which it is named, but one where finger dexterity takes precedence over strumming. Gene Bertoncini is on guitar, with Ron Carter assisting him on bass. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Kai Winding's trombone is the central instrument in a smoothly run quartet. On Tuesday, June 9, Zoot Sims' quartet (supplemented by Al Cohn Fridays through Sundays) will take the stand. Additionally, Fridays through Sundays, Anita O'Day sings along, bringing her established, throaty style to old and new songs. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Hubble, and Oliver Jackson plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band, or a plausible facsimile of it when Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Vic Dickenson (especially Mr. D.), and Ralph Sutton are at their best. Seven to one through the week, and until two on Fridays and Saturdays. All quiet Sundays and Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by the McCoy Tyner quintet. On Tuesday, June 9, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers will come in. Mondays are turned over to various jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Billy Taylor trio entertains. Grilled dinners are served. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, the Miles Davis quintet will alternate with comic Joe Keyes. On Tuesday, June 9, Dick Gregory and singer Esther Marrow will begin a two-week engagement.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—The Charles Mingus quintet is on the stage. Beginning Tuesday, June 9, the Elvin Jones quartet will take over. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—They move at several speeds in this second-story establishment, whose first story is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which is darkish and arched, stays open from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and one can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live groups alternate with high-powered recorded sounds. Alcohol is banned. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—An established restaurant that has added dancing on its lower level, but only on Fridays and Saturdays. A wide assortment of records can be heard from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are available.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—On the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, plate-glass windows look out on neon glitter and in on décor that is of no particular time or place. Dancing to live and preserved music, Mondays through Fridays from ten until three. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Limited in size but activated with light and sound. The mood is suave and the view is magnificent, and late dinners are available for those who are not too busy dancing. Things run until three or four each night. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Tell old Pharaoh that his sphinxes are ensconced in the land of gilded schmalz. Sphinxlike table companions are frequent, since the records are played at a more than Nilotic volume. Three times nightly, the Jesters Four come out and play and sing and so forth. Starting Monday, June 8, a new outfit called the Gentlemen will perform. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are false, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Are you looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen? The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with live musicians. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and

TWINKLE TWINKLE, LITTLE CAR.

Chevrolet's upcoming little car was named after a star.

No ordinary run-of-the-Milky-Way star, mind you.

Vega. Star of the first magnitude. Brightest in the constellation Lyra.

Which gives our car a lot to live up to.

Fine.

Consider the name a commitment.

Bright. But not flashy.

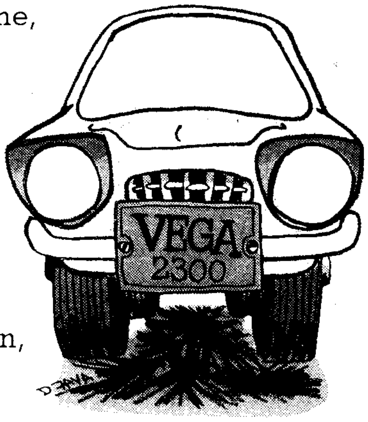
True, Vega is going to look great.

True, it will come in 10 shiny acrylic lacquer colors including bright yellow.

But where it's really going to shine is where it doesn't even show. In the chassis, the body, the engine, the brakes, the suspension, the nuts, the bolts.

We built Vega from scratch.

Everything was designed for this car and this car alone. And it all comes together on the most highly automated precision production line in the world, at our plant near Lordstown, Ohio.



What we're saying is, Vega is going to be an exceptionally well-built little car.

It is going to be a joy to own and drive.

You'll see.

Solid. But not square.

We don't buy the idea that an inexpensive, economical car automatically means dull driving.

Vega's 2300-cubic-centimeter overhead cam engine will make it move a lot more briskly than your average little car. Vega's disc/drum brake system will make it stop emphatically. Vega's 25.5-foot turning circle (curb to curb) will make it maneuver more nimbly than most.

We've been calling it "the little car that does everything well."

Well, we're not kidding.

The astronomy ends here.

You'd figure a car with all that going for it would have an astronomical price, compared to ordinary little cars.

You figured wrong.

When it comes down to price, our star comes down to earth.

You'll be pleasantly surprised.

VEGA

CHEVROLET

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

CANVAS COUSINS

hand in hand, go everywhere. Roomy, foldable dandies. Both, in natural canvas with trim of black, navy, tan, red, or kelly. Shoulder Tote, $10 ...Carry Tote, $8 Add $1 if you wish 3 initials. Add $1 for all mail and phone orders. Only at

the shop for pappagallo

11 E. 54 St., New York 10022. PL 3-2577

swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) It makes it.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Domestic bliss is the idea in the restaurant, and it often works out in that peaceful fashion. Ernie Warren's crew is now and again on the bandstand, usually until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays.... **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): This community was not founded upon rock; a more mellifluous music is dispensed. The floor is ample, and so is the sound—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.... **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): The annual lawn party, right out in what now passes for open air, has begun. Every night but Monday, with music from seven-thirty or so until fairly late.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, is also a complaint department dealing with what ails our manner of living. Some of the dealings are crisp, some are just burned to a crisp. The cast of six is eager, which is not always enough. Sessions at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Onstage in the Royal Box, during dinner and supper, is a guitar firmly attached to B. B. King, and the collaborative sound will blow many a willing mind, and straight out to sea. The admirable purring sounds before and after the main event are made by the Lee Evans dance orchestra. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, the Men of La Mancha, tilt earnestly at windmills in the sky and blow pretty bubbles in the air. It may be the original definition of "quixotic." Every single night.... ¶ Juan Jimenez (guitar) and José Sordilla (tenor), the new flamencans in the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Temptations (songs in full cry, choreography by someone in no way suggesting Arthur Murray) hold forth, and forth, and forth—hot but not heavy. The brace of wits named Edmonds & Curley are expert at parodying both the uncivilized conversations and the uncivilized sounds with which our civilization is beset. On Thursday, June 11, Gary Puckett & Union Gap will start Rocking the boat in their stead. Everyone works twice a night, and thrice on Fridays and Saturdays.... ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Dakota Staton, with Norman Simmons' trio as her outfield, is the oriole of the evening. She trades turns with the Saints and Sinners, which is to say Charlie Richards, Buddy Tate, Eddie Barefield, and Herman Autrey, an honorable assemblage of blowers. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. No dancing; closed Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—On Wednesday, June 3, at ten-fifteen, Doc Severinsen's band, putting aside the cares of television, will return to real life. Thereafter, it will show up during both dinner and supper. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte, already on hand, will keep on humming not only to themselves but to anyone who still likes to dance. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Gene Krupa and his timpani are in an expansive mood, and Eddie Shu, hardly ever visible in these parts, adds a persuasive sax and clarinet to the Krupa foursome. The music for featly footing it comes from Marty Napoleon's persuasive threesome. Dinner (and music) at eight, and supper, too, later on. Closes for the season on Sunday, June 7.... ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday.... ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty, in general.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Frank Sinatra, Jr., a mild young man, sings his way out of a paper bag twice a night, and that's about it. On Monday, June 8, a distinct change in the weather, for Carmen McRae takes over, singing as if she really cared, and she does. The dance music starts at eight, and Sundays are dark.

RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—It simply can't be true that the world has reached mid-1970, for the terse, snap-the-whip orchestrations built years ago by Sy Oliver are too vivid a memory of our past. He and his craftsmen (Leonard Gaskin, Britt Wordman, Harold Johnson among them) stick around until two during the week, and do a long Sunday matinée, too (one to eight). All this is augmented by the sunny vocals of Mr. Oliver, in concert with Buddy Smith and Candy Ross. Nothing else matters, especially the perfunctory rock crew, which begins at six.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Ambience is flown in fresh every day to the Maisonette. The choral work of Him, He & Me, who turn up now and then, is a semblance, ninth removed, of what the Kingston Trio began all those years ago, but there is a pretty good Latin band and a rather more standard American one to fill up the evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is now the domain of Julius Monk, and all of us who think back fondly to Le Ruban Bleu will feel as at home with his musing piano as he does. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, in the middle of dinner and supper, Sonny & Cher, who are full-fledged members of the American mythology, descend from Olympus—a hip Olympus—and start singing. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo functions smoothly for all the other occasions. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Almost the only word game in town, which is to say the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, who, along with his right and left bowers, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, keeps the evenings bright, shiny, and sly. Closed Sundays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): It's easy to get the

San Juan. You can have a good time even if you never make it to the beach.

Be leery of islands that tell you about their beautiful beaches. And that's all.

Once you come off the beach on most islands, there really isn't that much to do.

Not true in San Juan.

San Juan stands on its own without its beaches.

With interesting hotels. Good food. Unique shows. Rocking discotheques. Quiet romantic places. And plenty of singles.

With 400-year-old plazas. With old churches and aging Spanish forts. With flamenco dancing. Art and antiques.

With sailing, surfing, diving, racing and golf.

And after you've seen the city of San Juan, see the rest of Puerto Rico.

See the red, black, green and yellow firehouse in Ponce.

Sail the phosphorescent bay. You have to see it at night to believe it.

Spend the night in the hills of Barranquitas. You'll never need an air-conditioner up there.

Get wet in the El Yunque rain forest.

Catch fish. Watch old men carving santos. Smell tobacco growing. Pick bananas. Eat bacalaitos.

There's more to do in Puerto Rico than the rest of the Caribbean put together.

And at off-season rates, you can do it for less.

Three hours on a beach is enough for anybody.

Puerto Rico gives you something to do when you get off.

Puerto Rico. Because there's so much more to do.

What you've always dreamed of. Enough Arpege to bathe in.

Arpege Emollient Bath Salts, the most luxurious new idea in bathing.

Water-softening bath crystals that release, as they dissolve, a sheer film of precious perfume oils to scent and soften.

Arpege Foaming Milk Bath, a thick creamy froth of Arpege scented bubbles that leave your skin soft and delicately perfumed.

Arpege After Bath Lotion, a pearly iridescent splash-on to cool and freshen your skin.

And as a finishing touch, Bath and Body Perfume Mist, classic Arpege in a long-lasting spray. ARPEGE by Lanvin

LANVIN
AFTER BATH LOTION
ARPEGE
LANVIN
EMOLLIENT BATH SALTS
ARPEGE
LANVIN
FOAMING MILK BATH
ARPEGE

$5.00 each. Also available in MY SIN. ©1970 Lanvin Parfums.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

impression that no one over twenty-one will be admitted unless accompanied by a parent, but that would not be completely accurate; anyway, no one minds the scarcity of even semi-senior citizens. The occasional music comes from the Joel Shulman duo, which stays home Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit sort of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. Mirko, a Mitteleuropa guitar man, who has been a gypsy all his life, is now part of the deal. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever other singers are in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The best of the music in this bar-and-grill comes from Scott Reed, whose love-life piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. He is also given to bursts of song. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, suddenly goes operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock, though not at all on a Sunday. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (283-8439): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The violin plied by George Cardini is in service Tuesday through Saturday every week, and there is peace-on-earth piano (Herman Arminski) every night but Sunday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a great Old World. Seven until one, and every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place, newly upholstered, is open for business (and pleasure) once more. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this posh purlieu is the property of George Feyer. Like the other property holders of the neighborhood, he is all for law and order, as his music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, makes clear. He is invisible on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand prix*, and distinctly not *prix-fixe*, are the night and the nourishment. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from six to midnight, Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty make musical sounds that are all tributaries of the Danube; Sundays and Mondays, during the same hours, a piano and bass discourse. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from eight-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef. Never a dark night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, who for so many years dispensed well-thought-out piano at the demised Goldie's New York, is repeating the act here from five to ten except on Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): The Beau Brummellian Buddy Barnes has moved his pianoforte into this seaside resort, and he occupies the boardwalk (a real one) from dinnertime until around two. Closed Mondays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): The out-in-the-open sunken living room is in summer bloom, and real live Pop Concert music sounds (but only for the ear, never for the feet) from noon to two-thirty and eight to one Mondays through Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Gretna Campbell—Landscapes and figure paintings; through June 14. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Jan Carsman—A first one-man show, consisting of Pennsylvania landscapes; through Friday, June 5. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ernest Dieringer—Ten six-foot-square geometric paintings; through June 19. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Richard Fishman—His first New York exhibition of bronzes; through Friday, June 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Hamilton Fraser—Abstract landscapes by a British painter; through Friday, June 12. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Red Grooms—Watercolors and constructions for his film "Tappy Toes;" through June 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

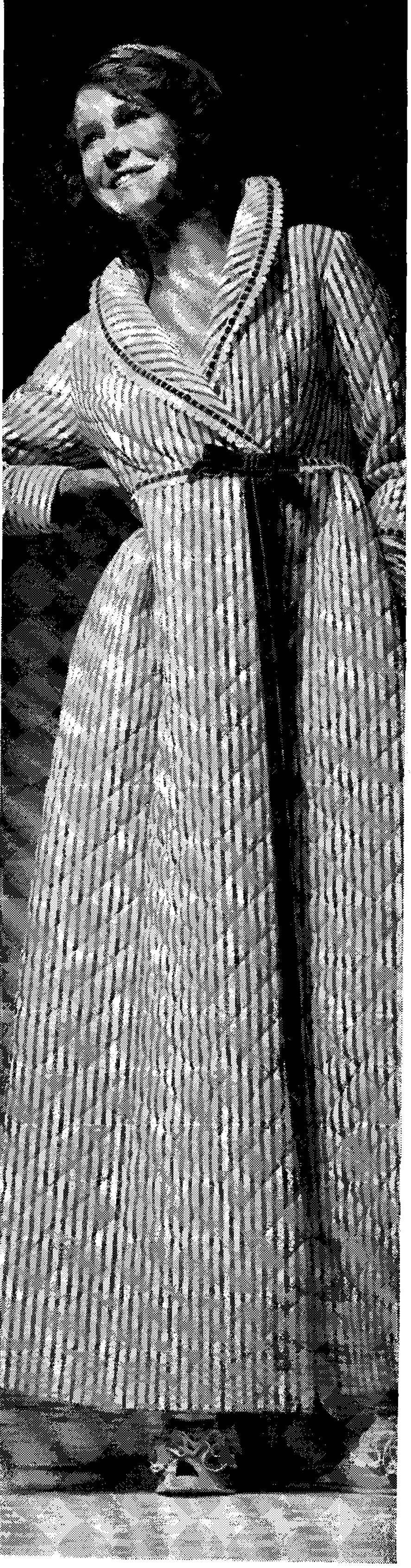
Robert Grosvenor—Three large painted wall sculptures; through Saturday, June 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

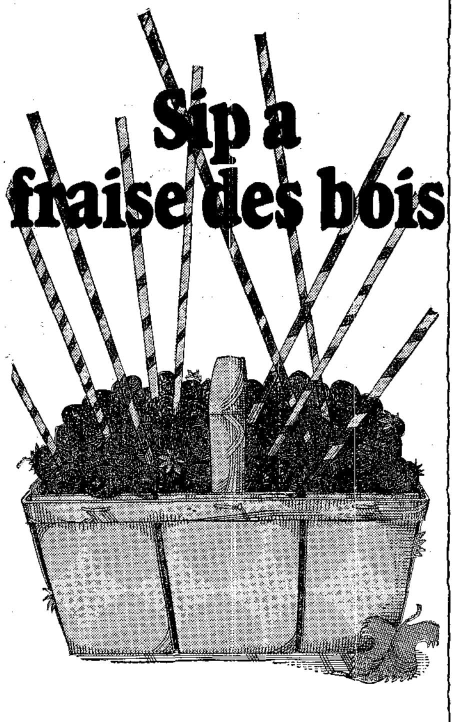
Childe Hassam and Ernest Lawson—Paintings by these prominent Americans; starting Monday, June 8. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Emil Hess and Kathleen Cooke—Assembled

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

An S.F.A. candy cane to cuddle in on chill mornings all year long. It's brushed nylon-and-acetate, quilted with polyester fiberfill. In pink or blue stripes on white, for 5 to 13 sizes, $26. Young Elite® Robe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

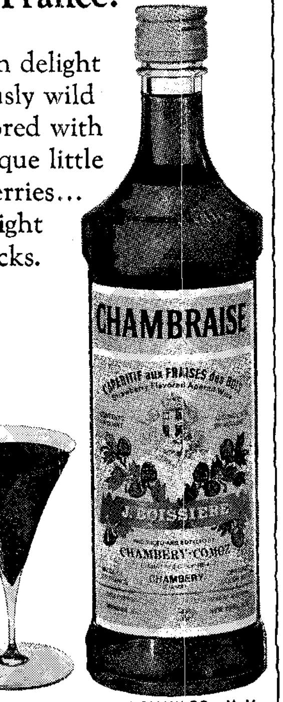



Sip a fraise des bois

Chambraise the fabulous aperitif

New! Made with those rare fraises des bois–the tiny wild strawberries of France!

Now you can delight
in this joyously wild
aperitif flavored with
France's unique little
wild strawberries...
glorious straight
or on the rocks.



SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A.: MUNSON SHAW CO., N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures with sound effects by the former and moody drawings of animals by the latter; through June 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Sheet-aluminum figurative sculptures, often witty caricatures; through Friday, June 5. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Pat Lipsky—A first one-man show by this Abstract Expressionist; through June 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Manabu Mabe—Abstract paintings by a Brazilian artist born in Japan; through Friday, June 5. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin—Drawings by an influential Minimalist; through Saturday, June 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John McCracken—Sculptures by a specialist in boards and boxes; through Saturday, June 13. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Reuben Nakian—Bronzes, terra-cottas, and drawings by this veteran Expressionist sculptor; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Charles O. Perry—Complex geometrical sculptures; through June 20. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosenquist—One huge segmented painting; through Saturday, June 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Michael Steiner—Low-lying metal sculptures; through Saturday, June 13. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Early oils and watercolors by a prominent American of the Paris School; through Saturday, June 6. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

H. C. Westermann—Twelve sculptures and a suite of drawings by this inventor of unusual combinations of images; through June 27. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the BYKERT, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures; through June 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . CORDIER & EKSTROM, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Dubuffet, Ernst, Fahlström, Lindner, Man Ray, Noguchi, and Ossorio (to name a few); through Friday, June 5. . . . DEITSCH, 24 E. 81st St.: Woodcuts by Beckmann, Feininger, Kirchner, Munch, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . DWAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and three-dimensional works incorporating words; through June 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . FISCHBACH, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; starting Tuesday, June 9. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . FRENCH & CO., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Works by young artists in a variety of modes; through Aug. 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings and prints on the subject of Jerusalem, from the seventeenth century to the present; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . HIRSCHL & ADLER, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architectural paintings, landscapes, portraits, shields, emblems, and carvings; through Friday, June 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . LEWISON, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; through June 19. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; through Friday, June 12. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . PACE, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman, and Robert Irwin; through June 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Works by gallery artists; through Friday, June 12. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . SABARSKY, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by German Expressionists; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . SACHS, 29 W. 57th St.: Gimmicks for audience doings; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . SAIDENBERG, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through July 31. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . SCHOELKOPF, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Davies, Joseph Stella, Gorky, Hartley, and other American artists; starting Monday, June 8. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . SONRAED, 542 La Guardia Pl.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by seven Expressionist figurative artists who call themselves the Rhino Horn group; through June 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6.) . . . WHITE, 42 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; starting Tuesday, June 9. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . DORIS WIENER, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: One hundred Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Saturday, June 6. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of a privately assembled collection that includes Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Gris, and Léger, as well as contemporaneous Americans, such as Prendergast, Marin, Demuth, and Hartley; through July 3. . . . ZABRISKIE, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by thirty or so twentieth-century American "primitives;" through June 26. (Closed Saturdays.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, June 7.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, also period rooms and fixtures; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. . . . ¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; through July 26. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through Sunday, June 7. . . . ¶ Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth annual show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Recent acquisitions comprising some hundred and fifty-eight paintings and sculptures by a hundred and twenty-two artists, sixty-two of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; starting Tuesday, June 9. . . . ¶ Trompe-l'oeil paintings by such American artists as Harnett, Peto, Haberle, and Raphaelle Peale; through July 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Two hundred works, including bronze and stone figures from Benin and the Congo and works from other regions. Several of these pieces are out of Africa for the first time. Through June 21. . . . ¶ The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Lewis Mumford and Duke Ellington. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Georgia O'Keeffe, Raphael Soyer, José de Creeft, and others. Through June 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifty-eight works of Asian art borrowed from museums and private collections in the United States, including Chinese and Japanese scrolls, sculptures in stone and bronze, precious objects, illuminated manuscripts, porcelains, and decorative arts; through June 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by, to name a few, Indiana, Nauman, and Ortman, in holography, a new technique for super-realistic images; through June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; through Aug. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Behind the scenes with Rouben Ter-Arutunian—original costume and stage designs; through June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A new collection of folk art: paintings, furniture, carvings (including an unusual figure of Father Time), and the like; through July 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Fun and games, in which spectators are invited to join, by three Austrian object-makers; through Sunday, June 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stars of the New York Stage," that is, costumes and portraits of these personages; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ "Hiroshima and Nagasaki," a collection of photographs which recorded the nuclear holocaust of more than a quarter of a century ago, and the aftermath of the event; through June 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably). . . . ¶ Paintings, lithographs, and engravings depicting New York Harbor in its early idyllic days, when the air was fair; through June 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6, Saturdays, and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—A four-week non-subscription season—Wednesday evening, June 3: "La Traviata," with Pilar Lorengar, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 4: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 5: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Placido Domingo, Mario

for the sunny hours...
OUR GOOD-LOOKING BEACHWEAR

(left) *Swim trunks made for us of a striped cotton and Avril rayon blend. Navy, red or green on white. Fully lined,* $12.50*

(center) *Our exclusive cotton terry cloth beach jacket with zipper front, large patch pockets and side vents. In antique gold or navy stripes on white ground,* $17.50†

(right) *New checked cotton gingham swim trunks made exclusively for us in navy, red or gold on white. Fully lined,* $13*

Our Italian cotton tweed hopsacking weave beach shoes with crepe rubber soles. Red, maize, olive, navy or natural. Half sizes 7 to 13, $8

*Even sizes 32 to 40. †Small, medium, large or extra large.

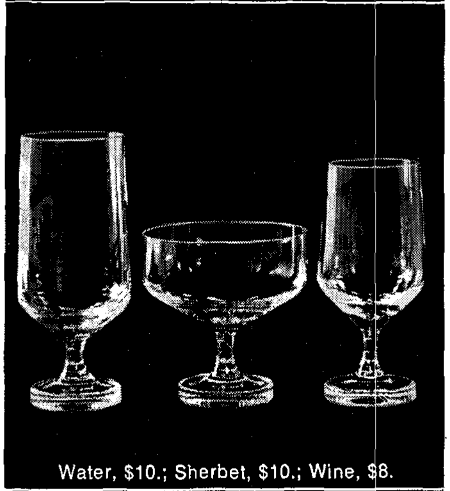
Mail orders invited.

ESTABLISHED 1818

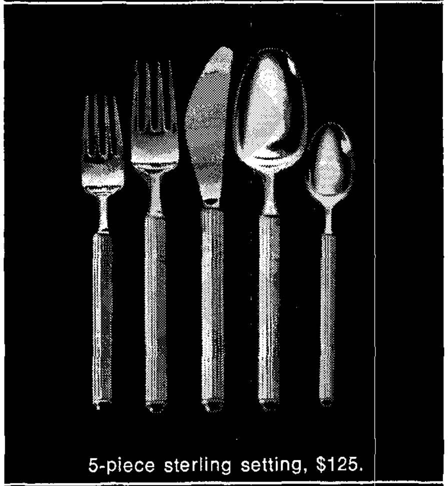
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • SCARSDALE • WASHINGTON

Rosenthal
studio-line

5-piece place setting from $21.95.



Water, $10.; Sherbet, $10.; Wine, $8.



5-piece sterling setting, $125.

Elegance in black and white

"Variation," by Tapio Wirkkala of Finland. Its classic simplicity strikingly accented with saucers and serving plates of rare through-and-through black porcelain made only by Rosenthal. Designer coordinated sterling with slim, fluted handles in a choice of black or white porcelain, and crystal with clear or smoked footings.

You are cordially invited to make use of our Studio-Haus Bridal Registry.

Rosenthal Studio-Haus
584 Fifth Avenue at Forty Seventh Street
New York, N.Y. 10036. Tel: (212) 757-6164

Mail and phone orders filled. Add sales tax where applicable.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sereni, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 6: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Pilar Lorengar, Franco Corelli, Theodor Uppman, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 9: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Pilar Lorengar, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 10: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Theodor Uppman, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 11: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 12: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Giorgio Tozzi, William Dooley, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 13: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 13: "Andrea Chénier," with Raina Kabaivanska, Lili Chookasian, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 27.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—A program of Russian and Spanish music on Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, at 8:30 (with Sherrill Milnes, baritone, and Alirio Diaz, guitar); a program entitled "Lands of the Midnight Sun" on Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 9-10, all at 8:30 (with Carol Neblett, soprano, and the Bil Baird Marionettes); and a varied program Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13, at 8:30 (with Edward Villella, dancer).

RECITALS

Jesse Kregal—Timpani, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, June 3, at 8:30.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, June 3, at 8:30.)

Metropolitan Opera Studio—A program called "Opera Composers in Non-Operatic Moments," with Jascha Silberstein, cello; Linda Hall, piano; Margery Ryan, soprano; Jerold Siena, tenor; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, June 12, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday through Sunday, June 3-7, at 8:30.

The Who—Performing their rock opera "Tommy." (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, June 7, at 2:30 and 8. For tickets, call 777-5260.)

Traffic, Fairport Convention, and Mott the Hoople—Fillmore East. Wednesday and Thursday, June 10-11, at 8 and 11:30.

Tom Jones, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Norm Crosby, and Count Basie's Orchestra—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, at 8.

Procol Harum, Rhinoceros, and Seals & Crofts—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.

Melanie—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, June 13, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Kansas City, Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 5, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 9-10, at 8. . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, June 12, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 13, at 2:15.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13.) . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 13; varsity race at 7:15.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 6.)

Golf—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Wednesday, June 3.)

Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Middleburg, Va. Thursday through Sunday, June 4-7.) . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 11-14.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sunday, June 7.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 27. The Juvenile, Wednesday, June 3; the Belmont, Saturday, June 6; the Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, June 10; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 13. *(Frequent trains leave* Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer: Closed-Circuit TV—Brazil vs. England in a match for the World Cup soccer championship, televised from Mexico City. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, June 7, at 2.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, June 6, at noon, and Sunday, June 7, at 1:05.

Tennis—The final matches in the Madison Square Garden Tennis Champions Classic. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 5, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43 on Fridays and Saturdays.) . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7.) . . ¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Long Island Sound. Monday through Friday, June 8-12.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

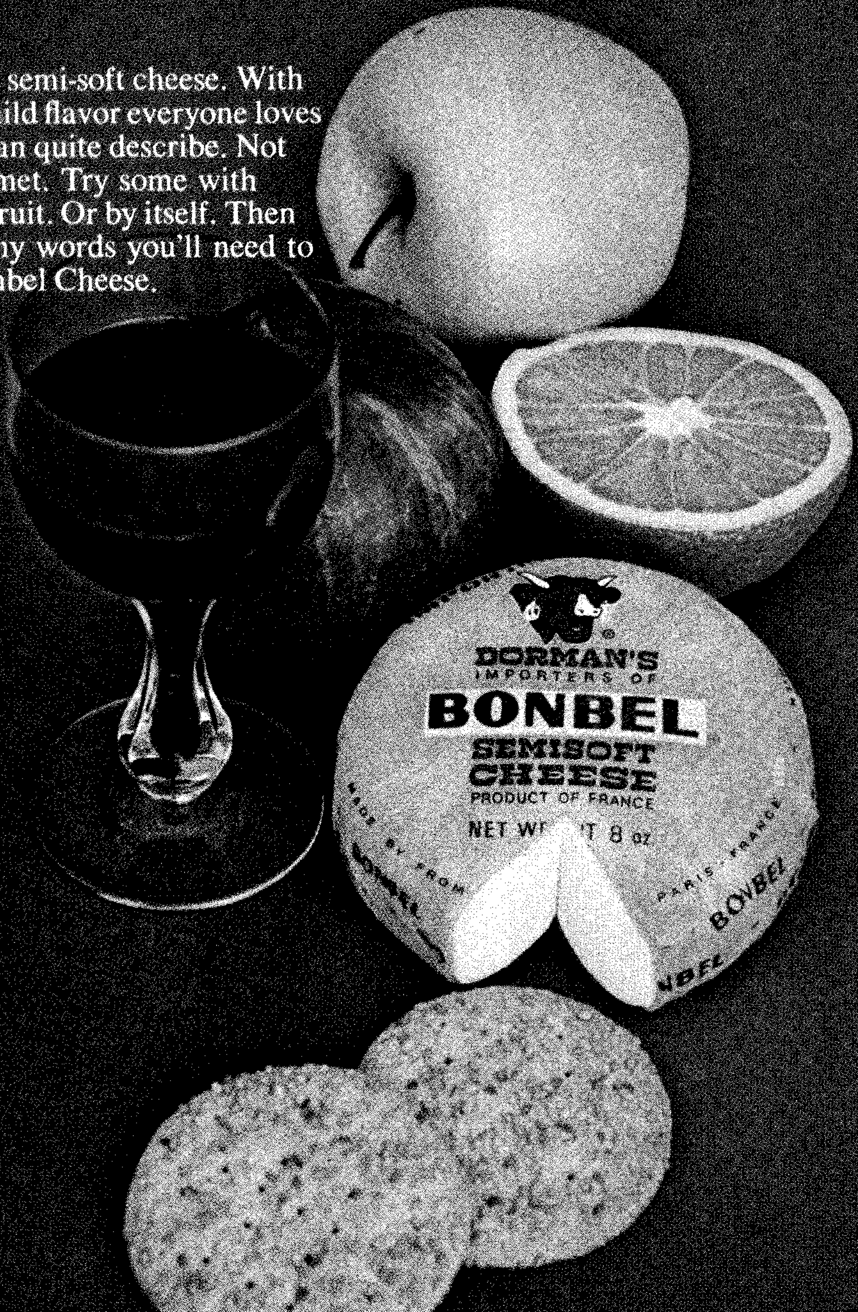
Walking Tours—"Mrs. Astor's Fifth Avenue," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 7. Meets at the Bell Ringers statue in Herald Square at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. *(Exhibition hours:* Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 3, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 4, at 2: English and Continental silver, from a number of sources. . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Monday, June 8, at 10:15 and 2: English and Chinese export porcelains, from several owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 10, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 4.

Commencement Dates—Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 3; Yale, Monday, June 8; N.Y.U. and Princeton, Tuesday,

In a word, Bonbel is tasty, delectable, memorable, flavorful and mild.

Bonbel. A semi-soft cheese. With a uniquely mild flavor everyone loves but no one can quite describe. Not even a gourmet. Try some with crackers or fruit. Or by itself. Then see how many words you'll need to describe Bonbel Cheese.


DORMAN'S
IMPORTERS OF
BONBEL
SEMISOFT
CHEESE
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
NET WEIGHT 8 oz
BONBEL
PARIS · FRANCE
BONBEL

bel

Imported By
N. DORMAN & CO., INC.
73 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10013

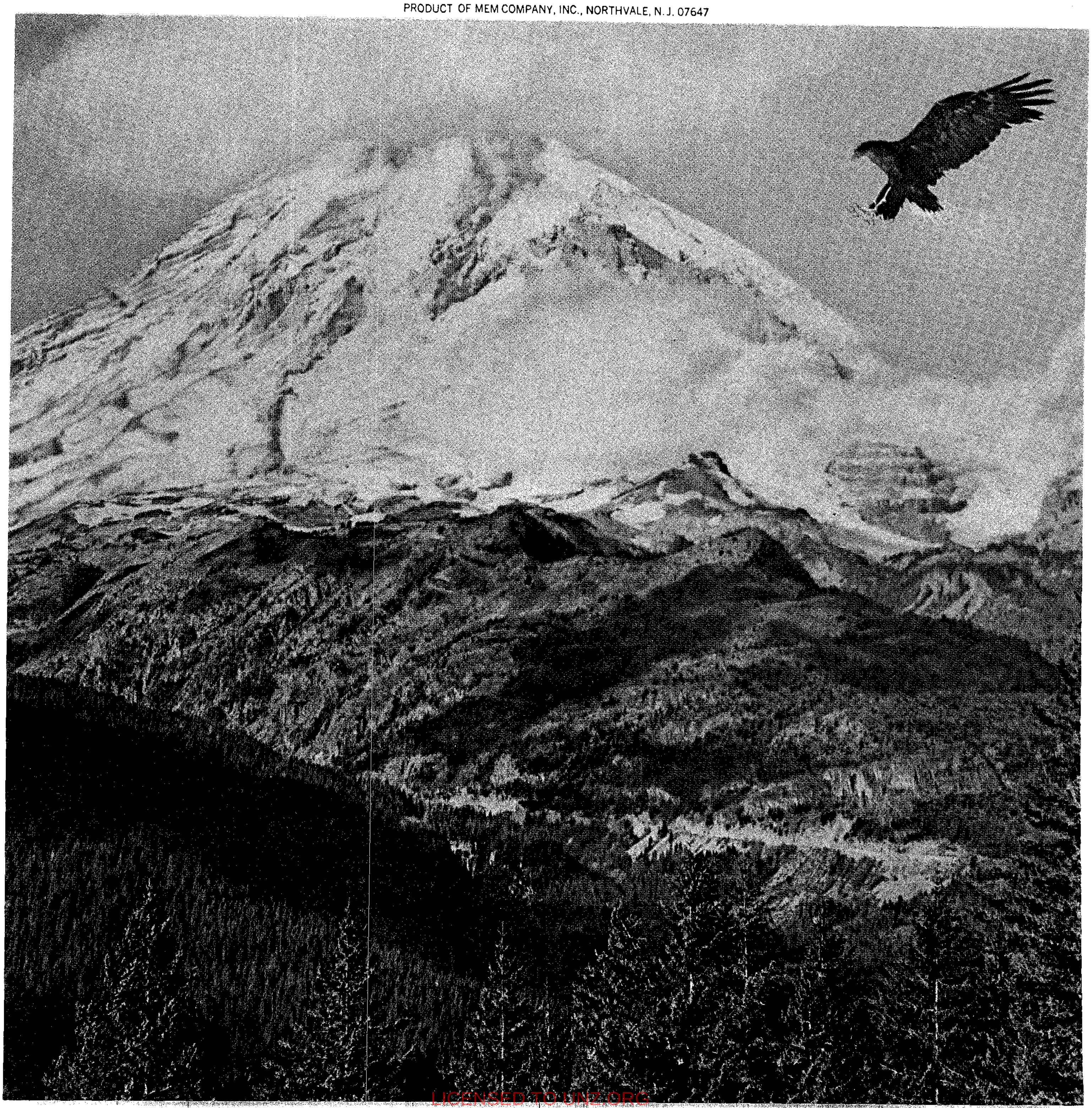
The outside is inside

English Leather
TIMBERLINE
COLOGNE
NET 6 FL. OZS. MADE IN U.S.A.

English Leather Timberline®—a rugged refreshing scent for the outdoor man. In after shave, cologne, soap, deodorant and gift sets. English Leather Timberline. It gives you the great feeling of the great outdoors.

ENGLISH LEATHER
TIMBERLINE®

PRODUCT OF MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N. J. 07647



June 9; Harvard, Thursday, June 11; and Dartmouth, Sunday, June 14.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Five programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: June 3 at 2 and 5:30, "And Yet We Live" (1951); June 5 at 2 and 5:30, "An Inn in Osaka" (1954); June 6 at 3, "The River Kii" (1966); June 7 at 2 and 5:30 and June 8 at 8, "Tokyo Story" (1953); June 11 at 8, "Pitfall" (1962).... ¶ June 4 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929), directed by Dziga Vertov.... ¶ June 6 at 11:30: "The President Vanishes" (1934), with Rosalind Russell.... ¶ June 8 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The Man with the Golden Arm" (1955), with Frank Sinatra and Eleanor Parker.... ¶ June 9 at 2 and 5:30: "City Girl" (1930), directed by F. W. Murnau, with Charles Farrell.... ¶ June 10 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cockeyed World" (1929), with Victor McLaglen.... ¶ June 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Lazybones" (1925), directed by Frank Borzage, with Buck Jones. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.) ... **new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through June 7: "Momentum," "Arthur, Arthur," and four other films.... ¶ Starting June 10: To be announced. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Day games June 14, June 21, July 1, July 8, and July 12. Night games June 16-17, June 19-20, June 29-30, July 6-7, and July 9-11.... **yankee stadium:** Day games June 24, June 27-28, and July 4-5. Night games June 25-26 and July 3.

Crew—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 1-4.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 9-12.)

Racing—At **ascot,** England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 16-19.... **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 20.... **aqueduct:** June 29-Aug. 1.

Sports-Car Racing—At **bridgehampton race circuit,** Bridgehampton: June 21.... **lime rock park,** Lime Rock, Conn.: July 4.... **watkins glen:** July 11-12.... **thompson speedway,** Thompson, Conn. July 11-12.

Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 22-July 4.)

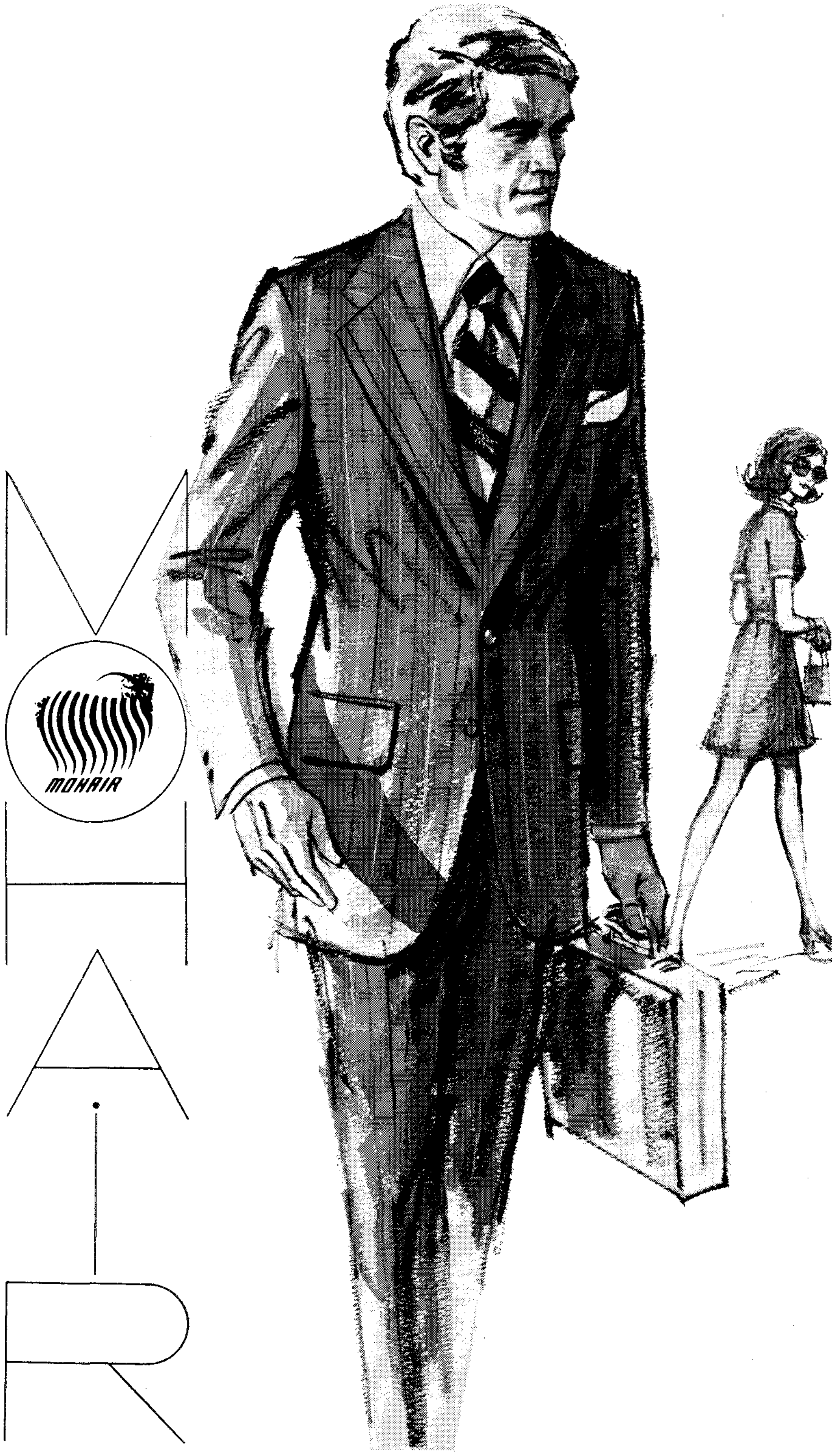
Trotting—At Historic Track, Goshen: June 29-July 3.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 20.... ¶ America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. July 7-18.)... ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 11-18.)

Music—Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band in Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, June 24-Aug. 14, and on the Central Park Mall, June 28-Aug. 16.... ¶ Waterloo Village Music Festival, Stanhope, N. J., June 27-Sept. 5.... ¶ The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 30 and July 11 and 14.... ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, July 1-Aug. 23.... ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 3-Aug. 23.... ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, R. I., July 10-12.

Ballet and Dance Programs—American Ballet Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, June 16-July 12.... ¶ Moiseyev Dance Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 7-25.

Other Dates—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 15.... ¶ The first day of summer is June 21.... ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Saturday.



a sensible suit that appeals to the senses, too!

Natural Mohair adds in-soft luxury to a bantam-weight, 2 ply blend of Dacron*-and-Worsted, crease and crush-resistant. This shaped two-button, striped cooler by Palm Beach has wider lapels, deeper pocket flaps and center vent. About $90.

A Stevens Fabric of 55% Dacron*, 25% Wool, 20% Mohair

KENNEDY'S—Boston • BASKINS'—Chicago • BURKHARDT'S—Cincinnati • BATTELSTEIN'S—Houston • JOHN WANAMAKER—New York and Philadelphia • PINCUS CO.—San Antonio • And other fine stores

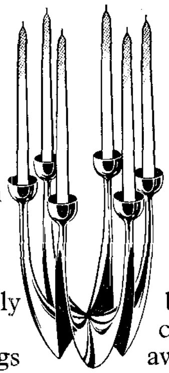
Palm Beach®

Reg. T.M. Goodall Sanford Incorporated

*Du Pont Reg. T.M. for its Polyester fiber

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, GOLDSMITHS AND CROWN JEWELLERS, GARRARD AND COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON

You'll get the only welcome we know at Garrard. A royal one.



As soon as you walk through the doors at Garrard, you'll feel very special. You are greeted discreetly but warmly. Your requests are dealt with courteously and with great expertise. This is the way we've been doing things for two hundred years. For this is the way of the Crown Jewellers.

Whether you are interested in jewellery, silver, watches or clocks, antique or modern, you will find something irresistible. Perhaps it's silver like this beautiful candelabra recently created by Alex Styles, Garrard's award winning designer. Maybe a Grande Sonnerie clock by Henri Jacot. Or, since you will be feeling like a monarch, a diamond tiara.

Whether you spend–$25 or $25,000, you will always be treated royally.

To help give you an idea of what Garrard have waiting for you, write now for our latest, illustrated catalogue.

You may find something for which you have long been wishing. If so, your wish is our command.

GARRARD
The Crown Jewellers

GARRARD AND COMPANY LIMITED, 112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W1A 2JJ, ENGLAND.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Palace
MATINEE DAILY 1:30 P.M.
SATURDAY & SUNDAY CONTINUOUS
Beauty Salon
CANDY
SODA

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11		

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 9.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as Henry VIII, and Geneviève Bujold as Anne Boleyn, in a well-acted but peculiarly unconvincing account of their thousand-day marriage. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through June 9.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 4-10.)

Belle of the Nineties (1934)—Without Cary Grant, the Mae West pictures didn't have much class, and in this tawdry melodrama, with Roger Pryor and Johnny Mack Brown opposite her, she isn't funny enough, either. But the tawdriness is so explicit that the movie is rather fascinating, and Miss West sings marvellous honky-tonk blues. With Duke Ellington. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 5-8.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" and who may just be the best new comedy team in Hollywood. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggott, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—The great title makes it sound better than it is. This Western turns out to be one of those buddy-buddy chaffing, bantering jobs, but at least the buddies are Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Directed by George Roy Hill from William Goldman's screenplay. With Katharine Ross. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through June 4.)

Cartouche (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit or apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 10.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan on a concert tour of England, recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 9.)

Enter Laughing (1967)—Comedy about show business in the thirties, directed by Carl Reiner from his own novel, with José Ferrer and Elaine May. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 9.)

Fellini Satyricon—Man without God running photogenically amok. Gawd. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

The Great Ziegfeld (1936)—The movie is a long way from great. William Powell plays Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy is Mrs. Ziegfeld, and Luise Rainer is Anna Held. Fanny Brice is herself, but she isn't on screen enough to vitalize this lavish, tedious, and ludicrously false musical biography. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

Harvest (1937)—One of the true and essential French film classics. Jean Giono's novel—a love story set in an abandoned village that the lovers bring to life—was shot in Provence by Marcel Pagnol. With a superb cast, including Fernandel and Marguerite Moreno. Music by Arthur Honegger. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 11.)

Hello, Dolly!—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Klondike Annie (1936)—Mae West and Victor McLaglen. They don't bring out the best in each other. Raoul Walsh directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 5-8.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and wonderfully acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni (and Monica Vitti as a brunette). In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through June 4.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 9.)

Raven's End—Bo Widerberg's wonderfully simple, unromanticized film (dating from 1964, long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. Widerberg's picture is about a poor family, headed by a ramshackled ex-salesman full of hopeless airs about cigars and contracts. The human detail of the film, full of visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is sometimes a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 3.)

The Sicilian Clan—An expert, glossy thriller by Henri Verneuil, with some good set-piece ideas, and holes in the plot that aren't noticeable at the time. Jean Gabin plays the patriarchal bastard who heads a Mafia family. Alain Delon joins the clan in a jewelry raid that is carried out with high style. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 9.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Heavy-handed but compelling version of Horace McCoy's novel about the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promoter, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 10.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 11.)

Tropic of Cancer—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through June 9.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting June 5.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—An amiable gloss of the Woodstock Festival, which was the mob scene we got away with. None of the troubles are shown; none of the muddles of organization, none of the freak-outs. Michael Wadleigh directs. The good-natured hippies who put up with so much are depicted in a way that is perfectly true, but not enough of the whole truth, so that the picture emerges with an odd obsequiousness to the law-and-order paternalists who want mostly manners out of the young. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, (PL 9-2262.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" and he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The performers include Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prizefighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

Life is too short to *wait* for the finer things.

A Master Pool may (or may not) cost a *little* more, but a Master Pool is a *lot* better.

If you think you can't afford a fine, permanent Master Pool right now, WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU.

A free survey and estimate will open your eyes to what you are unnecessarily doing without.

Swimming does amazing things to families. They feel better, they get together and somehow family life takes on a whole new meaning.

The kids stay home and you don't have to wonder where they are. And after the kids are in bed, it's a whole new world for "mom and dad".

Today is the first day of the rest of your life. And you know how fast the tomorrows slip by and how fast the kids grow up. LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO WAIT FOR THE FINER THINGS... especially when you can have a Master Pool in just a few weeks.

Look for your Master Pool Builder in the yellow pages.

Come on, live a little...join the Master Pools Wet Set.

Swimming Pool "Idea" and Information Booklet. *Write for your copy of "The Master Pools Story". Thirty-two full color pages of ideas and information about swimming pools. Send 50c to cover postage and handling to:*
The Master Pools Story,
3301 Gilman Road, El Monte, California
or 1121 Huff Road, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia

Master Pools

Built Better Than They Have To Be.

Copyright 1970 Master Pools-JHIII

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11		

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 9: **TROPIC OF CANCER.**
From June 10: "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Blue)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 9: **EASY RIDER**; and **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**
From June 10: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**; and "Charly" (1968), Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 4: "Marital Fulfillment," a semi-documentary film.
From June 5: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serafino" (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE SICILIAN CLAN (in French).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Landlord," Beau Bridges, Lee Grant.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Live Now," Nicholas Pryor.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
TROPIC OF CANCER.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"riverrun," Louise Ober.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 9: "The Grasshopper," Jacqueline Bissett, Jim Brown.
From June 10: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris, Judith Anderson.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 9: "Let It Be," the Beatles.
From June 10: "One More Time," Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
DON'T LOOK BACK; and **MONTEREY POP.**

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 10: "Naked Hearts" (in French); and "The Passenger" (in English and Polish).
From June 11: "Jovita" (in Polish).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 4: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
June 5-9: "The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr; and "Wild in the Streets" (1968), Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.
From June 10: "The Walking Stick," David Hemmings, Samantha Eggar; and "Viva Max!," Peter Ustinov, Pamela Tiffin.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 9: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**
From June 10: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Too Late the Hero," Michael Caine, Cliff Robertson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Out-of-Towners," Jack Lemmon, Sandy Dennis.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
THE GREAT ZIEGFELD; **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**; and **ZIEGFELD GIRL.**

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Passion of Anna" (in Swedish), Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Dreamer" (in Hebrew).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart," Don Johnson.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 9: "Let It Be," the Beatles.
From June 10: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 3: **RAVEN'S END** (in Swedish); and "Letter from Siberia," a Chris Marker film.
June 4-10: **BEFORE THE REVOLUTION** (in Italian); and "Le Gai Savoir" (in French), Jean-Pierre Léaud.
June 11: **TONI** and **HARVEST** (both in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 9: **ENTER LAUGHING**; and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.
From June 10: "The Lawyer," Barry Newman; and "Medium Cool" (1969), Robert Forster.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through June 4: "Belle of the Yukon" (1945), Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott; and "The Further Perils of Laurel and Hardy" (1968), excerpts from some of their movies.
June 5-8: **BELLE OF THE NINETIES**; and **KLONDIKE ANNIE.**
June 9: **PSYCHO**; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN.**
June 10: **CARTOUCHE** (in French); and "Male Hunt" (1965), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
June 11: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian); and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 9: **TROPIC OF CANCER.**
From June 10: "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.

ESTD. 1770
LONDON, ENGLAND
WHITE SATIN
BY
SIR ROBERT BURNETT
ESTD. 1770
THE CELEBRATED
70 PROOF
26 2/3 FL.OZ.
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN
Made according to the Original Formula
Distilled and Bottled by
Sir Robert Burnett & Co. Ltd.
LONDON W.1. ENGLAND
LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
WHITE SATIN GIN
ESTD. 1770
LONDON. ENGLAND
WHITE SATIN
BY
SIR ROBERT BURNETT
ESTD. 1770
THE PREMIUM
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled and Bottled according to the Original Formula of
Sir Robert Burnett & Co. Ltd.
LONDON W.1. ENGLAND
by The Sir Robert Burnett Co.
BALTIMORE MD
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

British Gin **American Twin**

White Satin, the gin the British first made in 1770, is now made here. In an imported British still. So you can get an imported British taste without paying import duties. By Jove, be smart. Wrap your next martini in White Satin.

WHITE SATIN GIN

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

For people who
like their sporty cars
luxurious.

For people who
like their luxury cars
sporty.

With choices like these, no wonder Pontiac's the No. 1 medium-priced car.

Pontiac's New Grand Prix. (The big, black vehicle, left.) People look at our Pontiac Grand Prix and the first thing that comes into their heads is "luxury." They're right. At least partly. It's a very luxurious car.

But Grand Prix is also a very sporty car.

Now we don't toss around claims like that just because Grand Prix has front bucket seats. There's more to it.

The entire front passenger compartment is designed like a cockpit. The instruments and controls are built around the driver. Totally. In fact, the front passenger has nothing to do but...well, sit back and be a passenger.

That's great duty in a Grand Prix. Because many of the things that make G.P. sporty for the driver make life pretty soft for a passenger.

Things like Wide-Track ride. A tuned suspension. Power front disc brakes. Variable-ratio power steering. The 350-hp, 400-cu.-in. V-8. Long-wearing bias-belted tires. And the protection provided by the steel beam in each door.

See how we've woven the sport and the luxury together? It's a good point to remember.

Especially if you should decide that the typical luxury car doesn't hold quite enough excitement for you.

Pontiac's New Firebird Esprit. (The sleek, silver vehicle, also left.) Sports car fans everywhere will probably quake when we talk about a luxury sports car. So we'd better explain. We start with a great sports car. And we make it luxurious. But we also make sure the luxury never gets in the way of the sport.

A case in point: Esprit's big-car ride. Since Esprit seats four, individually, there's room to raise the drive tunnel between the seats. Which provides room for rear suspension travel when you hit a bump. Which gives Esprit its luxurious big-car ride.

Yet we didn't give up handling or performance. Esprit has a tuned suspension. A front stabilizer bar. Bias-belted tires. A 350 V-8. And Pontiac's Wide-Track.

Esprit's dual personality holds true inside, too. The instrument panel is everything a sports buff could want. Easy-to-read cluster. Easy-to-reach controls. Yet the wood-grain vinyl accents look very rich. As do the knit vinyl and Morrokide seats. Plush stuff.

The front bumper is made of Pontiac Endura. Endura is the resilient material that looks like painted metal but isn't. It resists pings, dings, chips and it won't rust.

A luxury sports car. Nobody else has quite made it before. Which is why Firebird Esprit is the beginning of tomorrow.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE
Pontiac Motor Division

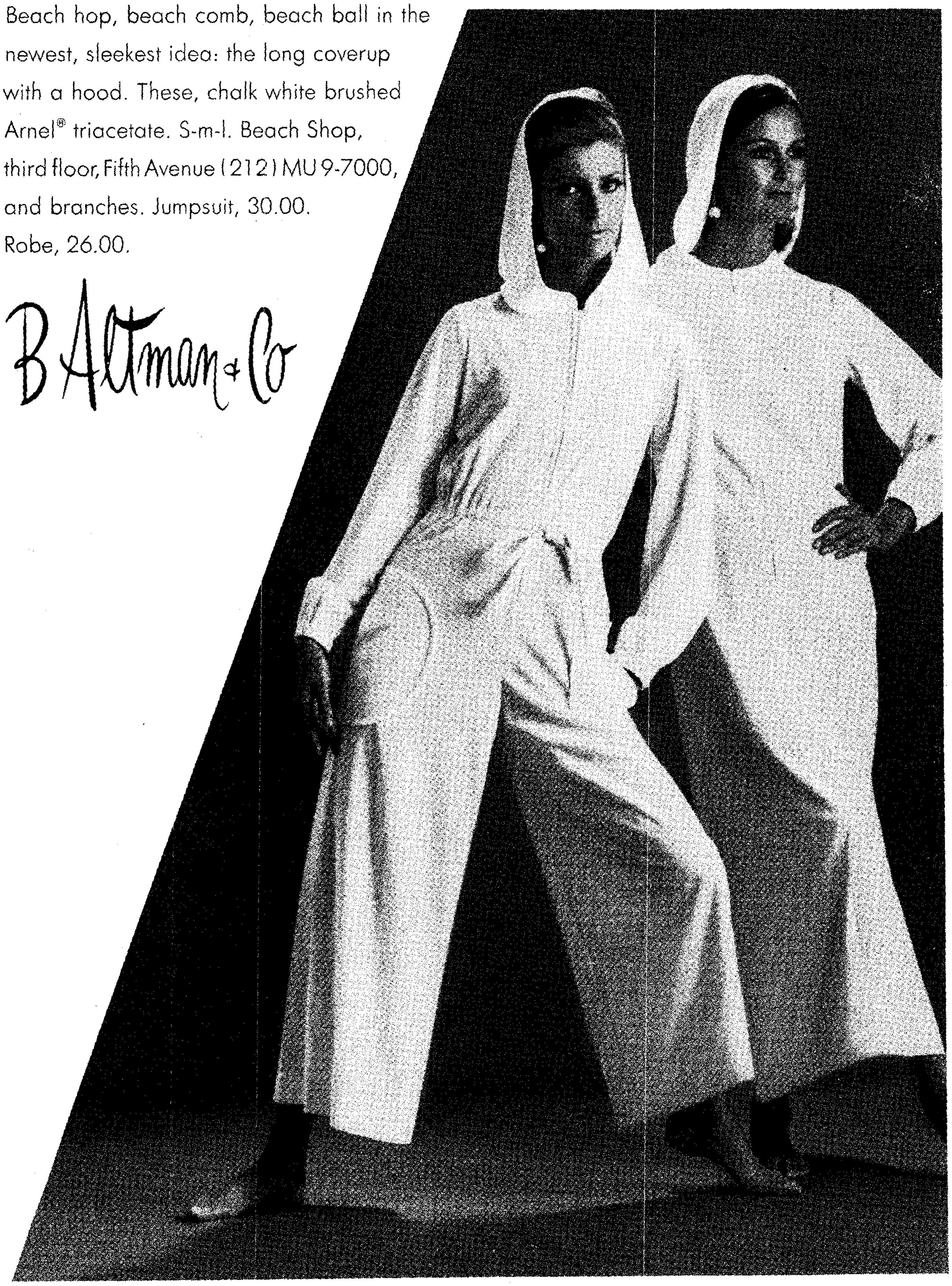
It's worth a little to move up a lot. To a Wide-Track Pontiac.

The Wide-Track Family for '70: Grand Prix, Bonneville, Executive, Catalina, GTO, LeMans Sport, LeMans, Tempest and Firebird.

BEACH SHOP

Beach hop, beach comb, beach ball in the newest, sleekest idea: the long coverup with a hood. These, chalk white brushed Arnel® triacetate. S-m-l. Beach Shop, third floor, Fifth Avenue (212) MU 9-7000, and branches. Jumpsuit, 30.00. Robe, 26.00.

B Altman & Co



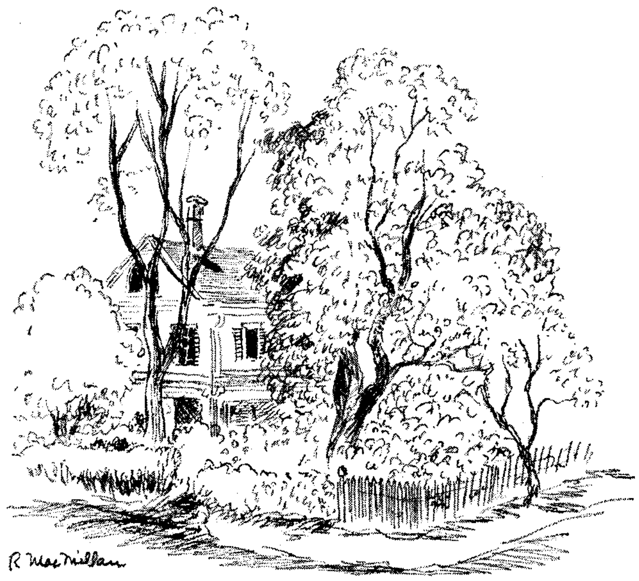
THE NEW YORKER

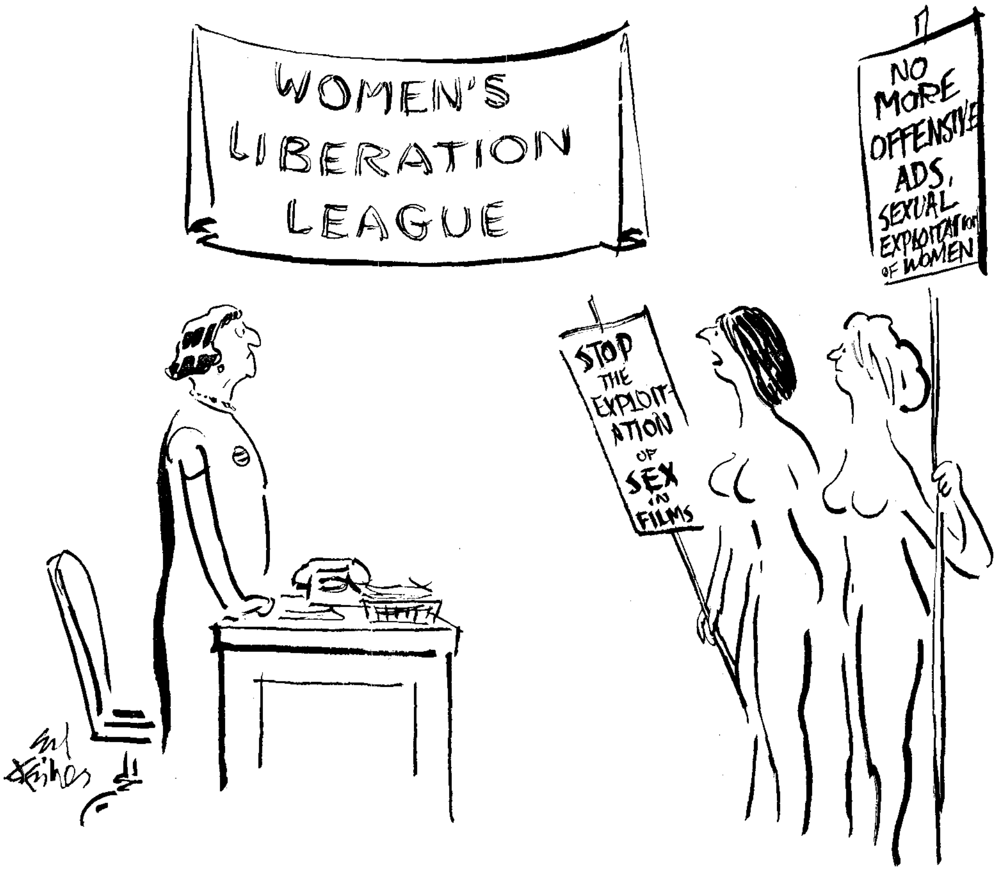
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN a totalitarian government—Communist or Fascist—engages in a brutal and repressive campaign in another country, there is no clash of principle between what it is doing abroad and what it is doing at home, since totalitarian governments are founded on brutality and repression to begin with. For a democratic country, however, a repressive venture abroad contradicts and undermines the principles on which the government is founded, and in the long run it is likely to provoke a clash between democratic and anti-democratic principles in every area of its political life. Such a clash appears to have begun in America. All of us who remember one or both of the world wars know that even a war that is considered just by the overwhelming majority of a democracy's citizens imposes a temporary strain on the liberties that the citizens normally enjoy. A war that is considered anti-democratic imposes on the democracy strains of an entirely new order. The character of a war is likely to determine the effect it will have on the home government. In considering the war in Indo-China, one may find it useful, for the sake of a limited comparison, to think of South Vietnam as a kind of fifty-first state, or as an American protectorate, and to imagine what the reaction of the American people would be if that region continued to be ruled as it is now being ruled. It is no longer possible for the American people to delude themselves into thinking either that the South Vietnamese government is a democratic government or that it is an independent government. There are over four hundred thousand Americans in Vietnam, and all of them are there to influence and support the South Vietnamese government. Almost every one of the officials of that government down to the level of district chief has a full-time American adviser. Most of its financial resources are American. Its Army is trained, supplied, and advised in the field by the United States Army. Yet, as many people now recognize, the South Vietnamese government is a military autocracy. And the "independence" of the South Vietnamese government, which its leaders sometimes ostentatiously display by making anti-American speeches, is nothing more than the freedom of a dog on a leash that barks at its master. In short, it is now common knowledge that American arms, American money, and American administrators have become the sinews and the lifeblood of an anti-democratic regime in Southeast Asia. It is hardly surprising that an increasing number of the American people, who have been taught to cherish liberty, should find this situation repugnant. Indeed, it is their very love of democracy and their desire to protect our own democracy that impels their opposition. And the fact that the forces against which the American forces are fighting would not establish a democratic form of government, either, is no comfort. It is true, of course, that some dissenters have turned against democracy itself because of the war. One of the tragedies of the war is that some people have looked on our conduct of it as the measure of the government's concern for democracy in all its activities, both at home and abroad, and have said, "If this is democracy, then I don't want it." Others, who have perhaps paid less attention to the war and have not found their own lives immediately affected by it, have been unable to believe that America could be engaged in repression anywhere, and have continued to support the war. And then there are a few who support the war because they have never been devoted to democracy, and would actually be pleased if the government took its administrative procedures in Vietnam as a model for government in America.

Our politicians are caught in the same predicament as the rest of us. Some have joined those who oppose the war. Some have supported the war and have also supported repressive measures against the domestic opposition. But the most poignant, perhaps, are those who believe in democracy but want to believe in the war, too. They are forced to turn their backs on the realities of the war and on the damage that the war is doing at home. It is from these men that the most tortured and transparently contradictory interpretations have come. Hubert Humphrey, a man who has spent most of his life fighting for democratic principles, and who has now turned against our war policies, found himself in this tragic bind during his term as Vice-President. He




WOMEN'S LIBERATION LEAGUE
NO MORE OFFENSIVE ADS, SEXUAL EXPLOITATION OF WOMEN
STOP THE EXPLOITATION OF SEX IN FILMS

"It's the only way we can get anyone to pay attention."

• •

forced himself to keep up a highly inappropriate cheerfulness during some of the darkest moments in our recent history. At the end of the 1968 Democratic Convention, which had degenerated into violence both outside the Convention and on the Convention floor, he was unable to do anything but ignore the entire disaster and speak of "the beginning of a new day" as though "the politics of joy" were a reality in America. More recently, our Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, George Romney, has found himself entangled in the same dilemma. In a speech to the general assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, he first called the Vietnam war "the most tragic event in our history," and said, "I don't think the United States should ever again commit our boys to a conflict without following the Constitutional provision for declaration of war unless we are defending ourselves from attack." But later in the speech he defended the decision to enter Cambodia, saying, "Assume we are at war with Russia and assume they had sanctuaries in Canada and we did nothing about it. Then how would you feel?" It seemed that he had forgotten that the point of the first part of his speech had been that the war in Vietnam was *not* analogous to a war in which we had to defend our country from an attack by Russians operating from Canada. But his confused rhetoric and that of the other confused men in public life are only a symptom of a deeper and more dangerous confusion, which has arisen from the government's peculiar attempt to administer the provision of enormous support for an anti-democratic regime abroad and at the same time to administer a democracy at home.

Recently, the President referred to "forces of anarchy" that must be resisted "both abroad and at home," and the Vice-President, making a similar comparison between events in America and events abroad, said, "I have sworn I will uphold the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. Those who would tear our country apart or try to bring down its government are enemies, whether here or abroad, whether destroying libraries and classrooms on a college campus or firing at American troops from a rice paddy in Southeast Asia." It need hardly be said that it is extremely dangerous to establish these equivalencies. The Administration, which has been lumping together the few violent opponents of the war with the millions of Americans who have been opposing the war by peaceful means, has now blurred these crucial distinctions even further by throwing both groups in together with the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. But whereas in Vietnam the military can simply shoot its enemies, with no questions asked, a democratic government must cope with its critics (it is incorrect and inflammatory to call them "enemies") with nothing more forceful than argument and persuasion. Any politician who in this way confuses the government's struggles abroad with its struggles at home is truly in the advance guard of the cause—which has been favored by the most radical left-wing groups—of "bringing the war home." The intended result of America's support of the Saigon regime has been to export a democratic form of government to Vietnam, but it is beginning to look as though the actual result were to import anti-democratic principles into our own political life in the United States. The Vietnamization of the United States appears to be proceeding much more rapidly than the Vietnamization of Vietnam.

Ave Atque Vale

A YOUNG man who asks us to parties from time to time asked us to one last week. "It's in honor of Hal Prince, the theatrical producer and director," he said. "Mr. Prince is leaving for his summer house in Majorca, Spain. Just about everyone will be there—Julie Christie, Warren Beatty, Ethel Merman. It's at Escadrille, a very unusual setting. The place is sort of hard to describe; it's like the inside of an airdrome." We had never been to a party in a place that looked like the inside of an airdrome (except the inside of an airdrome), and we accepted. Ethel Merman *was* there, in a washerwoman hairdo. She was saying goodbye to some people who were leaving. We greeted her. "Bye-bye," she said to us. "Nice to have seen you."

Our friend told us that Julie Christie had arrived. "She is in that booth over there, wearing frizzy hair. Not *that* booth—the next one. *That* booth is Lauren Bacall."

We talked to a young actor friend of ours named Peter Simon, and asked him what he was doing.

"I'm in 'Search for Tomorrow,' " he said. "Nothing happens. Nothing ever happens in 'Search for Tomorrow.' "

We talked to Jerrold Fuchs, who runs Escadrille, about its décor. He told us that Escadrille was designed by Peter Larkin, the Broadway set designer, who, he said, has "a fantastically intense talent." He told us that Mr. Larkin designed the sets for "No Time for

Sergeants" and "The Teahouse of the August Moon." "There was an airplane set in 'No Time for Sergeants,' " he said. "He was the right man to handle the Lafayette Escadrille concept." We told Mr. Fuchs that we admired the Escadrille concept—especially the twirling propellers and the sunken aluminum dancing pit.

We talked to a striking young girl with black hair, who said she was glad that everybody had come. "But it was quite a shock to open the paper and see that Eugenia Sheppard hadn't mentioned my name," she added.

A lady standing nearby looked over and said, "Suzy didn't mention your name, either."

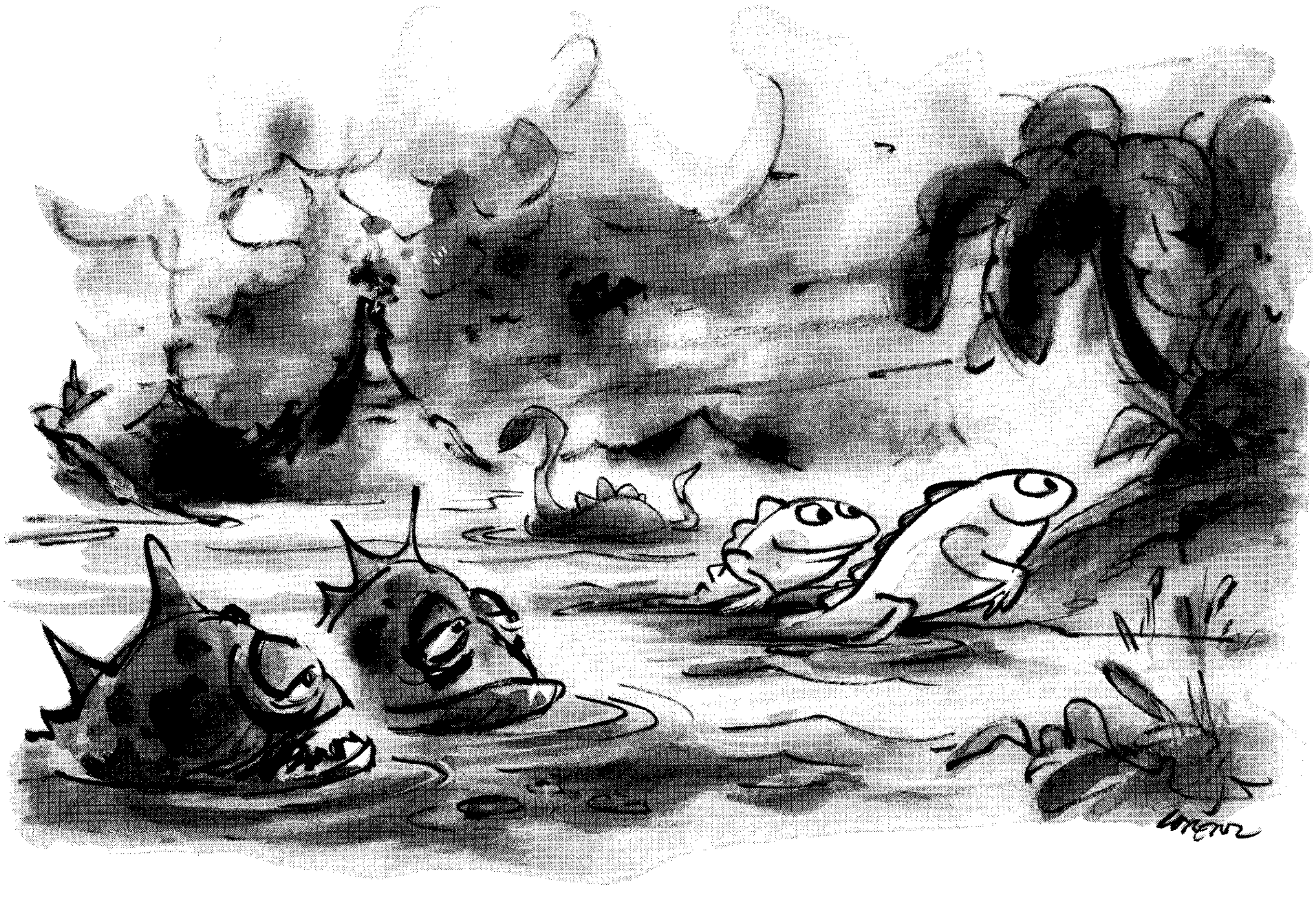
Activists

AS we were strolling past a canopied bistro in the East Sixties the other evening, we passed a happy, milling cluster of fashionably unkempt pre-teen-agers and heard one of them, presumably the leader, call out, "Let's just walk in and order water!"

Korty

THE new movie "riverrun" is about a young couple who have left Berkeley to raise sheep and live simply in the country, and about their conflicts with the girl's father, a merchant seaman, who comes to stay with them. The three characters are presented as real people, not as generation totems, and the film is beautifully, rather than prettily, photographed. The other day, we had a drink with John Korty, who wrote, photographed, and directed "riverrun," and we asked him how he had got started in films.

"I'm thirty-two, and I've been making films for exactly half my life," said Mr. Korty, who has a broad, sunny face, stubby hands, and, for a San Francisco *cinéaste*, remarkably short hair. "I started in high school, in Kirkwood, Missouri, after I saw some films by Norman McLahren, a Canadian, who draws right on the film—no camera. Of course, I didn't know there was such a thing as blank film, so I got an old sixteen-millimetre Mickey Mouse cartoon and two bottles of Clorox. All that silver nitrate made a mess, but the Clorox took the images off the film. I hand-painted it—twenty-six hundred frames. It ran about three minutes. My first film. I was really hooked on film after that—especially animation. I worked my way through Antioch doing TV spots. A group of us had our own company, and we did work for ad agencies in Dayton, Columbus, and Cincinnati. We were kind of naïve about money; for instance, we once made ten commercials for a thousand dollars. I was a conscientious objector, and after Antioch I did my alternative service with the Quakers, making films for the American Friends Service Committee. One was about a protest at the Pentagon in 1960. Around a thousand Quakers ringed the Pentagon and stood there silently for three days. A very impressive protest. The film won prizes in a couple of Italian film festivals. After that, I free-lanced in New York—children's films, mostly. One of them, 'Breaking the Habit,' was nominated for an Academy Award in 1964. That made it possible for me to raise the money for my first feature, the satiric 'Crazy Quilt.' By then, I'd moved to Stinson Beach, California. The first feature is always a nightmare, and for me it was worse, because I'd never worked with actors before. So I underdirected, and they underacted, and everybody loved it, and I got credit for doing things I didn't know I'd done. My second feature was a straight comedy, 'Funnyman,' and the third is 'riverrun.' Richard Lester once said you make your first feature to show that you can do it, your second to show that you can entertain people, and your third to show that you have some-



"Boy! I thought they'd never leave."

thing to say, and that's about how it was for me."

We asked Mr. Korty how he had happened to make "riverrun," and he said, "When I get an urge to make a film, the story doesn't come first. What comes first is a series of images. I wanted to make a film that was visually rich. In 'riverrun,' the sequences between the titles are the first images I had of the film—barnacles on a boat, frost on grass, the wool of a sheep. I began with these the way a sculptor begins with wood and metal and leather. I feel very strongly about the elements of the craft. A low-budget film doesn't have to look as if it were slapped together at the last minute. My three films together have cost around three hundred thousand dollars, and you know how far that goes on 'The Sound of Music' or something like that."

"You don't look like a San Francisco filmmaker," we said, eying Mr. Korty's Ivy League haircut. "Why?"

"I've spent the whole week apologizing for my appearance," he said, and he laughed. "Even in Hollywood, I think, they were a little disappointed. They would have preferred something a bit more exotic. I'm just not much of a joiner, I guess."

"What's your next film about?" we asked.

"The next one takes place in the present, but it goes back and forth to the Gold Rush period. In northern California, and here, too, you see a lot of people with long hair and mustaches and headbands; in fact, you could take a character out of 1849 and put him in a 1970 bus station and nobody would take any particular notice. The title, so far, is 'Seeing the Elephant,' which was a Gold Rush phrase for the ultimate existential confrontation—when you're really at the end of your rope. The film is going to pose the question whether the country is truly over the hill, as a lot of people suspect, or whether it's the one place on earth that has enough spirit and vigor to pull itself out of the tailspin it seems to be in. The main character's relationship with his country will be like a tempestuous love affair. It will be both a protest film and a patriotic film, in the same way that a guy can burn the flag and still love his country. I've stayed away from the extreme protest film, because it's too easy. It's a down. There's no subtlety to that."

Mr. Korty paused, and then said, "You know, conventional Hollywood films have not made the public happy. So many people are frustrated, angry, almost suicidal. We've become a country of two hundred million alienated people, doing things we don't like, living lives we don't like. Look at people on the streets; they don't seem that eager to go on living. I hope that 'riverrun' isn't just a tearjerker. I dislike cheap emotionalism. What I was trying to do was to suggest that life really is worth living."

Word Game

A GROUP of suburban couples we've heard about, who meet in one another's houses regularly for bridge, talk, and refreshments, came up with a whimsical experiment in communications recently. A few nights ago, one of their number, a bright young lawyer, proposed that they invent a catchy but nebulous idiom, use the phrase casually and without explanation everywhere they went, and see how long it took before the phrase came back to them as accepted parlance. After some debate, they settled on the phrase "in a pushcart"—meaning whatever anybody wanted it to mean—and the next day they set about spreading it in their places of business, their clubs, their supermarkets, and so forth. The experiment bore fruit exactly forty-one hours and thirty-five minutes after its inception, when one of the bridge-playing wives heard a teen-age girl in a drugstore complain to a coeval, "Miss Goddard has been trying to put me in a pushcart ever since I flunked Spanish."

SoHo

WE walked through SoHo the other day with Michael O'Donoghue, the author of "Phoebe Zeit-Geist" and "The Incredible Thrilling Adventures of the Rock." We met him in his old factory loft (which is envied and admired by all who see it). In his loft we saw these things: a basket full of plastic rhinoceroses; a dozen plaster female heads (these were popular in beauty parlors of the nineteen-fifties and are a silent comment on the taste of that epoch); a rope sculpture by Maude Boltz, a local rope sculptress; a working typewriter; a non-working typewriter sculpture (a silent comment on the pitfalls of mechanized mass society); and three cats. The factory loft is on Spring Street, in the section of town—bounded north and south by Houston and Canal Streets and east and west by Broadway and West Broadway—that is called the Factory District, or, alternatively, the Cast-Iron District, or, alternatively, SoHo. "I live in the Factory District," Mr. O'Donoghue said as we began to walk through SoHo. "I dislike the name SoHo, and I dislike the person who thought up the name, though I don't know him. He must have been very pleased with himself when he thought the name up. The Factory District is *south* of *Houston* Street. Get it? *South Houston*. I bet he wrote a letter to the *Village Voice* when he thought it up. The Factory District is under savage attack from the forces of Greenwich Village Encroachment." There are a great many art galleries open now near O'Donoghue's factory loft. "I don't mind art, I don't even mind artists, although most of them are stupid, but I do mind art galleries," he said. "It is only one umbrella step from SoHo art galleries to SoHo boutiques selling peace-symbol liquor caddies."

We visited the O. K. Harris Art Gallery, on West Broadway. Outside, there was a poster for the SoHo Arts Festival. Inside, there were adjustable sculptures by Mel Leiserowitz. We talked to Patterson Sims, a young man wearing a tweed jacket with a peace button in the lapel, who is the assistant director of the O. K. Harris Art Gallery. He said that the largest adjustable sculpture cost thirty-five hundred dollars and was incredibly cheap, considering what it was. Next door, there was an unnamed gallery about to open and a middle-aged woman in a cape. "If you are going to be here Wednesday, I'll bring some people down," she said to a young man. "They're adults, but they're very much into this whole development."

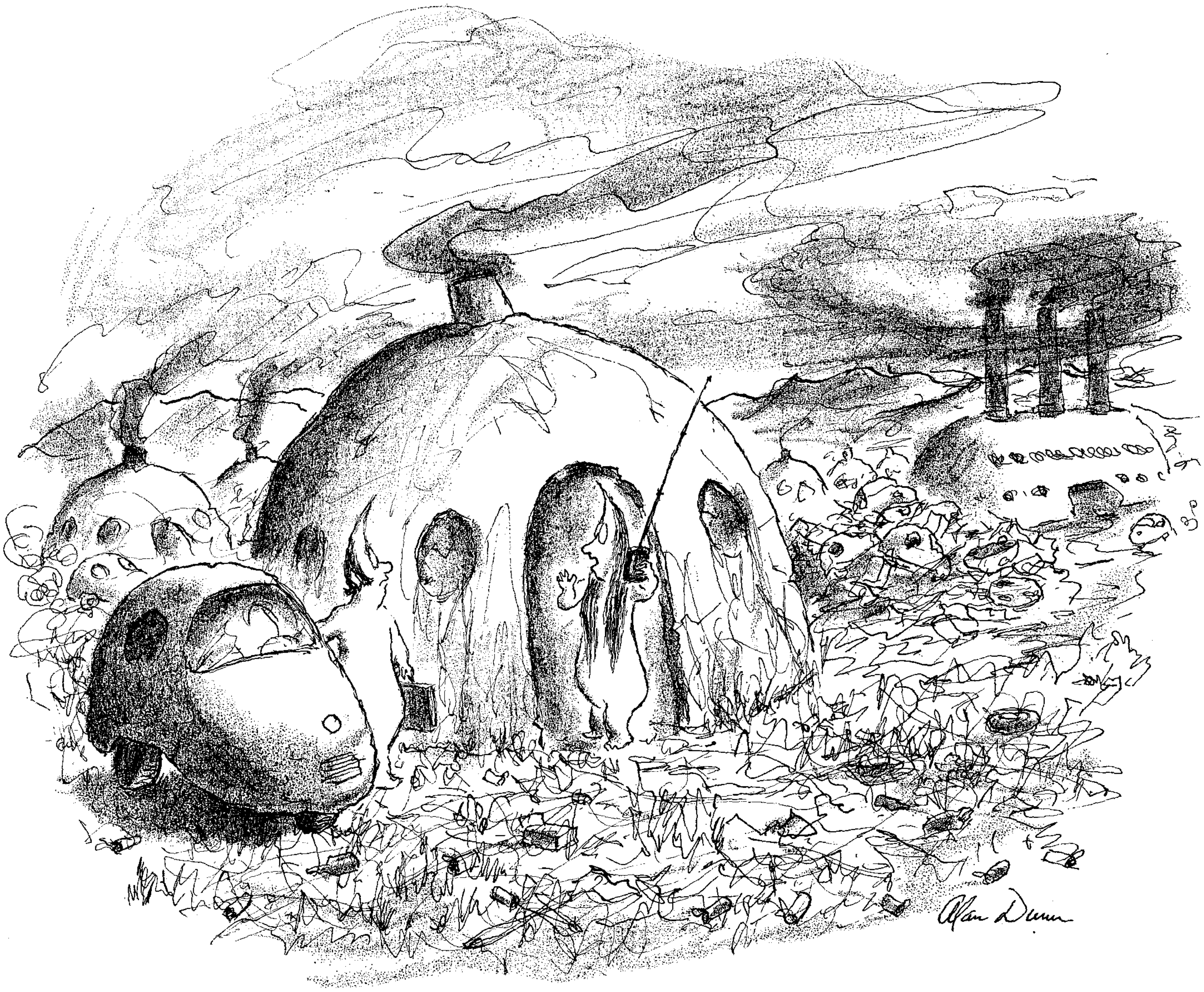
On Greene Street, a banner indicated the Feigen Gallery. "Banners now indicate art galleries. Banners used to indicate coffee houses," O'Donoghue said. "I like signs better." A sign painted on a nearby building read, "Pinking Shears Corporation. The Original Company in the World Manufacturing Pinking Shears." "That company was the original company in the world manufacturing pinking shears," O'Donoghue said.

Inside the Feigen Gallery, there was a young girl who told us that advertising executives are beginning to buy factory lofts in SoHo. "If you don't have money now, forget it," she said.

"People are moving to Chinatown," said another young girl.

"Chinatown is dried up," said O'Donoghue.

"Now it's Staten Island," said the first young girl.



"Nixon's scheduled a photographic flyby of our planet for sometime in the seventies. That doesn't give us much chance to spruce up."

• •

On Wooster Street, we met two Fluxworkers standing outside a newly opened Fluxclinic. One of the Fluxworkers asked if we would like to have our crucial measurements taken. We filled out a form. The form asked for the Fluxpatient's Wrong Address, his Preferred Manner and Place of Death, his Preferred Place of Birth, his Disliked Pains, and his Liked Pains. A Fluxworker who wore a white gown, was named George, and came from Lithuania then took our crucial measurements. He measured Maximum Width of Smile, Extended Tongue Length, Depth of Forefinger Punch, and Distance to Nearest Water. He also measured Minimum Sway at Head. "This measures how much you sway in life," he said.

"This is only one celebration of John Lennon and Yoko Ono's Fluxfest," said the other Fluxworker. "Soon we will put on Weight and Water Plus Fluxfaucet. We will flood the Fluxclinic with water to a height of one foot. There will be various objects floating or sunk to the floor. People will go barefoot or wear rubber boots with weights."

"We had a Fluxmass in the Voorhees Chapel of Douglass College, in New Brunswick," said the Fluxworker named George. "It was a great thing. After we held our Fluxmass, the chaplain refused to hold ordinary Mass until the chapel was reconsecrated."

O'Donoghue pointed out another sign that he liked. It advertised "World's Fair Brand Chocolate Covered Candy." Then we went to the loft of Carl Berger, on Broome Street. Carl Berger is an artist who has opened his loft temporarily so that people can see his work. He gave us a copy of the Mindscape Manifesto, which he wrote with another artist. The Mindscape Manifesto calls for "Absolute Magnitude/Apparent Brightness/Cluster Reactions/Convective Equallerium/Eclipsing Variables/Galactic Globules," and other things.

"The Futurists used to drop manifestos on Milan from biplanes," said O'Donoghue.

Berger and his friends were hospitable. There was food and drink and friendly talk. Mr. C. Dillworth, who writes poetry and then prints his poems on handbills and distributes the handbills himself, was there. He offered everyone a fortune cookie that contained small poems he had written, and then he offered everyone several more fortune cookies.

"I never take more than one fortune cookie," said O'Donoghue. "To take two fortune cookies implies a belief in a divided destiny."

WHO STOLE MY GOLDEN UNDIES?

THUMBS hooked into my waistcoat and feet squarely planted on the hearth, a sensation of utter beatitude flooding me from crown to toe, I stood in my new sublet at 61 Brasenose Mews in Mayfair that sunny autumn morning, a man at ease in Zion. Every detail fitted my preconception of the ideal flat for a three months' sojourn in London—the snug living room, with its Adam mantelpiece and well-polished brass, the delicate mahogany oval of the dining table, the tasteful mirrors, the sparkling rows of glassware in the closet bar. What if the tangerine lampshades and silver upholstery were early Evelyn Waugh, what if floral wallpaper had run riot in the bedrooms and the telephone lurked under a hoopskirted Dresden-china shepherdess? It all evoked a certain nostalgia, as though Basil Seal and Brenda Last and Lady Metroland had circulated through these rooms and might be reincarnated at the parties I foresaw. Even Leatherby's, Ltd., the sales garage below that trafficked in opulent second-hand motors, struck the proper jaunty note, and, if further cachet were needed, my windows overlooked the rear entrance of Annabel's, the playground of the overprivileged.

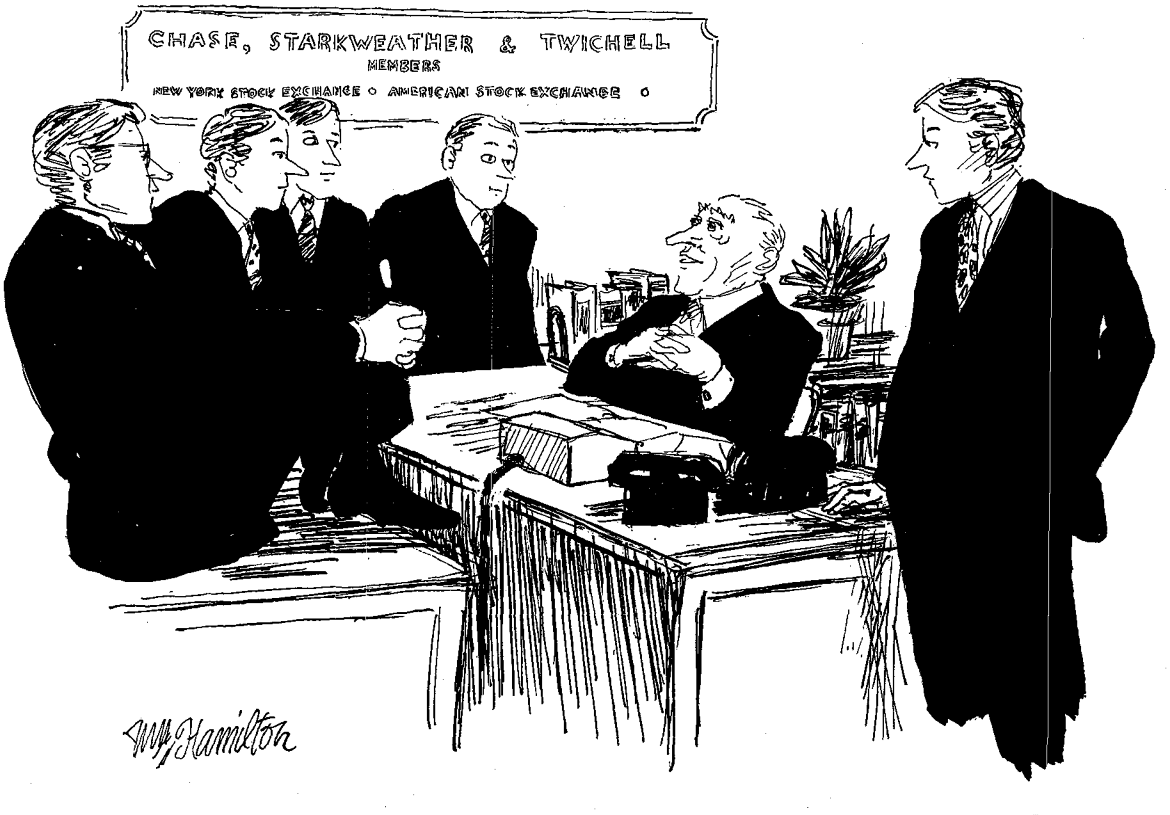
Yes, one might well preen himself at finding such a jewel, I reflected, thinking back on the rookeries I had canvassed in my search for a pied-à-terre. There was the basement den off the Fulham Road tenanted by two Picassoesque giantesses in nightgowns who kept drunkenly beseeching me, amid a reek of fish-and-chips, to applaud the shadow box they had evolved from an orange crate. There was the sixth-floor aerie in Swiss Cottage Road, where a mad Rumanian graphologist resembling Zip the Dog-Faced Boy offered me a free handwriting analysis along with the lease. And the Primrose Hill bed-sitter, whose landlady admitted in a burst of candor that her garden was frequently invaded by coypus, large South American aquatic rats from the Regent's Park Zoo nearby.

Serene as my occupancy of Brasenose Mews had been thus far, though, the truth was that one irritating domestic complication had arisen—the refusal of every laundry I dealt with to collect and return my linen at a definite, fixed time. Inexplicably, almost as if they feared prosecution under the Official Secrets Act, they all persisted in a tight-lipped silence about their schedules. Time and again, I wasted entire mornings waiting for vans that failed to materialize, fretting myself into a lather that seriously endangered my blood pressure. Even when I managed to reach someone in authority—usually a female of awesome refinement—and to protest this enslavement to a driver's whim, I was met with the same silken answer. "But surely you've staff there to cope with such details?" she would rejoin. "How curious! All the previous tenants at Sixty-one employed staff—Brigadier-General Pouncefoot, Viscountess Bulstrode, Ian Murrain of That Ilk, the Graf Frobenius zu Strabismus. Well, in that case, I'm afraid we can't accept you as a client any further. So sorry."

At last, through the intercession of friends to whom my grievance was assuming the proportions of paranoia, I was put in touch with an establishment that promised heartsease. Not only was Hackamore's in Kentish Town prompt and civil in handling my application but the leaflet enclosed in their initial delivery bespoke a desire to co-operate to the fullest. "For the convenience of certain customers," declared the text, "laundry is sometimes collected from and delivered to a prearranged place outside the security of the customer's home." The words lifted a weight from my spirit. Here was the perfect solution to my dilemma—a bunk or hideout known only to the two of us, where I could deposit or withdraw *sans peur et sans reproche*. I fumbled the phone out of the Dresden-china shepherdess, asked for the manager, and found him completely sympathetic.

"I see from your sponsor's letter that you enjoy guest privileges at the Garrick Club," he said. "Would you consider entrusting your bundle to the hall porter there?" A presentiment of myself for all the world like a Chagall peddler airborne over the portals of the Garrick with a sackful of wash arose before me, and I demurred strongly. "Quite, quite," he acknowledged. "Then how about some tradesman's in your vicinity? This bookshop in Curzon Street, where you've had an account for years?"

"No, no, entirely out of the question," I said. "Mr. Buchanan's a dear man, but I couldn't ask a bibliophile to keep track of my shirts. I mean, it would be like asking a shirtmaker to—to look


CHASE, STARKWEATHER & TWICHELL
MEMBERS
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE ○ AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE ○
Wm Hamilton

"October 29, 1929. It started out a day like any other day. I had coddled eggs, bacon, and coffee for breakfast. It was a brisk day. I wore a light topcoat . . ."

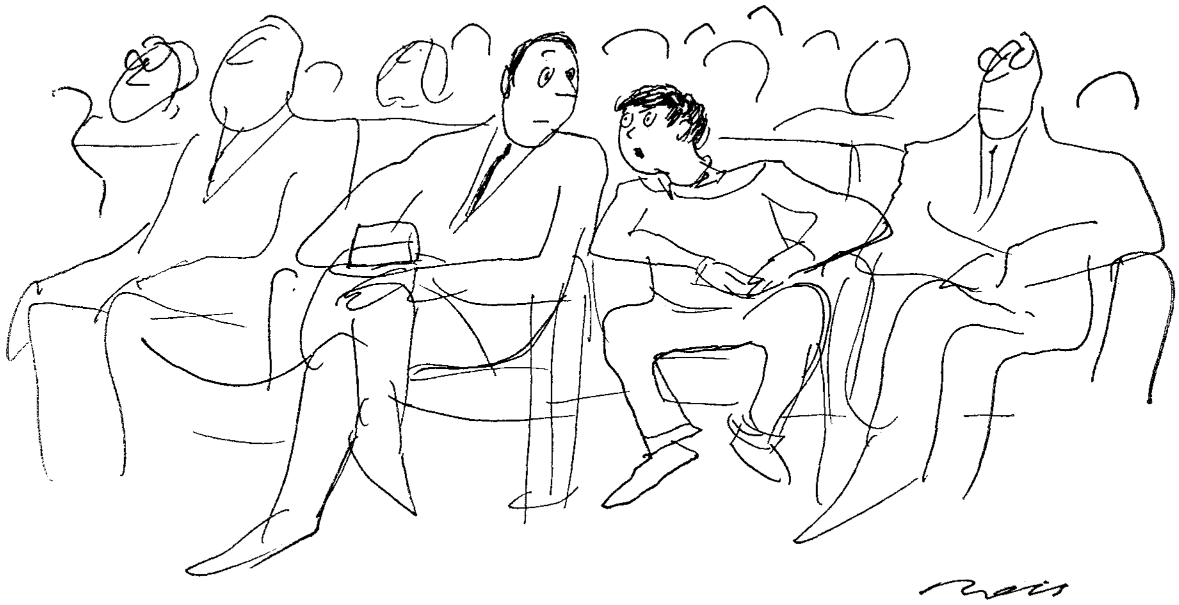
after my bibelots," I finished lamely.

"Yes, that would be hard cheese," he agreed. "I say, what's wrong with using the car dealers underneath your flat—Leatherby's?"

Frankly, it was an inspiration, and the garage's response when I asked their typist if I might impose on them was unhesitating: they'd be delighted to accommodate me. The system worked flawlessly, beyond my wildest expectations. Every Monday, ulcer-free and cool as a cucumber, I sauntered unhurriedly downstairs with my laundry box, and every Friday there it lay awaiting me—collars wrinkled, buttons ground to powder, and shirtsleeves in ribbons. But such trifles were as thistledown—the vital, the paramount, thing was that I was liberated, out of bondage, free to come and go as I chose.

Or so I fatuously thought until the October afternoon I was packing my bag for a weekend in Northamptonshire. In the rush of several earlier appointments, I had neglected to pick up Hackamore's box from the garage, and since I acutely needed a couple of dress shirts, I hastened down to retrieve it. To my dismay, the sole person visible was a spotty youth polishing a drophead Bentley coupé, who revealed that the typist had gone off to Paris with her chum that morning and that he himself had seen no box such as I described. However, he added, maybe Mr. Satchmole, their salesman, who was out demonstrating a Lamborghini at the moment, could enlighten me on his return. I began to feel the old familiar churning in the tripes, the constriction that portended trouble, and quickly rang up Hackamore's in Kentish Town. The manager, regrettably, had left for Portugal that morning, also with a chum, and inasmuch as he hadn't confided our secret arrangement to his deputy, the latter was powerless to aid me. He suggested, though, that if I could wait until the drivers got back to the plant at nightfall . . .

"Nightfall! Nightfall!" I shouted into the receiver. "Don't you realize, you dunderhead, that I'm trying to catch the four-fifteen to Birchstone? How can I if you don't find my nightshirts?"



"Is this the 'R' part?"

• •

"Nightshirts?" he repeated, mystified. "But you said before they were *white* shirts—stiff-bosomed ones. Could you give me the ticket number again?"

Fortunately, at that juncture Mr. Satchmole bounced into the garage—a pudgy, effusive citizen with an air of false cheer. My laundry box had indeed arrived, just as he was departing with his client, and he had cannily placed it in the boot of the Lamborghini for safekeeping. With an uprush of elation, I wheeled about to reclaim it, but he caught my arm. There was a slight hitch, he stammered; the fact was, Mr. Rowbottom had taken the car home to Bishop's Stortford for a weekend trial.

An anguished sob burst from my throat. "Of all the fatheaded, idiotic—"

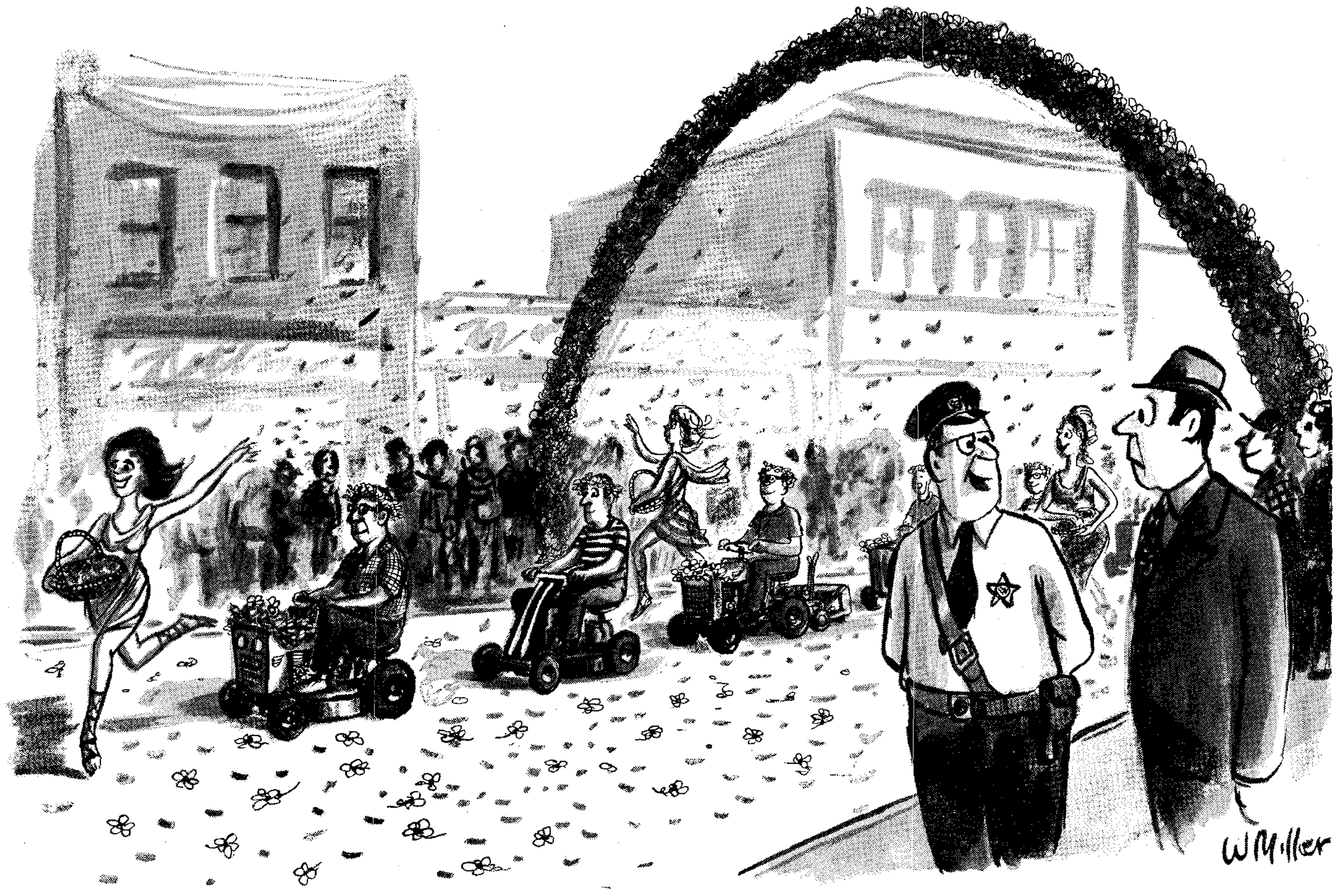
"I know, I know," he blubbered. "I remembered the box too late, after he'd driven off. But I'll call him straightaway—we'll have it back safe and sound Monday, never fear. He's a splendid gentleman, is Mr. Rowbottom—a Hebrew, I think, but straight as a die—"

I ignored his panegyrics and thought furiously. Bishop's Stortford was on the northern line, midway to Birchstone, my destination. It was quite conceivable that one could stop there, pick up the laundry, and catch a later train onward. Hastily jotting down Rowbottom's address, I ran upstairs for my bag, sped through the maze of streets to the tube station at Green Park, and reached Liverpool Street, streaming with perspiration, in the nick of time for the four-fifteen.

Needless to say, nothing resembling a cab was visible at Bishop's Stortford, but my fevered supplication to an official at last produced an old party, clearly afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, who undertook to ferry me to Rowbottom's, eleven miles distant. Mon Repos, his Elizabethan brick cottage, nestled in a lofty beech copse well off the main road, and, judging from the array of cars ranged outside, some sort of bash was in progress. The butler who commandeered my bag propelled me into a smoky, low-ceilinged room where two dozen guests were noisily congregated, pressed a Martini into my hand, and vanished before I could explain myself. Deafened by the tumult, I wove through the crush, vainly trying to elicit the whereabouts of the host. None of the folk I questioned—a leggy young model in fringed buckskin, a gaitered divine redolent of Courvoisier, and a willowy pouf sporting a monocle—appeared to have heard of him. Each of them, however, was insistent on replenishing my glass, and when a large, bland individual on the order of Godfrey Tearle approached and identified himself as the person I sought, I could sense that my enunciation had lost its usual clarity. For the life of me, I was unable to fit Leatherby and Lamborghini into the same sentence.

"Suppose we continue this in my study," he said, guiding me into an adjoining chamber. "Now then, sir, what the devil is the meaning of this intrusion? Exactly who are you?"

My head had cleared and I could not repress a smile at the fellow's coolness. "Let's not bandy words, Rowbottom. Are you the chap to whom



"*It's one of our local customs—the annual blessing of the lawnmowers.*"

Leatherby's in Brasenose Mews loaned a certain Italian sports car early this afternoon?"

"Why is that any business of yours?" he snapped.

"Because along with the car you took something else—something that concerns me intimately," I threw at him. "In fact, I suggest to you that it was my fibre box in the boot you were bent on acquiring rather than the Lamborghini."

"Have a care, laddie." The corners of his mouth twitched in a manner that boded ill. "You're quite positive I'm the cove you had in mind?"

"There's one way to prove it," I said. "The man I'm looking for lacks the third fingertip of his left hand."

His smile became catlike. "You mean like this?" he asked, and held up a finger with the tip missing.

"Precisely," I said, and paused, the better to marshal the charge I was preparing to launch. "Tell me, Rowbottom, have you ever heard of an organization called the Thirty-nine Gyps—a worldwide conspiracy aimed at the confusion and overthrow of everyone's sanity by deliberately misplacing his laundry?"

Had I dreamt that a man of his girth could move so swiftly, I daresay I might have sidestepped his onslaught, but it came too suddenly. The blow he loosed at me would have felled an ox; luckily, it struck the breast pocket in which I was carrying Hackamore's leaflet describing their types of service, so that its force was minimized. The split second Rowbottom needed to recover his balance proved my salvation. Thrusting a chair into his path, I sprang past him, wrenched open the French windows, and dove headlong into the shrubbery. As I scrambled through the great beeches encircling the house, I heard excited voices from within, a hue and cry in the courtyard, and engines revving up to give pursuit. I doubled back, veered off at a right angle, and, after slogging through interminable fens, fetched up muddied and breathless at a secluded inn. From which, thanks to a five-pound note discreetly slipped to the publican, I was enabled to proceed in the sidecar of his son's motorcycle to Bishop's Stortford, and thence, belatedly, to Northamptonshire.

Frankly, there were those among the company that weekend who betrayed some skepticism at my account of the cabal I had unearthed. I did not altogether blame them; in a Mod dinner jacket two sizes too large for me, worn over a Chimmie Fadden gooseneck sweater, I was not a figure to inspire confidence. In fact, by the following midweek I myself had begun to succumb to doubts, when the scarehead "EXCLUSIVE LAUNDRY IN ASHES" leaped out at me from my morning paper. The particulars were brief, their significance unmistakable. The night before, a fire of mysterious origin had gutted Hackamore's in Kentish Town, holder of royal patents innumerable, destroying quantities of aristocratic linen along with all the firm's records. I permitted myself a grim chuckle. So Rowbottom and his confederates had gone to this extremity to cover their tracks, I mused. Or possibly the entire story was a fabrication—perhaps they had printed just one copy of the newspaper, hoping to lull me into a false security. Well, whatever the case, the skirmish had taught me another invaluable lesson about the forces pitted against an American and his laundry. I emptied the contents of my hamper into the bathtub, drenched them with Albion, the foamier, more perfidious detergent, and rolled up my sleeves.

—S. J. PERELMAN

A TUTOR IN THE VILLAGE

AT the end of 1922, or perhaps it was at the beginning of 1923, I was offered a teaching job in the village of Kocica. I had left home and become "enlightened." I had taken off my Jewish cap and my gaberdine and put on a Polish cap and a short jacket. Nevertheless, my new employer, whom I'll call Naphtalie Tereshpoler, hired me to teach his children—first, because he had known my grandfather, the rabbi of Bilgoray, and, second, because he wanted his boys and girls to learn not only the Torah but a little Polish and arithmetic as well. He promised me a room, food, and a small salary in Polish marks. The zloty wasn't yet established as a currency.

I was living with some distant relatives in Bilgoray. One winter morning, Naphtalie stopped his sleigh in front of the house. I had packed all my belongings into one valise—a few shirts, underwear, socks, a Polish grammar, an eighty-year-old algebra text, and Spinoza's "Ethics" translated into German. Naphtalie had his own Jewish library.

It had snowed for days, and frost had set in the night before. As we drove along, the sky was clear and blue. The sun hung low, a summery gold, familiar—a lamp that seemed to light up only our region: Bilgoray, Janow, Zamosc, Tomaszow. It drew sparks from the bluish pillows of snow. I felt that its warmth would soon make the sap flow in the trees and burst open the kernels in the planted fields. From time to time, a warm breeze brought the fragrance of the surrounding pinewoods. Crows aired their wings, cawing. We passed a number of hamlets. The thatched roofs were covered with white; ice spears hung from the eaves; smoke curled from the chimneys. The landscape reminded me of a tapestry I had seen in the hut of a *gazda* in the Tatra Mountains. The mare's brown hide turned gray, as if old age had suddenly overtaken her. The bell on her neck tingled constantly, telling of a rest not of this world. The sleigh glided in an easy zigzag. From time to time, Naphtalie turned his face to make sure that I hadn't dozed off and fallen from my seat. He had broad shoulders, a long black beard, large black eyes under bushy brows. He wore a fur hat and a sheepskin. Even though he waved his whip and spoke to the horse in the coachman's argot, one could hear gentleness in his voice. Naphtalie Tereshpoler was known as a man of learning and charity, eager for good deeds. He gave lavishly to buy books for the study house and to the community in Bilgoray for the poor; he provided wheat for the Passover matzos. Each Purim, he sent generous gifts to my grandfather, Rabbi Jacob Mordecai, and, after my grandfather died, to my Uncle Joseph.

In an hour, the sleigh reached Kocica, a large village a few kilometres long. The soil here was black and rich, as in the Ukraine. From the surrounding hills, water flowed even in years of drought, and the harvest was always abundant. Wheat, rye, barley, buckwheat, and hops grew here. The village had a brewery and a water mill. Naphtalie's house was bigger than the others and had a shingled roof. His wife and five children came out to meet me. On the way, Naphtalie had told me a little about his family. His oldest daughter, Devoraleh, was already engaged to the owner of the mill in Kocica, but she had never learned to write. His boys, Leibel and Bentze, had neglected their studies. I saw heads of black hair, a black wig, black eyes. Naphtalie made his boys shake hands with me. The mother and the girls bade me welcome. I entered a huge kitchen, which smelled of groats, borsch, mushrooms, and milk fresh from the udder. On the table lay an enormous loaf of black bread. The kitchen had three windows facing south and two west. Shafts of sun quivered on the floor and the whitewashed walls. After a while, I went up narrow steps to the garret, where I was to lodge. A fire burned in a small tin stove. On the bed was a pillow with a freshwashed covering.

I lay down on the bed and fell asleep. When I opened my eyes, the sun was setting among the naked trees. I took out the "Ethics" and the algebra. I had supplied myself with what Spinoza called "adequate ideas"—according to him, the highest state of enjoyment, the perfect expression of an active mind.

Naphtalie's house had four or five rooms, but the family seemed to prefer the kitchen. There the kerosene lamp was lit. Naphtalie, the boys, and I recited our evening prayers at the eastern wall. Then our supper was served—rye dumplings with milk, and chicory coffee without sugar. Naphtalie's wife, Beile Tsivya, came from Greater Poland, and she spoke with the dialect of that area. She had a broad face, wide shoulders, an overflowing bosom, unusually thick arms. She had borne eleven children, of whom six had died. In addition to the household, Beile Tsivya managed the tavern and the store. She also milked the cows.

Devoraleh was three weeks older than I. She had just turned eighteen. She was small, slender, with a narrow face, delicate features. Only her hands were too large, and red from work. She wore her hair in a bun. She did a large share of the household chores and made clothes for the family. Her sister Etke, fourteen, had gone to a Polish school in a nearby village for some years. Etke was taller than Devoraleh and had two long braids. The youngest, Rachele, was still a little girl. She did not yet know her alphabet. The two boys—Leibel, twelve, and Bentze, eleven—were short, dark, with thick lips, high cheekbones, broad noses, short foreheads. They looked like twins. The moment I saw them, I knew they had no desire to study. There was a peasant coarseness and stubbornness about them. Their father confided to me that they had grown up wild and spent their time with peasant youths. They had a pigeon coop. They had already begun to do business—bought hides of calves, as well as pigs' bristles, from the peasants and sold them to a peddler. Their father said to me, "I don't need their business, I want them to be Jews."

While we ate, peasants began to arrive. One came to see about buying a heifer from Naphtalie, another to arrange to go with a sleigh at four o'clock in the morning to bring wood for the house. A peasant girl with green eyes and sparse white teeth came to return a glass of salt that she had borrowed the day before. Devoraleh told me that she actually had come to get a glimpse of me, the new teacher. Between visits, Naphtalie explained how difficult it was to live among the peasants. Weeks passed without his being able to pray with a quorum. Agitators from the Rozwej movement instigated the peasants to stop buying in his store. They had opened a Polish store in the village and put up a sign, "Buy from Your Own." During the Polish-Bolshevik war, windowpanes were broken in his house and his store had been set on fire. Just the same, here he was making a living, and what would he do in Bilgoray or in Lublin? "Jews

AMERICA
LOVE IT OR
LEAVE IT
KOREN

• •

are in exile everywhere," Naphtalie said.

"But here one is not sure of one's life," Beile Tsivya complained.

"And where is one sure?"

I WAS to begin my tutoring the next morning, but the long winter night had only just begun. My vest watch showed twenty minutes to six. The night seemed to creep more slowly here than in Bilgoray. I went out and stood before the door to breathe some fresh air and to view the village at night. Here and there I saw the trembling glimmer of a wick in an oil lamp, but in most of the huts there was no light. It seemed that the peasants were already sleeping, or they hadn't lit their lamps. Kerosene was a luxury in the villages and was used only on festive occasions. The full moon rested on the village with radiance. The stars seemed closer and larger than in town. I felt far from Bilgoray now, and even farther from Warsaw, where I grew up and for which I constantly yearned. I reminded myself that for the Substance with the infinite attributes of whom I read in the "Ethics," Kocica was not a forsaken hamlet but an integral part of his being. I had to seek comfort in eternity, in Spinoza's "*amor Dei intellectualis*," because in the world of the *modi*, in the cauldron of cause and effect, purpose and achievement, everything went against me. My attempts to write had failed. I had tried writing in Hebrew, but the results were artificial. I turned to Yiddish, and still my inhibitions didn't leave me; they hung on my pen like imps. In love, I had fallen into the pettiness of the emotions, the affects, which according to Spinoza are never good. My coming to Kocica was an attempt to abandon the daily drudgeries, the joys and catastrophes of fools, and to consider everything *sub specie aeternitatis*.

The door opened and Devoraleh came out. She asked, "Why do you stand outside? Aren't you cold?"

"No, thank you."

"Would you like to see our store and the tavern?"

What can I learn from a store and a tavern, the Spinozaist in me thought. But I said, "Yes, thank you."

I walked with Devoraleh, and the snow crunched under our feet. Devoraleh had covered her head with a shawl. She was no longer a stranger to me. I was her teacher and she my student. I resolved to teach her to read and to write Yiddish and Polish, and perhaps a little philosophy: had not young idealists in Russia abandoned palaces and gone to teach the people? We came to a low building, and there were the store and the tavern. The store was lit by a hanging kerosene lamp, its tin shade adorned with paper fringes. On the shelves was a conglomeration of merchandise—drygoods and iron pots, cork innersoles for shoes and rolls of chicory, pretzels strung on a string and mousetraps. Behind the counter sat Beile Tsivya, knitting a stocking with four needles. From time to time she used one of the needles to scratch under her wig. A peasant in a sheepskin and shoes made of rags and tree bark was bending over a barrel of herring with his hand in the brine.

Beile Tsivya smiled. "You brought me a customer?"

"Can I buy ink and paper?" I asked.

"Ink? Who needs ink here? Still, we have a few bottles and some composition books. Once in a blue moon somebody may ask for it."

I bought ink and half a dozen composition books. I would have plenty of time to write here. All I needed was inspiration. While I stood there, Beile Tsivya spoke to me about my grandfather—may he intercede for all of us—about my grandmother, and some cousins who had died in the cholera epidemic during the war. How strange, but Beile Tsivya remembered my mother's wedding; she had been a girl of five at the time.

After a while, Devoraleh took me to the tavern. Two tables and benches ran the length of the room. Near the wall stood a keg of beer with a brass spout. Behind the counter, under the shelves of vodka bottles, sat Etke, reading a Polish textbook. She half smiled, half winked at Devoraleh and me and continued to read. The room was dimly lit and cold. At one of the tables, a peasant snored as he slept. Two peasants were talking over empty vodka glasses. They looked at us with anger and began to talk about how the Jews were invading the villages. Again and again I heard the word "*żydy*."

Devoraleh said to me, "Don't be afraid. It's just silly talk." She called over to the men, "If you don't keep your mouths shut, I'll throw you out right away."

"Look at her, a real *panienka!*" one of them called back. He laughed and belched.

Devoraleh said to me, "Beasts, that's what they are. In the summer they work a little, but in the winter all they do is lie on the stove and scratch themselves, or they come here to get drunk. No wonder they envy the Jew."

"After eight hundred years, we're still strangers," I said to Devoraleh and to myself.

"Is it our fault? They want to kill us. The boys who came back from the war carry guns. They shoot them every night just to frighten the old people."

What do you say to that, Jean Jacques Rousseau, I thought. And how about you, Spinoza? Was it really necessary for Divine Thought to scheme all this?

After we left the tavern, Devoraleh said, "In town, somehow one is still a human being. Here everything is rough and mean. Father says we must thank God every day for our lives. Is it true that you're a writer?"

"I want to write."

"What—books?"

"Yes, books."

"You must have a lot of education. I wasn't taught. Etke went to the Polish school, but I had to take care of the children. I had a teacher, but he was no good. He stole from our chests. My father sent him back to town in the middle of the year."

"I hear that you're already engaged."

Devoraleh stopped walking. "Yes, to Zelig, from the water mill."

"What kind of man is your betrothed?"

"Oh, he's a nice boy. He's taken over the business from his father. I've known him since we were babies—we used to play at the sluice. He will visit us tomorrow. He knows Polish, but he wants to learn some Hebrew from you. Father says it's not fit that he and I study together. What's wrong with it? Papa's so old-fashioned!"

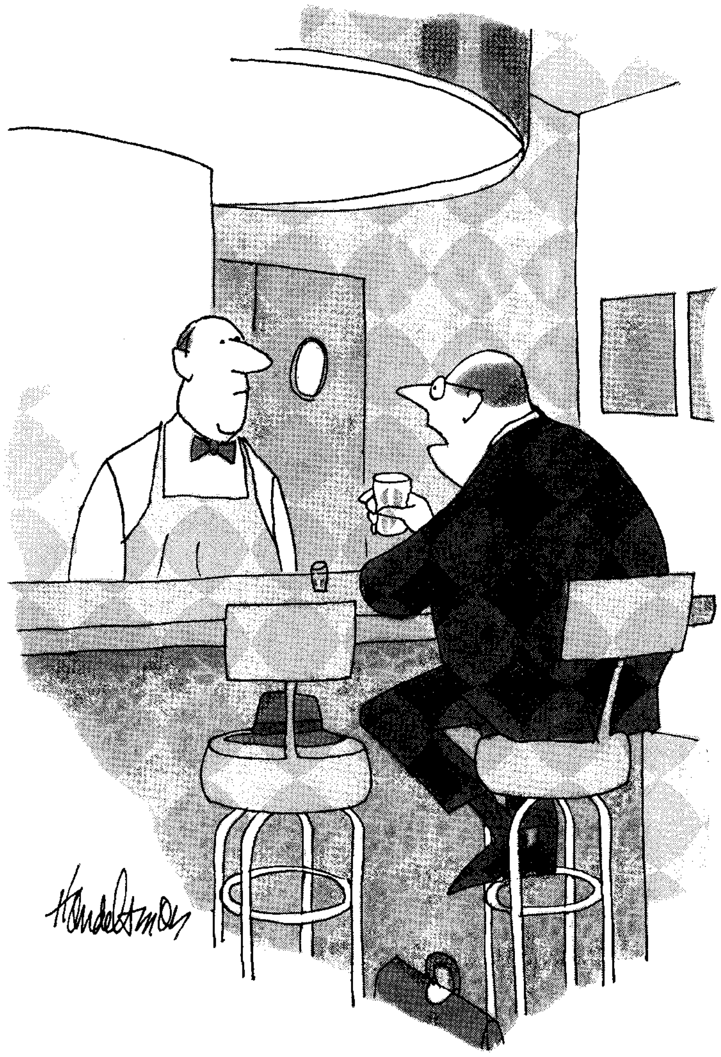
We returned to Reb Naphtalie's house. Before we went in, I asked, after some hesitation, "Where is the outhouse?"

Devoraleh didn't answer immediately. "There is no outhouse. You go behind the bushes. There's only one outhouse in the village—at the priest's."

"Well, thank you."

Devoraleh entered the house quickly. I remained standing outside. I will leave the place first thing tomorrow, I decided. I dragged myself in back of the house, sinking deep into the snow. I was barely eighteen years old, but already I could find no place for myself in the world. My father had left Warsaw and become a rabbi in a tiny village in Galicia. The Jews there were all Chassidim of the rabbi of Belz. I could not go home to my parents with my shorn sidelocks, modern clothes, my worldly books and manuscripts—I would cause my father to lose his job. In Warsaw I had no one. In Bilgoray I supported myself by giving Hebrew lessons, but these had diminished from week to week. I had neither formal education nor a trade. I suffered from bashfulness, fixed ideas. My lust for women disturbed my sleep at night. My brain ground like a millstone. In my imagination I carried on long discussions with writers, philosophers, with God himself. Somewhere I had read an essay about von Hartmann, and I considered him the only consistent thinker. I agreed with him that there was no hope for humanity. There was only one way out for the whole species—to commit suicide.

I NEVER knew that a night could be so long. My watch showed fifteen minutes to eight, but everyone in Naphtalie's household was already sleeping. Up in my garret room I sat down to write a play, trying to imitate Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken." After I spoiled



"Are moral standards breaking down everywhere? Or is it only mine that are breaking down?"

three pages of a composition book, I tore them up and threw them into the tin stove, where the last coals were dying. Then I solved an algebraic problem for which it was necessary to apply a second-degree equation, but I had no desire to try another one. I had just read Kant's "Prolegomena." If quantity is nothing more than a category of pure reason and has nothing to do with the thing in itself, it doesn't really pay to indulge in mathematics. I read a few theorems in the "Ethics" and I was suddenly angry with Spinoza and with my enthusiasm for him. To prove the existence of God by definition was too easy to convince anybody. Well, and what kind of God is he if he doesn't know of justice, mercy, doesn't punish crimes and reward good deeds? I was in need of a personal God to whom I could speak and from whom I could expect an answer. I had to come to grips with everything this very night.

I lay down on the bed and fell asleep. Immediately, I was assailed by dreams. They followed one after another, unusually vivid and clear. I wrangled with someone, a female. In a strange way, my powers entered her and hers became mine. We poured fluid from one body into the other as if our bodies were vessels. Then we entered a little cell, but we were not alone. A man accompanied us, loudly singing a rhymed song. I wanted him to leave us alone, but his chanting said this could not be. Each verse was an aphorism, a revelation. "If I could only write this down!" I said to myself in the dream. I started and awoke. The kerosene lamp had gone out; my room was bathed in moonlight. I truly felt the earth cruising around the sun, running a sure course through the Milky Way for some divine purpose. "Don't be in despair," I said to myself. "God cannot be so mute, so deaf and amoral as the materialists profess." I stood at the window and raised my eyes to the stars. "I see you. Perhaps you see me too? I am of the same substance as you." I heard a shot, and all the village dogs began to bark lamentingly. I looked at my watch—a quarter past three. Could I have slept so long? It was as cold in the room as it was outside.

Citizens First National Bank
MONEY IS BEAUTIFUL

I put on my jacket and cap and went down the steps. In the kitchen, a candle was burning. Reb Naphtalie sat at the table in a cotton robe with a skullcap on his head, murmuring into a volume of the Mishnah. He was so engrossed that he didn't hear my steps. Everything in me became tense, and I felt both sorrow and joy. The world is asleep, but a Jew sits in this distant hamlet studying the Torah in the middle of the night. Here was eternity. Such Jews came to Poland hundreds of years ago, banished by the Teutons, the Celts, or whatever their names. They left graves all along the roads. They carried into the lands of the pagans bags with dry bread and books written on parchment and scrolls. Nothing has changed. They're the same Jews, and the books are the same.

Reb Naphtalie slowly turned his head toward me. "Have you wakened already?"

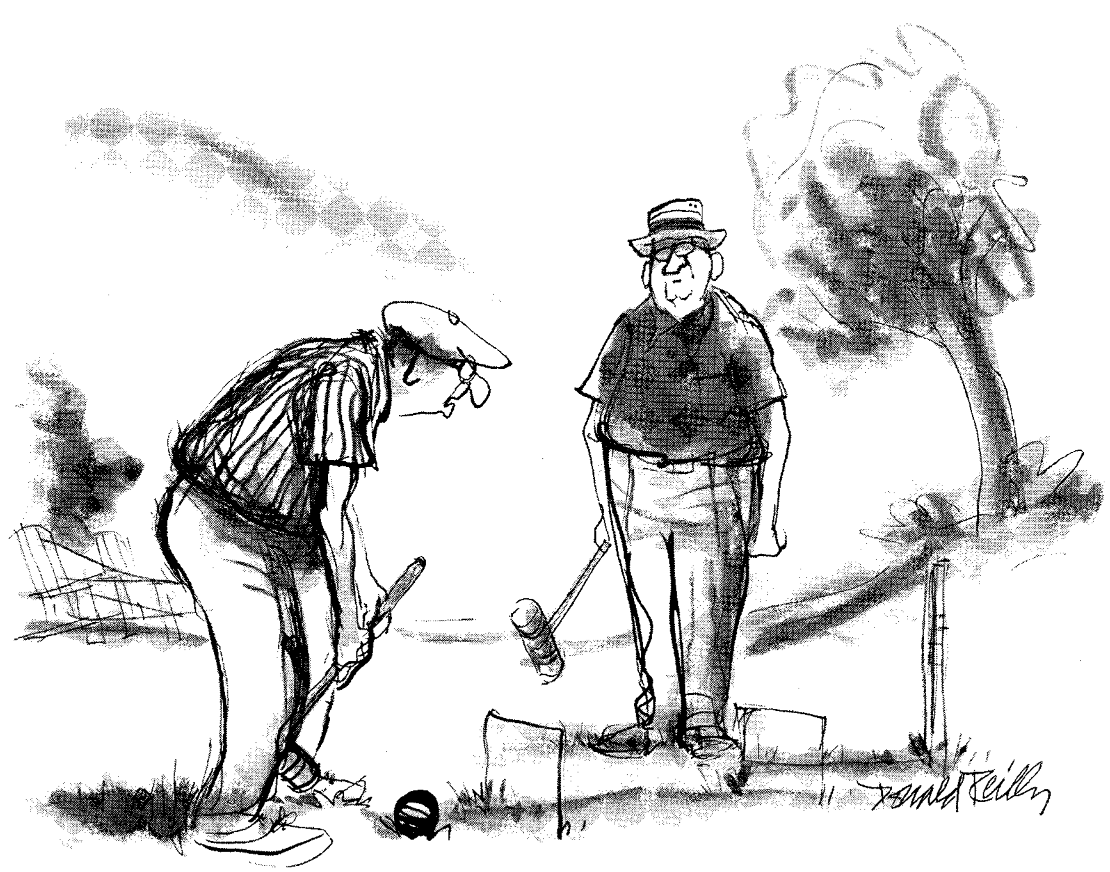
"The night is as long as the exile," I said.

"It will soon be day," Naphtalie answered. And I knew what he really meant: The redemption is near.

THE next day I got acquainted with Zelig, Devoraleh's fiancé. He was a small fellow, young, with shaved red cheeks and a shock of hair that seemed gray from the flour that had fallen on it. His shoes, his jacket, and his pants were also covered with flour. He smoked a cigarette from the corner of his mouth and let out rings of smoke through his nostrils. He spoke to me in a friendly and confidential manner. He had no use for Hebrew, but he wanted to study it because his dead father would have liked him to. The newspaper he read was in Polish. All his customers were Gentiles. He told me about the mill. He had just bought new machinery in Warsaw and was planning to build a sawmill; the water stream was strong and there were forests in the vicinity. Devoraleh happened to be busy in the store, and Zelig took me for a walk to the mill. I said I had decided to leave the village and return to Bilgoray, and he asked, "Why leave? I will recommend a shiksa to you."

He told me many things. The peasants were becoming enlightened. The young generation wanted leather boots, not makeshift shoes of rags and bark. They wanted shingled roofs, not thatch. The girls wanted to dress in the city style. Witos, the leader of the peasant party in the Sejm, sent speakers to Kocica, who lectured to the peasants on their needs. The Communists, too, had their agitators. Boys from Bilgoray, Zamosc, Janow came and incited the villagers to rebellion. One of the agitators had been arrested and was waiting in the Janow prison. The trial would take place soon.

In front of the mill stood carts, sleighs—peasants waited for their turn to have their grain milled. Zelig and I stopped on the bridge and watched the water turning the wheel, whose spokes were glittering with ice. From here, one could see the chimney of the brewery. Zelig said to me, "If you yearn for Bilgoray, you can visit as often as you like. I go there every week. My future father-in-law also drives there frequently. He takes his wife to the ritual bath. He waits in a sleigh in front of the bathhouse. It is quite a task in the winter, but what won't a Jew do to please God?"



"As far as I'm concerned, all this damn flapdoodle about the environment is just a trick to take our minds off the Commies."

"You don't believe in such things, huh?"

"Nonsense. She could wash herself at home."

That day I began to tutor. Leibel and Bentze didn't want to study. They weren't interested at all in the story in Genesis of how Jacob left Beersheba and went to Haran. Their attention was all for the windows and the cooing of their pigeons. The boys had pockets full of nails and screws. They were building a sled. Devoraleh took to lessons fervently, but I realized at once how difficult it was for her to learn. She was slow to comprehend. She made many blotches. I wondered if she needed glasses. Rachele was the only one who showed promise. As to Etke, she could read and write a little Yiddish but had no desire to continue her studies. That fourteen-year-old girl said quite openly that the Jews should assimilate.

The following day, Zelig took me to a young peasant woman—Manya, a widow. She lived not far from the brewery in a broken-down hut with a dirt floor. She had two black braids and a face as pockmarked as a potato grater. Zelig admitted to me that he slept with her—of course, only until he could be married to Devoraleh. Inside the hut, one wall was hung with holy pictures. Manya sat barefoot on a stool, braiding a rope of straw. She smiled shyly, winked, and said about me, "He looks like a fifteen-year-old boy."

"He is our teacher."

"Let him come Saturday night."

I didn't stay in the village that long. Thursday, toward evening, Naphtalie drove his wife to the ritual bath in Bilgoray. That day I gave up tutoring and went with him. Besides his wife and myself, the sleigh carried a huge sack of buckwheat. A heavy snow had obliterated the road. Naphtalie wore a hood over his head; Beile Tsivya was wrapped in a sheepskin and a Turkish shawl. I sat near her on the back seat. She took up three-quarters of the space. It was impossible to move away from her. She was silent and bashful, and I imagined that I felt the heat that emanated from her body. The sky hung low, laden with a blizzard. The falling snow was as dry as salt, and it whipped my face. We all kept silent. The wind howled and whistled. The mare stopped from time to time. Once in a while, she turned her head backward with the kind of curiosity animals sometimes display about human behavior. The horse seemed to wonder what sense it made to roam in this kind of weather.

Night fell suddenly. One moment it was still day, and then it became dark. The cold penetrated my coat. Beile Tsivya purred like a cat. The horse maintained a slow pace. Naphtalie was hunched over as if he had fallen asleep. When we entered Bilgoray, I hardly recognized the town—it was as if I had returned after years of absence. Snow had enveloped the entire settlement and only outlines remained. Hills seemed to have formed where before there were none. All the shutters were closed. I was returning to a house where I was not wanted. I got off the sleigh, took my valise, and said in a voice that sounded changed even to me, "Please, Reb Naphtalie, forgive me. I'm sorry."

I expected the sleigh to move on immediately in the direction of the bathhouse, since we had been delayed in the storm, but it remained standing. Naphtalie said to me, "If you want, you can come back."

And I understood the real meaning of his words: The gates of repentance are always open.

—Isaac Bashevis Singer

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Rosanna Gerber.*)

FIVE POEMS

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

Long afterward
the intelligent could deduce what had been offered
and not recognized
and they suggest that bitterness should be confined
to the fact that the gods chose for their arbiter
a mind and character so ordinary
albeit a prince

and brought up as a shepherd
a calling he must have liked
for he had returned to it

when they stood before him
the three
naked feminine deathless
and he realized that he was clothed
in nothing but mortality
the strap of his quiver of arrows crossing
between his nipples
making it seem stranger

and he knew he must choose
and on that day

the one with the gray eyes spoke first
and whatever she said he kept
thinking he remembered
but remembered it woven with confusion and fear
the two faces that he called father
the first sight of the palace
where the brothers were strangers
and the dogs watched him and refused to know him
she made everything clear she was dazzling she
offered it to him
to have for his own but what he saw
was the scorn above her eyes
and her words of which he understood few
all said to him *Take wisdom*
take power
you will forget anyway

the one with the dark eyes spoke
and everything she said
he imagined he had once wished for
but in confusion and cowardice
the crown
of his father the crowns the crowns bowing to him
his name everywhere like grass
only he and the sea
triumphant
she made everything sound possible she was
dazzling she offered it to him
to hold high but what he saw
was the cruelty around her mouth
and her words of which he understood more
all said to him *Take pride*
take glory
you will suffer anyway

the third one the color of whose eyes
later he could not remember
spoke last and slowly and
of desire and it was his
though up until then he had been
happy with his river nymph
here was his mind
filled utterly with one girl gathering
yellow flowers
and no one like her
the words
made everything seem present
almost present
present
they said to him *Take*
her
you will lose her anyway

it was only when he reached out to the voice
as though he could take the speaker
herself
that his hand filled with
something to give
but to give to only one of the three
an apple as it is told
discord itself in a single fruit its skin
already carved
To the fairest

then a mason working above the gates of Troy
in the sunlight thought he felt the stone
shiver

in the quiver on Paris's back the head
of the arrow for Achilles' heel
smiled in its sleep

and Helen stepped from the palace to gather
as she would do every day in that season
from the grove the yellow ray flowers tall
as herself

whose roots are said to dispel pain

THE MOUNTAINS

There are days when I think the future sets
beyond the mountains
then I lay me down
in fear of departures

and a heavy
net drops on me when I wake
far
far in the night
borne on
and the whole air
around me crying for you
even
when you are still there

and a dog barking
beyond it
at an unknown distance

on and on

THE BLACK PLATEAU

The cows bring in the last light
the dogs praise them
one by one they proceed through the stone arch
on the chine of the hill
and their reflections in the little
cold darkening stream
and the man with the pole
then the night comes down to its roads
full of love for them

•

I go eating nothing so you will be one and clear
but then how could you drown
in this arid country of stone and dark dew
I shake you in your heavy sleep
then the sun comes
and I see you are one of the stones

•

Like a little smoke in the vault
light for going
before the dogs wake in the cracked barn
the owl has come in from his shift
the water in the stone basin has forgotten
where I touch the ashes they are cold
everything is in order

•

Kestrel and lark shimmer over the high stone
like two brothers who avoid each other
on the cliff corner I met the wind
a brother

•

Almost everything you look on great sun
has fallen into itself here
which it had climbed out of like prayers
shadows of clouds
and the clothes of old women blow over the barrens
one apple tree still blossoms for its own sake

•

The cold of the heights is not the cold of the valleys
the light moves like a wind
the figures are far away walking slowly
in little knots herding pieces of darkness
their faces remote as the plaster above deaths
in the villages

•

The upper window of a ruin
one of the old faces
many places near here
things grow old where nothing was ever a child

•

Oh blessed goat live goat blessed rat
and neither of you lost

•

There is still warmth in the goat sheds years afterwards
in the abandoned fountain a dead branch points
upwards
eaten out from inside as it appears to me

I know a new legend
this is the saint of the place his present form
another blessing in absence
when the last stone has fallen he will rise
from the water
and the butterflies will tell him what he needs to know
that happened while he was asleep

•

The beginnings and ends of days like the butts of arches
reach for roofs that have fallen
the sun up there was never enough
high in its light
the bird moves apart from his cry

NOW IT IS CLEAR

Now it is clear to me that no leaves are mine
no roots are mine
that wherever I go I will be a spine of smoke in the forest
and the forest will know it
we will both know it

and that the birds vanish because of something
that I remember
flying from me as though I were a great wind
as the stones settle into the ground
the trees into themselves
staring as though I were a great wind
which is what I pray for

it is clear to me that I cannot return
but that some of us will meet once more
even here
like our own statues
and some of us still later without names
and some of us will burn with the speed
of endless departures

and be found and lost no more

THE HANDS

I have seen them when there was
nothing else
small swollen flames lighting my way at
corners
where they have waited for
me

cut off from
everything they have made their way to me
one more day one more night leading
their blood and I wake
to find them lying at home
with my own

like a bird lying in its wings
a stunned
bird till they stir and
break
open cradling a heart not theirs
not mine
and I bend to hear who is beating

—W. S. Merwin

U.S. JOURNAL: FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY

TWO ARMY STORIES

FOR Armed Forces Day this year, Fort Dix had plans that included an authentic hand-to-hand-combat demonstration on the baseball field by members of the Green Berets, a scout-dog demonstration, and free jeep rides for the kids. Anti-war demonstrators had plans that included marching past the new signs that say "Unauthorized Demonstrations Prohibited" into Fort Dix. By the morning of Armed Forces Day, the Army had cancelled its own plans and was putting final touches on its preparations for thwarting the plans of the unauthorized demonstrators. At the public-information office, a captain was testing a field-telephone system by repeating, "Round Robin, this is Bulky Elbows. Round Robin, this is Bulky Elbows." At the base's main entrance, two spools of concertina barbed wire had been placed where they could be pulled quickly across the highway leading into the base. By noon, a few thousand demonstrators had gathered on the shoulders of the highway, just across a road that runs in front of the base. Virtually all of them were young. A lot of them wore motorcycle helmets. A lot of them wore neckerchiefs that could be pulled up around their faces in case of tear gas. Some of them wore hospital masks made of gauze, and some of them wore conventional gas masks. They displayed placards and buttons and headbands and droopy mustaches and bluejeans and, in some cases, war paint. At about twelve-thirty, the concertina wire was pulled across the highway, and, inside the base, soldiers in battle dress dismounted from two trucks that had been brought to within a few hundred feet of the entrance. A reconnaissance helicopter circled overhead.

As part of the Armed Forces Day celebration in 1959, twenty other soldiers and I landed in a helicopter on Governors Island, in New York Harbor, swept down the airfield, and captured an incinerator from about twelve I.B.M. clerks. We were all in full battle dress. It was the only action I saw in the Army. I was stationed on Governors Island, then the headquarters for the First United States Army, which includes Fort Dix, and ordinarily I worked in an office. The way we took the incinerator used to be my only war story—the truth and the embellishments fused beyond distinction, the way they are in most war stories. But when I read about this year's Armed Forces Day, I realized that for the last few years I haven't heard any of those peacetime war stories, even my own. Yet we did take that incinerator from those I.B.M. clerks.

Shortly after the concertina wire was pulled into place, the crowd began to move toward the entrance, led by banners representing Youth Against War and Fascism and the American Servicemen's Union. The demonstrators stopped at the wire and began chanting, "Big Firms Get Rich—G.I.s Die." Then a couple of the demonstrators moved the concertina wire off the highway, and the crowd began to advance slowly into the base. Soldiers wearing gas masks and carrying rifles with fixed bayonets formed a line across the highway and moved toward the entrance in a rhythmic two-step, their rifles at "on-guard" position. The crowd retreated, and the soldiers stood in a line in front of them at the entrance. The bayonets were a few inches from the demonstrators' faces. A team of soldiers with tanks of gas stood behind the line. Some of the demonstrators impaled their leaflets on the bayonets. A lot of them began to talk to the soldiers, none of whom talked back. They argued that the soldiers' real enemies were the brass and the lifers—the officers and the career Army men—who could order G.I.s to do anything, including killing women and children in Vietnam. "The enemy's behind you!" the demonstrators shouted. "Turn your guns around!"

The officer in charge of the assault on the incinerator—a young infantry lieutenant I'll call Steven Fox—was what we referred to at that time as "R.A. All the Way," meaning he was a career Army officer and took his career seriously. He always stood rigidly straight, and he was suspected of shaving only at night so he would look tough all the next day. We were always careful to give brisk, military salutes to Lieutenant Fox, although we occasionally saluted him left-handed. The left-handed salute was possible if you were

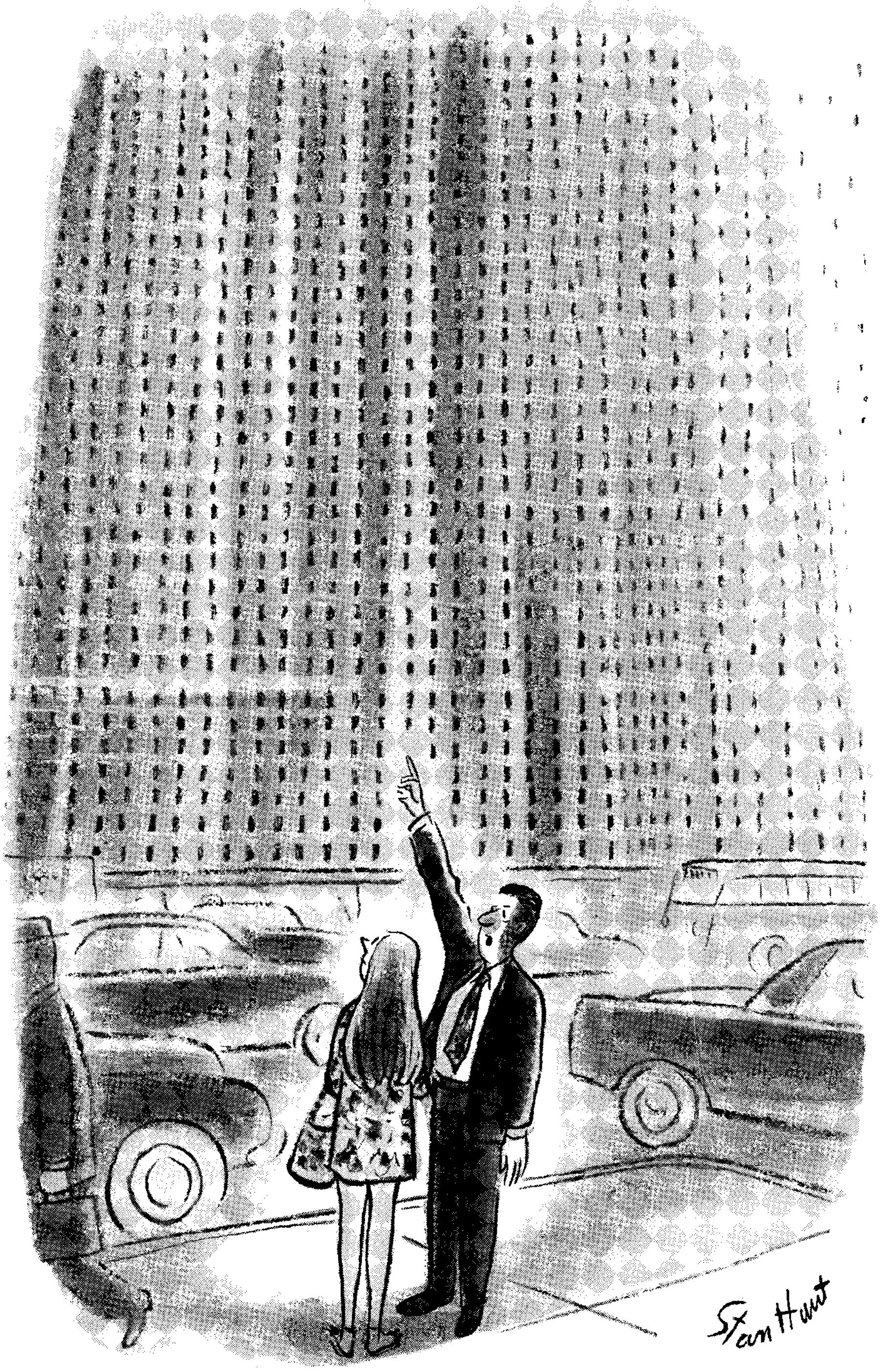
JOHN CORCORAN

"Now, let me do the prophesying."

walking in a group and everyone else saluted right-handed. Lieutenant Fox always returned the salutes properly, but after a step or two he would slow his pace momentarily and a puzzled look would come over his face as he tried to reconstruct the picture of that thicket of upraised arms. At the first meeting attended by those in our company chosen for the assault group, he spoke to us as if we were the only people there, although the room also held about a dozen members of the company that was stationed on the island to run a battery of I.B.M. computers. The I.B.M. clerks were to be the defenders of the incinerator, but since the enemy in an Army maneuver is always called the Aggressor, even if he is defending, they wore cardboard "A"s pinned to their fatigue caps.

State troopers formed a line of defense across the road that runs in front of the base—civilian property, but a route that could be used to outflank the military defenders. The state troopers carried long batons. At one end of the line, two troopers warmed the engine of a machine that is capable of emitting great billows of gas. The main part of the crowd turned from the soldiers to face the state troopers. "If you know what the struggle's about, move up front," a girl said over a loudspeaker. But the front ranks of the demonstrators remained thin as the crowd slowly advanced toward the police line. A state-police lieutenant with a bullhorn told them to disperse. They continued to advance. A couple of bottles shattered on the highway near the line of police. War whoops came from the woods at the side of the road, where some of the demonstrators were trying to move around the troopers. Finally, the troopers charged, clearing the road mainly with the use of the gas machine. The people in the woods were chased out by troopers swinging batons. One demonstrator racing through the woods seemed to slow down for a moment, and the state trooper chasing him brought a baton crashing down on his head. The demonstrator ran a couple of feet farther, and then staggered and fell to his knees. The trooper hit him a couple of more times and ran off. The demonstrator crawled a few feet, and then someone came and helped him to a first-aid station.

At the first meeting, the Lieutenant explained that one of our men would be wounded, just after he threw a smoke bomb in the direction of the incinerator. He would be evacuated by a second helicopter. The rest of the men would continue crawling down the grassy airfield, supported by a machine gun, firing blanks, that would be set up near the attack helicopter and would be replanted at the end of the assigned crawling distance to cover the final standup charge. I was arbitrarily named machine gunner, a selection I began to appreciate that day at rehearsal when most of the moving seemed to be done by the riflemen. After we had all pretended that we had descended from a helicopter, the riflemen had to move slowly toward the incinerator, half of the line crawling while the other half covered them with rifle fire. Accompanied by my assistant machine gunner—a huge, muscular, uncannily stupid private I'll call Hiram Parker—I lay comfortably on the grass while Lieutenant Fox walked up and down the line of riflemen instructing them on how to crawl properly. We were all told by Lieu-



"*Thirty-four floors up and seven windows from the left may not be where it's at, but it's where I'm at.*"

• •

“As usual!”

• •

tenant Fox to simulate noise, since the blanks would be saved for the actual attack. The riflemen simulated noise by pulling the bolts of their rifles back and forth, but we didn’t have a noise-making bolt on our machine gun, so Lieutenant Fox told us to simulate noise verbally. We said “Rat-y-tat-y-tat-tat-tat.”

After the first advance had been broken up by the state police, the speeches that were to have preceded the march began, and a Black Panther, one of perhaps a dozen black people in the crowd, told the demonstrators that it was foolish for people armed with sticks and stones to attack an Army base. (The Army press officer had made it clear that live ammunition had been issued only to a select group of marksmen, who were allowed to shoot only at a specific human being at the specific order of the commanding general.) Some of the demonstrators had picked up heavy sticks and tested them for balance, but nobody organized a second assault toward the police, who had re-formed a line across the road. A line of demonstrators stood facing the soldiers at the entrance, and another line moved over to face soldiers who had come to protect a grassy hill that led from a short fence on Fort Dix property to the road guarded by state troopers. But a lot of demonstrators found a space on the grassy areas around the intersection and sat down. Despite the gas masks and helmets, part of the demonstration took on the picnic atmosphere that no demonstration in the spring can quite escape, unless someone is actually being shot.

Lying on the grass of the airfield, saying “Rat-y-tat-y-tat-tat-tat,” I began to take great pleasure in the lulling sound of my own voice. The spring sun warmed the grass and glistened on the harbor, which was visible on the other side of the incinerator. Two or three times during the afternoon, an ocean liner floated past, looking almost close enough to touch. Occasionally, I would turn my eyes from the incinerator and watch construction workers slowly swing beams into place on the Chase Manhattan Bank building being built near Wall Street. Several times, I discovered myself falling asleep, only to be brought back by the sound of Lieutenant Fox’s shouts to some errant crawler. Parker was equally mesmerized.

“Let’s hear some noise from that machine gun!” Lieutenant Fox shouted from across the field.

We had both allowed our simulated noise to drop to a murmur, and we said loudly, “Rat-y-tat-y-tat-tat-tat.”

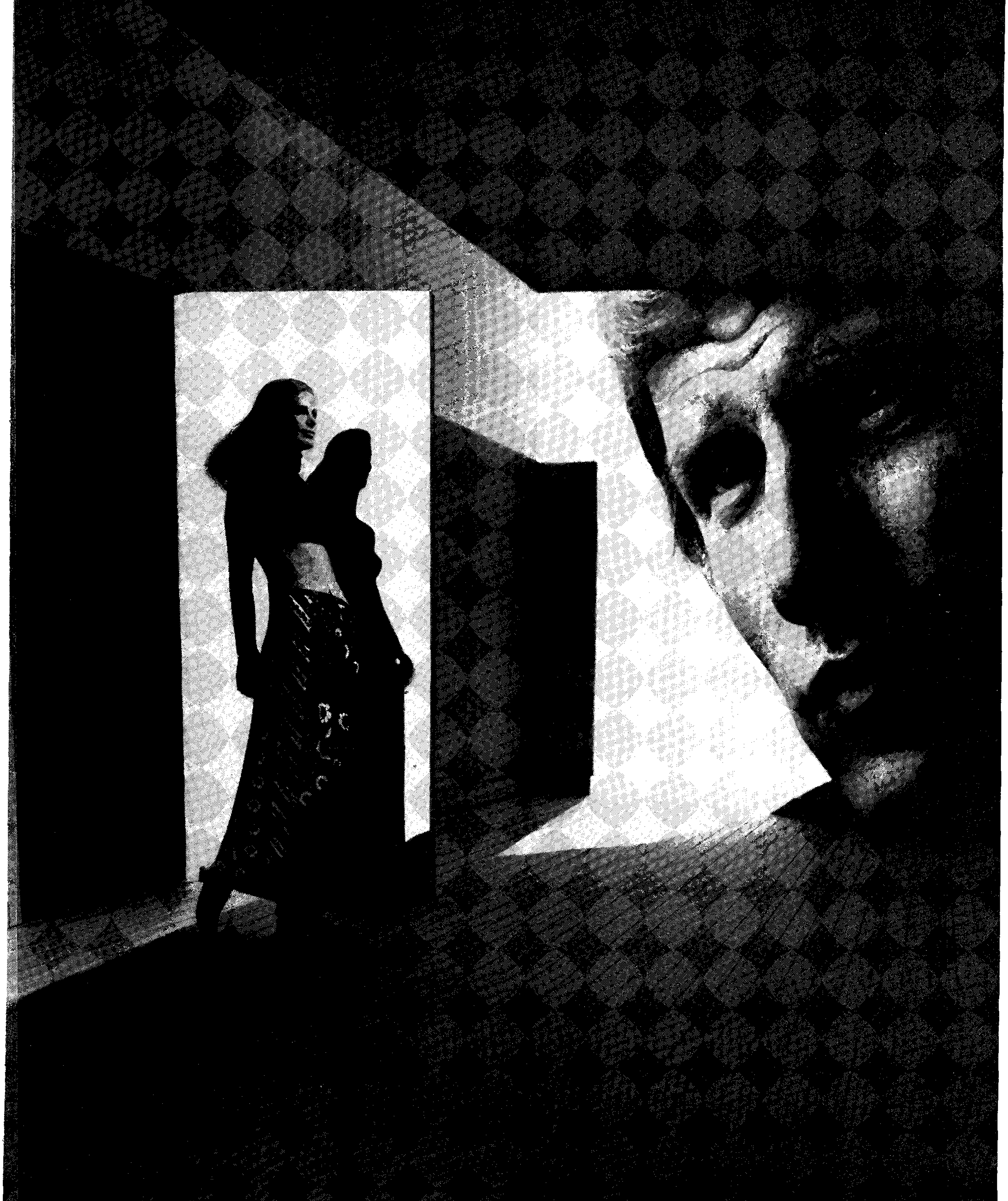
“I can’t hear you!” the Lieutenant shouted. “These men need machine-gun support.”

“RAT-Y-TAT-Y-TAT-TAT-TAT!” *Parker and I screamed.*

“Do you want your son to die when he’s eighteen?” one of the demonstrators screamed at the state police. “Is that what you want?” Some of the demonstrators shouted “Pig!” at the Army officers or at the United States marshals who stood in civilian clothes behind the soldiers, but only occasionally was someone rude to the soldiers themselves. The soldiers stood silent, hard to tell apart in their gas masks and helmets and flak jackets. Not getting any argument from the soldiers, the demonstrators occasionally argued among themselves. “We *must* organize the working class!” a collegiately dressed young man with short hair shouted at a bearded man who had been making fun of an M.P. “The working class displayed its interest last week on Wall Street by beating up demonstrators,” the bearded man said. When a soldier was relieved on the line, he would immediately peel off his gas mask and go over to sit on the grass and have a cigarette. A couple of soldiers were interviewed by a radio-news reporter. No, they said, they didn’t mind the taunts, but the gas masks were uncomfortable and it was hard to hold a rifle in that position for that long.

Parker had to carry the machine gun, and all I had to carry was the tripod, but on the second day of re-

you know there's a man in the room



WHEN YOU RECOGNIZE THE UNQUESTIONABLE SCENT OF SANDALWOOD

arden
for men

COLOGNE, AFTER SHAVE AND A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S PRODUCTS

See the fastest animal in the world.

The Thoroughbred.

Racing at
Beautiful
Belmont Park.
First race 1:30.
May 25 through June 27.

Enjoy fine dining at three great restaurants.

For reservations at the Belmont Terrace, call (516) 488-1740.

hearsals I learned that the tripod was almost too much for me. The difficulty was that the riflemen covered perhaps three hundred yards in fifteen minutes of alternate crawling and resting but, in order to provide firepower for the final charge, Parker and I were expected to cover the distance in an all-out dash. As we started the run, I began to worry that I would arrive behind Parker. About halfway through the run, I quit worrying about that and began to worry about whether I would arrive at all. My breath was coming in painful gasps, and the lumbering figure of Parker became blurred as the distance between us increased. When I finally reached our assigned position and fell to the ground with the tripod, Parker had been standing there for some time, holding a machine gun with no place to put it.

The next day, while the Lieutenant was watching us say "Rat-y-tat-y-tat-tat-tat" from our first position, I brought up the subject of the run. "I was thinking, sir," I said. "Maybe it might be more effective if Private Parker and I take a few short hops down the field ourselves, so as to stay closer to the attack line and provide better firepower."

"You'd be cut down before you got six steps, soldier," Lieutenant Fox said.

"I'd keep very low, sir," I replied. "I'd keep very, very low, and also zigzag."

"You'd be an open target," he said.

I straightened up and said, "Private Parker and I are not afraid, sir."

"You're my responsibility, soldier," Lieutenant Fox said. "I can't let you do it."

When the Lieutenant had left, I suggested to Parker the possibility that he might run a little more slowly so I could keep up. "Are you kidding?" he said. "Those bastards might cut me down."

"Those pig lieutenants don't care about you," the demonstrators kept saying to the soldiers. "They don't care if you go to Vietnam and get mowed down. You don't see *them* standing out here all day wearing gas masks." None of the officers, in fact, were wearing gas masks, but the soldiers didn't turn around to see. After a couple of hours, the demonstrators brought a loudspeaker up to the line, and someone spoke to the soldiers over it about joining the American Servicemen's Union. When the loudspeaker was withdrawn, the conversation along the line eventually gave way to one or two demonstrators at a time holding the floor to make speeches to the soldiers or to make fun of the marshals and officers standing behind them. A couple of the marshals stood just behind the soldiers, staring at the demonstrators with smirks frozen on their faces. "Look at them like they stink," one of the marshals said to the other. On a hill inside the base, what looked like several families had gathered to watch the proceedings. "Don't you know that G.M. is making five hundred million a year off this war?" the speaker said. "Man, can't you relate to that?" The soldiers remained silent.

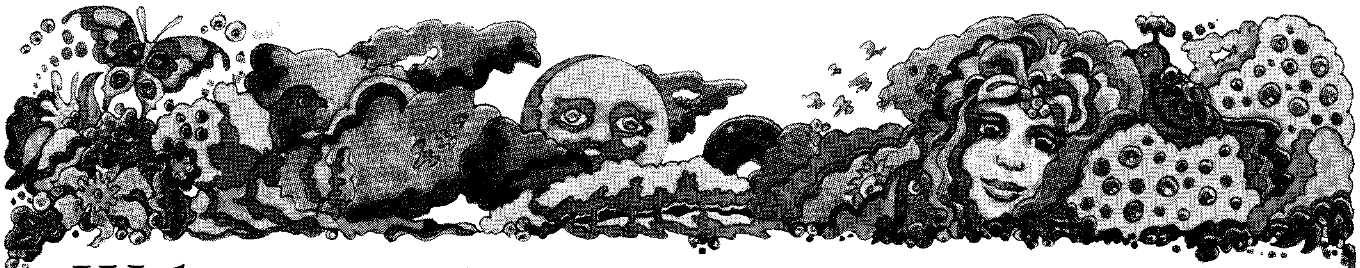
We boarded our attack helicopter on Staten Island and then sat silently staring at each other, our helmets pulled down low over our eyes and our weapons clutched in our hands. As we hit the airfield and rushed out, screaming our assigned yells, I saw that we were a good fifteen yards farther downfield than we had been in rehearsal. I figured I could make the run with that head start, but making it wouldn't satisfy Lieutenant Fox if Parker had to stand around with the machine gun waiting for me. As Parker was clicking the machine gun into place at our first position, I glanced up and discovered that we were only about ten feet from the crowd of spectators that extended down the side of the airfield. I fired my first burst, and I was delighted at the improvement real blanks made over "Rat-y-tat-y-tat-tat-tat." Some Boy Scouts in the crowd near us shouted encouragement. I gave the enemy six or eight more bursts. I could see some of the riflemen starting their crawl on schedule. I fired three more bursts, and suddenly screamed, "Take that, you Commie thug-punks! Take that one for the old Gipper!" Or words to that effect. The Boy Scouts cheered. Parker gave me a puzzled look.

"Shell Quemoy and Matsu, will you!" I shouted. "Frame Shoeless Joe Jackson, will you!" I fired again.

Then Parker stopped feeding the ammunition belt and started staring at me. "They're only the I.B.M. guys," he said.

I nodded thoughtfully—convinced. "You're right, Parker," I said. "So why should we hurry down the field?"

Parker ran at a half trot—I kept my hand in his belt just to remind him—and, with me at full speed, we managed to make it down the field at the

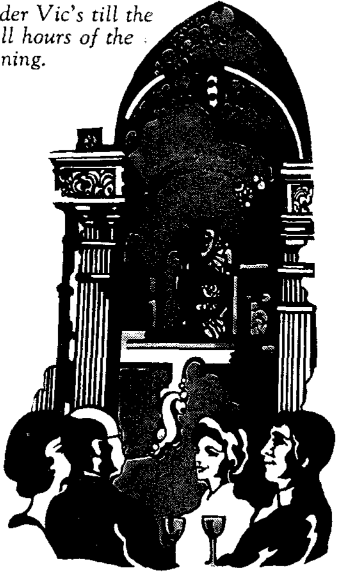


We have an eight room summer retreat for you. At the corner of 59th and Fifth.

Pagan wrongs are rited with edible exotica in Trader Vic's till the small hours of the morning.

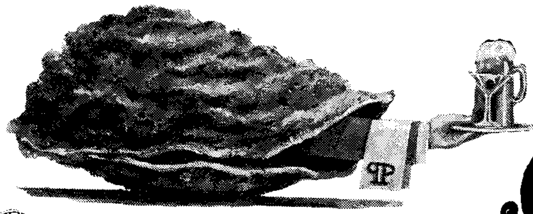
Where the ladies lunching in the Palm Court are always in full feather.

And romance is rediscovered nightly in the Edwardian Room, along with wine and roses.



And the ladies may join the gentlemen for dinner and supper in the Oak Room. (For lunch, it's strictly gentlemen.)

You can join the rich and famous for cocktails in the Oak Bar.



There are cocktails and mussels and wine and ale and so on to be had in the Oyster Bar till 1 am.

And the Palm Court After 8 wraps up the evening over coffee and conversation, violins and brandy.

If you like, you can dance and sup and catch the star in the Persian Room.

These days you need all The Plaza you can get. Fortunately, there's more than enough to go around.

THE PLAZA
A SONESTA HOTEL
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street PLaza 9-3000

Alexander Shields
GREAT MENSWEAR DESIGNER

FATHERS DAY THOUGHTS

THE BIG ZIP FRONT DINKY . . . $30.
WITH RACING STRIPE SWIMMER $25.
ALL IN OUR WONDERFUL RIBBED POLYESTER MIRACLE FABRIC IN:
NAVY WITH WHITE, WHITE WITH NAVY, SOLID NAVY, SOLID WHITE.
COME SEE THEM OR BY MAIL IF YOU WISH (ADD 2.00 HANDLING CHARGES)
EAST-(212)PLAZA 5 2588 484 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10022
WEST - I. MAGNIN & CO. BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90212

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Because unpacking is a pain in your vacation.

The Ventura Hangaway, from our deluxe "Stripes of Fashion" collection.

Made to be "lived out of." Has removable Hang-Away curtain and Shu-pak. Detachable pouches for blouses, lingerie, toiletries, etc. Holds 16 dresses within easy reach. See the complete His n' Her collection at fine stores everywhere. Open stock in 33 sizes, 12 colors.

For free "Tips on Packing," write Ventura, Dept. DS, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Ventura® So high in fashion...so light in weight.

same time. I don't think Lieutenant Fox noticed us anyway. The I.B.M. clerks fled before our firepower in disorganized retreat.

At four o'clock, almost four hours after the lines had formed, the remaining demonstrators were about ready to leave the entrance of the base. "It had no organization," a girl holding one end of a "Free Bobby Seale" banner said to her companion. "Of course, I don't know what we could have done even *with* organization." The crowd at the entrance left, and only a few demonstrators remained facing the troops along the grass between the fence and the road. "You see, every time we come they have to put you out here in front of us," a demonstrator was explaining to a soldier. "And every time they put you out here, we get to talk to you. One of these days, you'll be out and you'll be on this side of the line." Then a major said over a bullhorn that the remaining demonstrators were going to be moved out. He sent in a fresh line of troops—about a hundred soldiers—and ordered them to put their rifles at "on-guard" position. "You must be out of your goddam mind!" one of the demonstrators shouted. "You're going to send them against all six of us?" The major, seeing that he had much more power than he needed, replaced the line of troops with a small group of M.P.s who were wearing khakis and no gas masks and were carrying only billy clubs. The demonstrators left. "Peace and freedom, guys!" one of them called over his shoulder. "Happy Armed Forces Day!"

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Saratoga Springs has a new orthodontist—a 27-year-old, personable doctor just beginning his dental career.

Dr. James J. Byrne expects to begin practice at his North Van Rensselaer Street office just east of Saratoga Hospital May 1.

Dr. Byrne plans to practice alone for the present and says, "There is a great gap between Albany and Glens Falls and an orthodontist is needed in this area."

—*Saratoga Springs Saratogian.*

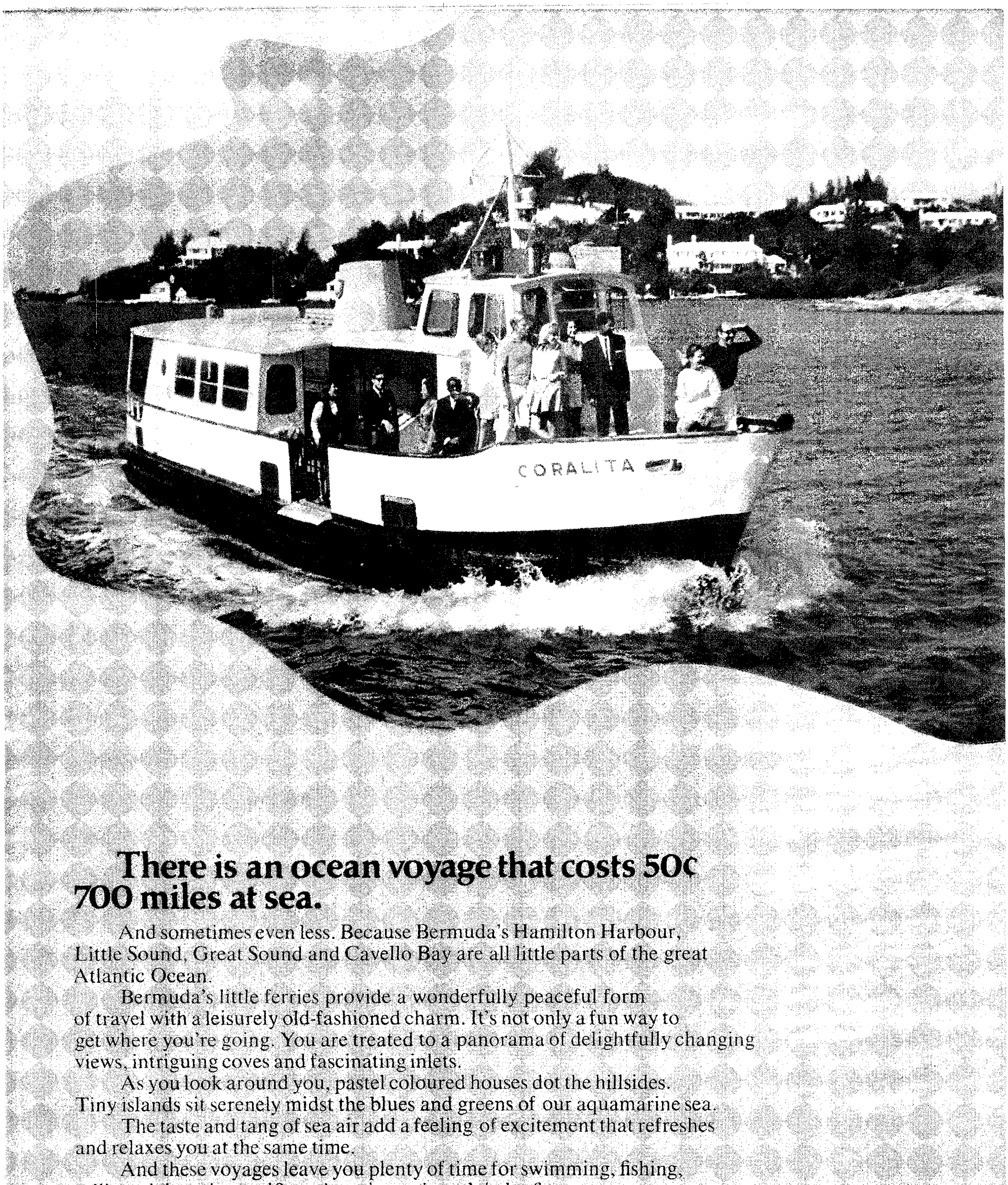
With his little probe and his bag of cement.

•

NEATEST LINGUISTIC TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Sheilah Graham in the San Francisco Chronicle*]

His English was perfect and he is even more proficient in French and German.



There is an ocean voyage that costs 50¢ 700 miles at sea.

And sometimes even less. Because Bermuda's Hamilton Harbour, Little Sound, Great Sound and Cavello Bay are all little parts of the great Atlantic Ocean.

Bermuda's little ferries provide a wonderfully peaceful form of travel with a leisurely old-fashioned charm. It's not only a fun way to get where you're going. You are treated to a panorama of delightfully changing views, intriguing coves and fascinating inlets.

As you look around you, pastel coloured houses dot the hillsides. Tiny islands sit serenely midst the blues and greens of our aquamarine sea.

The taste and tang of sea air add a feeling of excitement that refreshes and relaxes you at the same time.

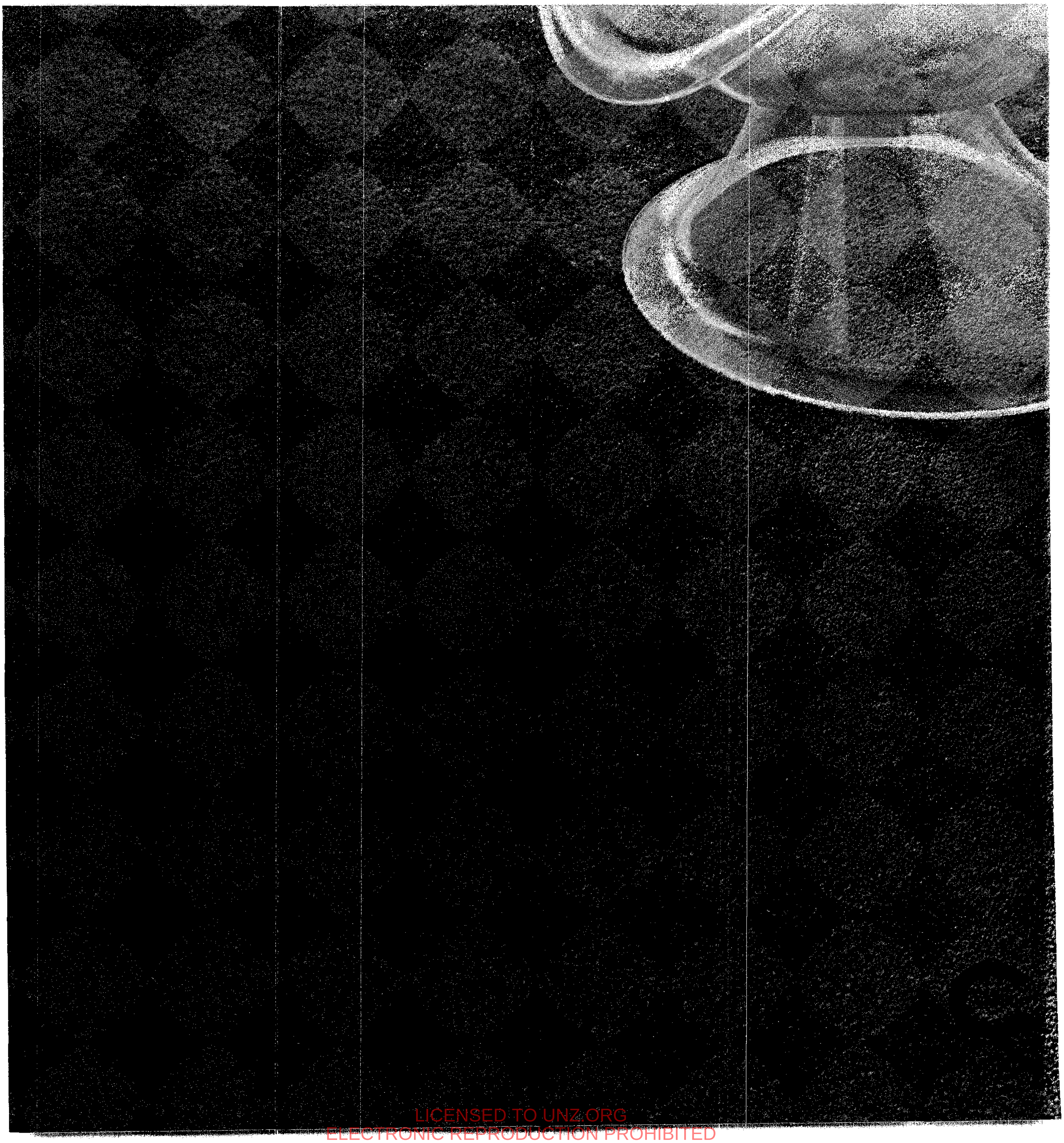
And these voyages leave you plenty of time for swimming, fishing, sailing, sightseeing, golfing, shopping or just plain loafing.

Getting to Bermuda is as uncomplicated as our way of life. Less than two hours by jet. A two-day ocean cruise. Your travel agent can give you all the details. Or write Bermuda: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10020, or 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60602.

We've just created what may be
the most glamorous carpet around.
By giving a completely new twist
to Monsanto's fabulous Cadon nylon,
we came up with a uniquely luminous yarn.
Which we fashion into a soft,
deep, plush pile carpet,
shimmering with light. In 20 tomorrow colors,
it looks wildly impractical. But
it practically keeps house for you.
Ask for it by name, Satin Image.
Another way we do things with carpet
nobody's done before.

Introducing
the 100 watt carpet. It turns on a whole room.

Carpet by Roxbury
Framingham, Massachusetts



THE THEATRE

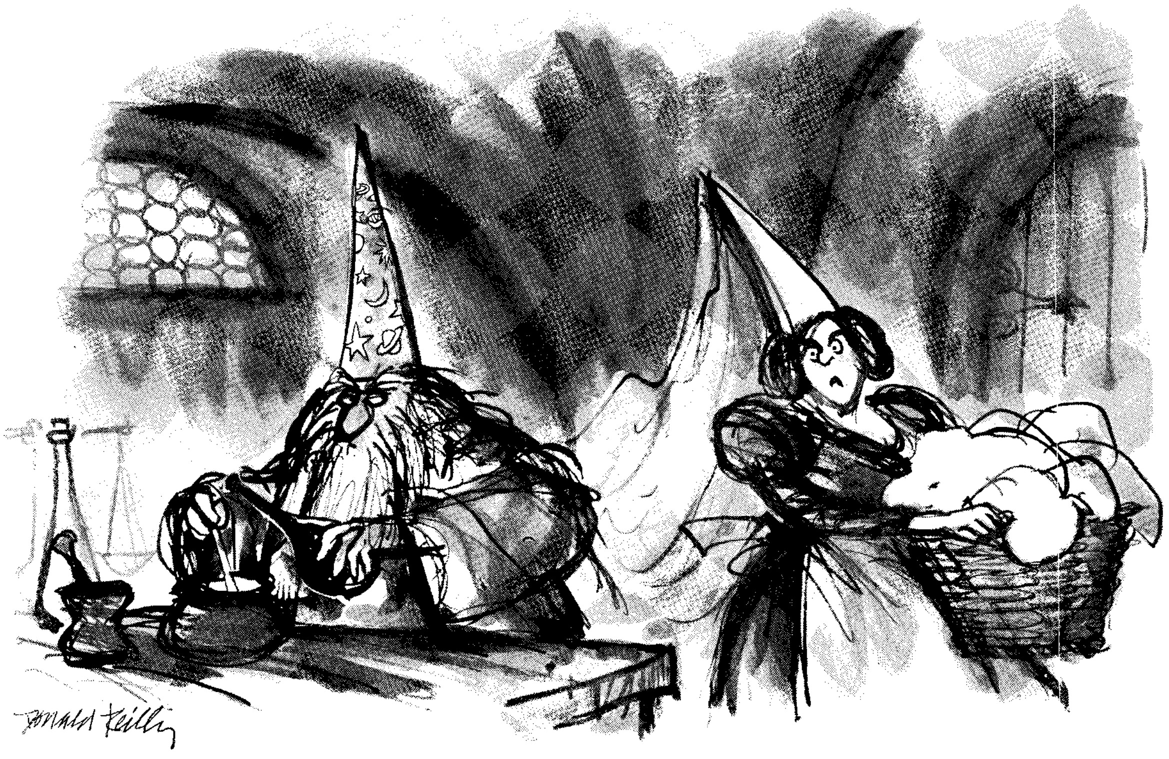
PSYCHOPATHOLOGY ONSTAGE

THE last of the regional theatre companies to display its wares this season in the so-called "Broadway showcase" of the ANTA Theatre was the Trinity Square Repertory Company, of Providence, Rhode Island, which put on a thumping, wake-the-dead melodrama by Roland Van Zandt called "Wilson in the Promise Land." It was an interesting, irritating play, loosely—not to say laxly and sometimes perversely—based on the life of our twenty-eighth President, and it deserved a better fate than to steal away back to New England after seven performances. The Trinity Square people are plainly an adventurous lot, and one of the boldest of their adventures was the virtual reconstruction of the ANTA Theatre for the purposes of their stay there; the orchestra of the theatre was planked over and a new, small, and cozy-seeming theatre-in-the-round was constructed on the mezzanine level, in what had previously been thin air. (One climbed the stairs to the mezzanine past the unlighted orchestra, a catacomb of steel pipes and girders, its seats shrouded in ghostly white cloths.) The settings of the play, which were by Eugene Lee, consisted chiefly of props—an old cannon, a church organ, drums, a pulpit, a Thonet wheelchair—from which we were expected to deduce that we were now in the White House, in 1919; now in Augusta, Georgia, in 1863; and now in Princeton, circa 1876. The lighting, by Roger Morgan, helped to insure that these backward and forward somersaults through time and space were accomplished with delightful ease; one felt that one was swinging by one's heels on a trapeze high up in the tent of the past, and that it scarcely mattered that no net had been stretched to catch one in case of a fall.

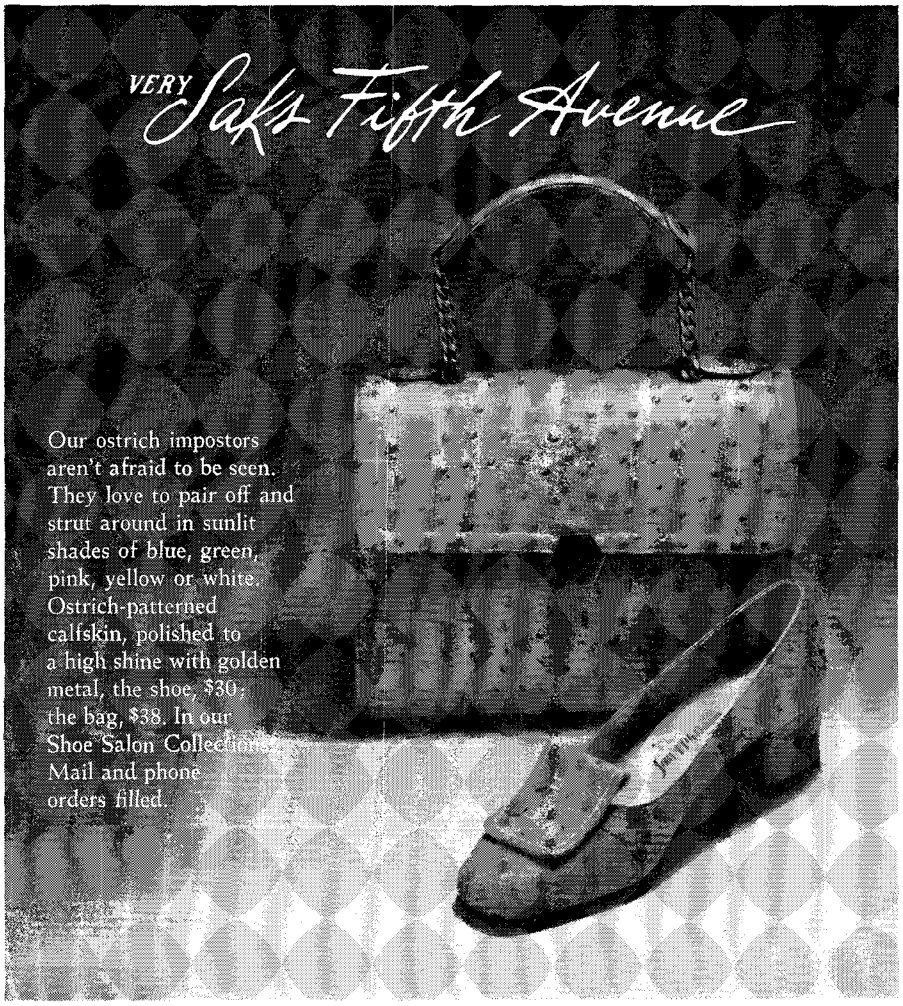
No net indeed, for Mr. Van Zandt is among those playwrights who, like Hochhuth ("Soldiers") and Kipphardt ("In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer"), insouciantly rewrite history according to their privileged insights, with little regard for what most of the rest of the world would be inclined to say were the events that had actually occurred. They take fearful chances in respect to our credulity, and it amounts almost to a principle with them to go too far. Mr. Van Zandt's title offers a clue to the thesis that he hammers home—and well beyond home—in the body of his play. The calculated Mistah Bones-like illiteracy of "promise" instead of "promised" is puzzling; it is surely the adjective "promised," as in the familiar Biblical phrase, that Mr. Van Zandt is concerned with, for his play is derived from certain notions that Freud expounded in his grandly foolish "Moses and Monotheism" and in the notorious book about President Wilson that Freud and William Bullitt (according to Bullitt) wrote together. Moses saw the promised land but was not allowed to enter it, and one of the many propositions that are murkily detectable in Mr. Van Zandt's play is that Wilson-Moses saw the promised land, entered it, destroyed it, and was destroyed by it.

With a self-confidence and simplicity of mind that come close to being endearing, Mr. Van Zandt assures us that our history is but the inevitable consequence of the psychopathology of our leaders. In the course of his play, we encounter Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and they are nearly all, like Wilson, mutilated personalities; the manifestation of their pathology in deeds becomes, in effect, our national doom. Wilson is a fiercely Messianic madman and a prim weakling. He contrives to be simultaneously Moses, Jacob, Isaac, his own actual father, and his ideal, nonexistent son; he is almost everyone, in short, except the brilliant, fearless, and superbly disciplined teacher, orator, and political genius who went by the name of Woodrow Wilson.

What saved the play from its follies? Partly the writing, which is often eloquent, and partly the stunning portrayal of Wilson by William Cain. It was a performance on a heroic scale, at once very open and very subtle, and even when I most deplored Mr. Van Zandt's implausible legend-making, I was grateful to him for having provid-



"How about conjuring up something to take the drudgery out of washday?"



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our ostrich impostors aren't afraid to be seen. They love to pair off and strut around in sunlit shades of blue, green, pink, yellow or white. Ostrich-patterned calfskin, polished to a high shine with golden metal, the shoe, $30; the bag, $38. In our Shoe Salon Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

Sheraton in Aruba: Dutch Treat.

DAYTIME: *The sun beams down all day on our soft white beach. And you sail, or swim, or skin-dive, or shop in a free port. Everything you could hope for in a Caribbean vacation.*

But we've got something more you could hope for: the other twelve hours in the day.

NIGHTTIME: *The Aruba-Sheraton is also a casino. And that means night life like you've never seen. Everything you could hope for in a Monte Carlo vacation.*

This vacation, discover the all-day, all-night you.

For Reservations, see your Travel Agent or call this toll-free number: 800-325-3535.

Rates: from $10.00 PER PERSON SHARING A TWIN (APRIL 6 - DEC. 15)

Aruba-Sheraton Hotel & Casino

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

ed Mr. Cain with such a role. Among the others in the cast, I admired Donald Somers as the Reverend Dr. Joseph Wilson, Ronald Frazier as Franklin D. Roosevelt, James Eichelberger as Wilson at sixteen, and Barbara Meek for her occasional snatches of song. The play was directed with great dash and sympathy by Adrian Hall, the artistic director of the Trinity Square Repertory Company.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Sting

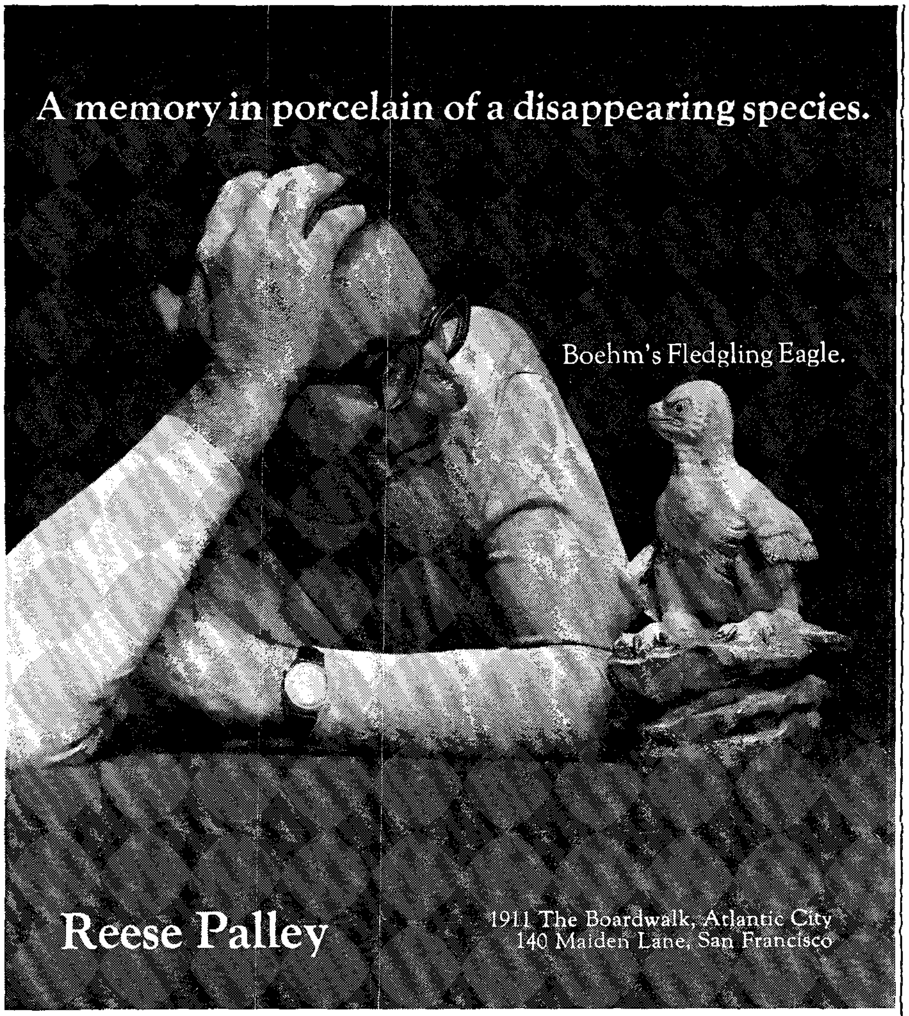
THE Open Theatre, an Off Off Broadway troupe that was formed by Joseph Chaikin—himself a Living Theatre alumnus and a fine actor—has come to Off Broadway for a brief engagement (until June 14th) at the Washington Square Methodist Church. "Terminal," the first in its repertory of three plays, is actually not a play at all, in any conventional sense, nor is it a dramatic exercise (although it resembles one), because that term implies amateurism, and these actors are expert technicians. An exploration, in music, choreographed movement, words, and pantomime, of every aspect of death and of every feeling about death that one might have, it is as intense and as thorough as any exploration of life. The performance, under the direction of Mr. Chaikin and Roberta Sklar, is ritualistic, yet always specific and precise. The lines, by Susan Yankowitz, are sparse and strong and precise, too, and many of them are reiterated time and again ("We come among the dying to call upon the dead. . . . Let the dead come through"), sometimes in chorus, sometimes contrapuntally, sometimes spasmodically, with words left unfinished, and sometimes by one actor alone. The laws of embalming, for example, are chanted over and over as a body is embalmed in pantomime; an actress discusses funeral cosmetics in a cool, charm-school manner. There is, as you can see, some grim, ironic humor, and there are many shifts in mood. The company displays a kind of theatrical discipline that is very rare, and the facial expressions (and the facial blankness) are even more eloquent than the words and movements. In short, there is real acting, which is also rare in group enterprises of this sort. The effect is extraordinary—extraordinary and always fascinating, but not harrowing or depressing. I'm not sure why not. It may be because "Terminal" is conceived and executed with such admirable austerity, or perhaps because no group enterprise could possibly hit me as hard as an individual enterprise. There is one scene, though, in which a dead soldier marches up and down, saluting and saying "Yes, sir," and as his anger mounts behind his expressionless face it is made clear that he is dead because he said yes instead of no and had no idea what he had said yes to. The scene probably runs under three minutes, yet its impact is greater than that of any number of full-length anti-war plays I've seen. "Terminal" may well be a delayed-action bomb; I doubt I'll ever forget it. The dramatic lighting was designed by Will Mott; the costumes—tight-fitting white jumpsuits for all—were designed by Gwen Fabricant.

IF you find yourself at "Chicago 70," which opened last week at the Martinique, don't leave at the intermission, no matter how great the temptation, for the show suddenly snaps to some semblance of life in the second act, when François Klanfer takes the stand as Abbie Hoffman. The show, as you doubtless know by now, is a parody or fantasia—undergraduate romp is closer to the mark—based on the conspiracy trial that took place in Chicago recently. It is another improvisation—this time by the Toronto Workshop Company—and, according to a publicity release, it was designed "to expose the sadism and brutality of the U.S. power structure." Its own structure is a matter of actual episodes from the trial interspersed with stretches of heavily ironic song-and-dance frolic. I could have skipped all the workshoppy divertissements. The company is weakest where it should be strong: in inventiveness and wit and the illusion of spontaneity; there are constant references to the trial scene in "Alice in Wonderland," which is as threadbare an idea as there can be. Nevertheless, Mr. Klanfer, a dynamic young actor, is bright and funny as insufferable Abbie Hoffman baiting insufferable Judge Hoffman, and, a few minutes later, as the baited and rattled old judge himself. Also, George Meteskey is sort of amusing as chanting Allen Ginsberg, if that kind of thing amuses you; Calvin Butler is sincere and angry as Bobby Seale; and Ray Whelan brings out William Kunstler's prodigious capacity for righteous indignation, if nothing else. "You are all a pack of cards!" someone shouts at the end, returning to "Alice." The cards are stacked, though. All the defendants and their lawyer are heroes and wits, and the judge and the prose-

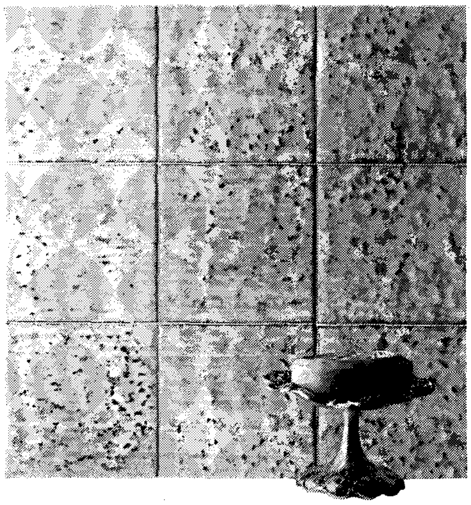
Your past begins the moment you try this restless parfum from France. Crêpe de Chine by F. Millot. Also in Eau de Toilette and bath luxuries.

CRÊPE DE CHINE
F. MILLOT
PARIS FRANCE

...by this time you should have quite a past


A memory in porcelain of a disappearing species.
Boehm's Fledgling Eagle.
Reese Palley
1911 The Boardwalk, Atlantic City
140 Maiden Lane, San Francisco

If your bath wore new Tuscany™ ceramic tile, you'd like it a whole lot better.



LOVE,
AMERICAN OLEAN
CERAMIC TILE

P.I. For your booklet on Decorating Ideas with Tile, send 10¢ to American Olean Tile Company, 1395 Cannon Ave., Lansdale, Pa. 19446.

cution are knaves and fools, which, truth aside and ethics aside, pretty well dispels any dramatic element that the show might have had.

FOR those, like me, who were lucky enough to have seen (and memorized) the original Group Theatre production of "Awake and Sing!," under Harold Clurman's direction—and even for those who weren't—the news of its revival at the Bijou is quite good. The current production doesn't get in the way; Clifford Odets' masterpiece comes through. Actually, the current production is somewhat better than that, but, to push its weaknesses aside as quickly as possible, it seldom achieves the essential balance between the surface trivia and comedy of the play and the deep tensions underneath, or between the dark and the light scenes; the company, in spite of some of the actors who do well, is not a company at all, in the sense that the Group was, so that the Bergers in their Bronx apartment don't quite seem to be a family, and Joan Lorring's performance in the great role of Bessie Berger, the bossy, loving, crushing mother, is simply inadequate—so inadequate, to look on the bright side, that it doesn't interfere with anybody's memories of the great Stella Adler's. Bessie should dominate the action, but when she does not, one pays more attention to the other characters. Morris Strassberg is touching and believable as the old Marxist grandfather, and so is Robert Salvio as the apple of his eye, his fiery though temporarily daunted grandson. Bill Macy is rich, thick-skinned Uncle Morty, and Roger Serbagi is Moe Axelrod, tough and stubbornly in love with the Bergers' daughter; both act competently, although I must say I missed the depth and the bitter edge that Luther Adler once gave to Moe. Reliable Salem Ludwig plays Myron Berger, Bessie's fumbly, good-natured husband. Myron has some of the funniest lines in the play, and Mr. Ludwig delivers them perfectly, with just the right sweetness. How funny the play is, and how moving! It is not nearly so much a period piece as I expected it to be. The hard fact of the Depression, which seemed originally to put the characters' private miseries into public italics, turns out to be incidental after all. What matters is that Jewish family, and what its members feel for one another, and what they do to one another. The Portnoys come as no revelation to those of us who met the Bergers thirty-five years ago.

—EDITH OLIVER

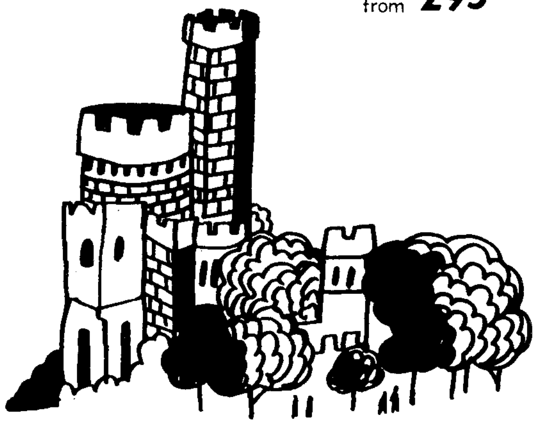
Air-India's London & beyond.

The theatres of London, Moscow & Leningrad

Eight nights in London plus four plays. Three nights in Moscow with two tickets to the ballet, circus or other theatre. Two nights in Leningrad with two tickets to the opera, ballet or other theatre. (There's a three-week variation for $559; it adds four nights in Paris with tickets to two shows, besides adding more time, more shows and more sightseeing in the USSR.) from $499

Auto/Rail England

You get two or three weeks in the Isles with unlimited free mileage by car or rail. Including Air-India over and home, your first night in an airport hotel, your other nights in a guesthouse, even more. from $295



London, Dublin & Edinburgh

A week in London, three days in Dublin, another three in Edinburgh. Including round-trip and between-cities flights, accommodations, breakfasts, sightseeing and more. from $318

AIR-INDIA
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019
Please send me the free brochures I've checked:
☐ The British Isles ☐ The Bard & The Bolshoi
Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________State______Zip______
My travel agent is: ____________________
NY066

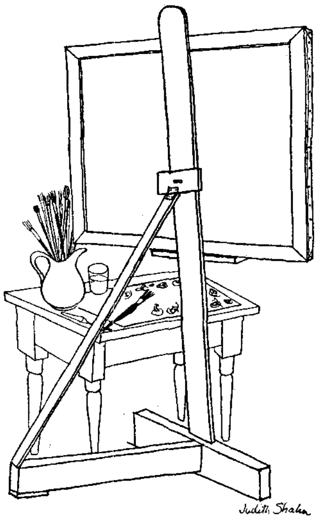
Tour prices based on round-trip group and bulk economy air fares from N.Y. Ground arrangements based on two persons traveling together.

It's just not in us to make a number out of you.

THE ART WORLD

Confrontation

"DURING the events of May and June, 1968, culture and art no longer seemed to interest anyone. Drawing the unavoidable conclusions, the museum curators closed their cemeteries of culture. Infected by this example, the private galleries locked their doors. . . . During the May Revolution, the city once again became a center of games, it rediscovered its creative quality; there instinctively arose a socialization of art—the great permanent theatre of the Odéon, the poster studio of the ex-École des Beaux-Arts, the bloody ballets of the C.R.S. [police] and students, the open-air demonstrations and meetings, the public poetry of wall slogans, the dramatic reports by Europe No. 1 and Radio Luxembourg, the entire nation in a state of tension, intensive participation, and, in the highest sense of the word, poetry. All this meant a dismissal of culture and art."

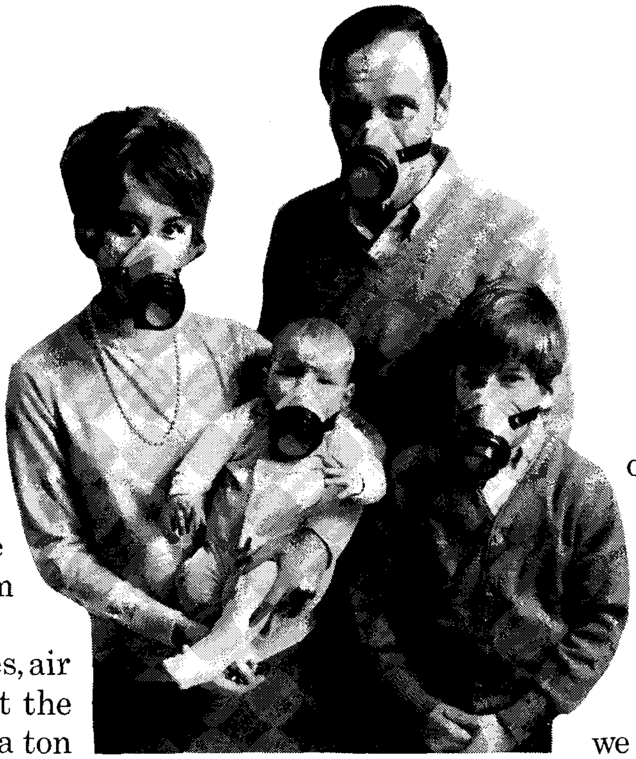


The death of art has been declared for half a century, but this statement, by the French critic Michel Ragon, forecasts what will replace it. Against art, Ragon poses the political demonstration as a superior form of creation: the public event becomes the model of aesthetic expression. Whatever the merit of this view, its effect is to discredit the anti-art artist, who in demonstrating the death of art has continued to present himself as its heir. From Mondrian to Dubuffet, this has been the century of "the last painter," whose formulas of negation promised to defy further reduction. Painting divided by zero, however, proved to equal infinity: art might be coming to an end, but there was no end to anti-art. Now the whole game is being put into question not by works of art but by collective action that, in Ragon's phrase, simply "dismisses" it. His remarks are taken from a collection of essays just published in English translation, under the title "Art and Confrontation: The Arts in an Age of Change" (New York Graphic Society), by nine French art critics, curators, and professors for whom the Paris student uprising of May, 1968, was both an exposure of the degraded condition of art in our time and an example of an alternative. The essays contain a checklist of complaints not only against the art market, the museums, the careerism of artists, the opportunism of critics, the speculations of collector-dealers, the aimlessness of art instruction but against art itself. "Perhaps," writes Ragon, "it is first and foremost the 'work of art' that was aimed at in the confrontation." The complaints are for the most part the ones generally heard in New York, but the French writers, some of whom show leanings toward Marxism (though all are opposed to Soviet aesthetic dogma and what one contributor calls "the frightful blunder of socialist realism"), are more outspoken than American critics and reach tougher conclusions. Their common conviction is that the current ills of art cannot be cured piecemeal. Criticism today, says Jean Cassou, former chief curator of the Musée National d'Art Moderne, in his introduction to "Art and Confrontation," ought to be total; it should apply itself to the culture as a whole, not be limited to "the way such-and-such a wheel turns inside the totalitarian machine." For these authors, our "consumer society" is essentially inimical to creation; its merchandising culture treats works of art as objects, alienates them from the subjective experiences that brought them into being, and packages them for consumption as "cultural goods." With its promotion of a few sacred cows, the market system isolates the artist as a specialist striving for stardom in a narrow field of performance; successful artists "work exclusively for multimillionaires and museums." Nor is this situation improved by attempts to "democratize" art—for example, through multiples and increased museum attendance; the multiple increases the number of private collectors but makes collecting petty, and "there is no use luring people to museums if they haven't the means for arriving at a true understanding, at a personal experience of works of art."

Beyond the case against society of "Art and Confrontation," there is the case against art itself—an individual activity in an age of teamwork, the puttering of a handicraftsman among technicians working with advanced mechanisms. In a word, the artist is an anachronism; his methods are preindustrial and his equipment is out of date. He is trying to get to the moon in the Spirit of St. Louis. If, on the other hand, he attempts to integrate himself into the present, he can do it only by accommodating his work to technology and cultural education, which, as now constituted, are inhuman and repressive. According to Pierre Gaudibert, curator of the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, the artist tries to "think of himself as a 'creator,' having at his disposal a limitless power in actions that are sovereignly free and demiurgic," but to maintain this illusion he must ignore the conditions under which his work is produced and distributed. Some contributors to "Art and Confrontation" question whether a true facing of the issues is possible for the contemporary artist, who, to quote a text posted on a wall of the Maison des Beaux-Arts, "remains on the periphery of the realities of the street, the city, and everyday surroundings, creating images that are never integrated because they are destined for museums and the apartments of the rich, because they are articles of mercantile value or items for archives, cultural certificates, because their authority is probably conditioned by the cult of personality and signature, a trap laid by confidence tricksters." Other contributors, however, believe that advanced twentieth-century painters have found the means to convey the negative aspects of the modern cultural situation. In Ragon's opinion (and this comes close to contradicting some of his other views), Dubuffet and Fautrier, though still working within what the Beaux-Arts text called "the age-old definition of the artist handed down by dealers, schools, and institutes," have produced in France an art of confrontation, as have Bacon in England and de Kooning in the United States.

Gilbert Lascault, who teaches ancient languages at Nanterre, presents a long list of contemporaries, from Christo to Kienholz, as confronters who have succeeded in undermining the stability of middle-class culture despite its defensive ruses, such as embracing hostile art in order to demonstrate its own liberalism. By comparison with most "Art and Confrontation" contributors, Lascault is extremely

Merrill Lynch is watching certain companies that have a better solution.



People in parts of Japan wear respiratory masks just to walk the streets. Many keep them handy in London.

In the United States, air pollutants spew out at the rate of two-thirds of a ton per person per year. And our waters have become vast cesspools.

The problem is not new.

But widespread recognition that something must be done is relatively recent.

For example, the Air Quality Act of 1967 authorized more federal funds for the control of air pollution than had been spent in the previous 180 years.

And the President's State of the Union message called for ten billion dollars to be spent from 1971 to 1979 for the control of water pollution.

But as far back as the early Sixties, Merrill Lynch analysts covering a wide range of industries turned up a common fact. Established companies, were staking out positions in pollution control by acquisition and diversification.

In the spring of 1968, we published a study on this emerging industry, complete with details on twelve of the companies our analysts were watching closely.

During the next year and a half, with pollution control becoming a national priority, pollution stocks performed extremely well. So well, in fact, that by early this year some appeared to be overpriced. (For our analysts' outlook on pollution control today, check your Merrill Lynch Account Executive.)

We're not saying we spot all the new trends. Nobody does. But we do have twice as many analysts looking for them as any other broker.

We figure that puts the odds in our favor.

Merrill Lynch: We look for the trends.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc. For nearest office call toll-free 800-243-6000. In Connecticut call 800-942-0655.

The Deauville

Our own beach ensemble comfortably styled in a below the hip model. A blend of 50% Fortrel and 50% cotton in a solid color textured weave

The swim trunks match the jacket. Tailored boxer style

NAVY BLUE NATURAL SAND
GOLD

Sizes: S M L XL

JACKET $17
TRUNKS $13

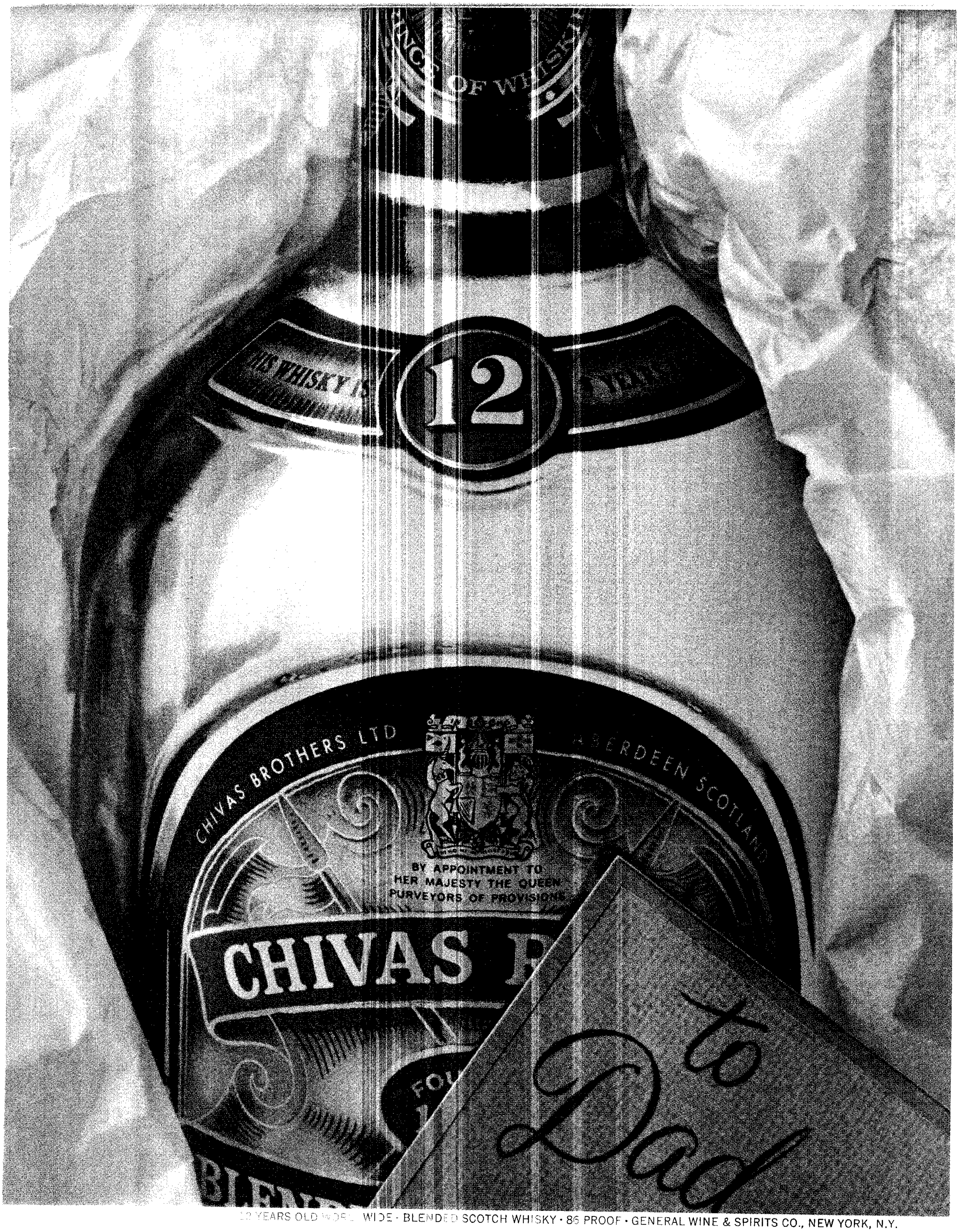
Please add 75c for mail orders

F.R. TRIPLER & Co.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

sanguine about what art can do. Though he recognizes that novelties in art "shake only our sensibilities and not the world," he counts what others consider to be official avant-garde paintings and sculptures as revolutionary attacks. A slashed canvas by Fontana, who learned to manipulate perforations as a decorative device; a rumpled canvas on a broken stretcher by Pieter Engels (a pantomime argument in the formalist "what is art?" debate); a huge monochrome by Olitski, "an image of a world at once mediocre and off-center"—these are to Lascault significant reflections of modern social and metaphysical reality and also symbolic assaults on that reality. Similarly, the "cool" art of American Pop painters—Warhol, Lichtenstein, Wesselmann, Rosenquist—appears to him a nihilistic challenging of social values, as well as a criticism of art that "asserts its [art's] inferiority to the mere possibility of revolution."

Lascault's reading of works is often farfetched—for one, his notion that a Warhol Campbell's soup can "reveals the nightmare on the inside of paradise and the happy moments in hell." Showing no awareness of the formalist and parody impulses in postwar painting and sculpture, Lascault is inclined to accept every novel visual effect as an instance of revolt and cultural subversion—exactly the response sought by the publicity apparatus of vanguardism. In seeing Rauschenberg, Johns, Indiana, Segal as forcing an unwilling society to acknowledge the existence of sex, decay, love, and death, Lascault is victimized by nostalgia for a radical avant-garde. To Ragon, by contrast, avant-garde art "has become official to the extent of being quoted on the Stock Exchange, collected by museums, Greek ship-owners, Nelson Rockefeller, Georges Pompidou, etc." Lascault's true hero is Dubuffet, who turns up in a majority of the commentaries in "Art and Confrontation." If any artist is a professional confronter and anticulturist, it is Dubuffet. In 1951, he delivered at the Arts Club of Chicago a lecture on "Anticultural Positions," in which he took the side of the jungle against the Greeks, beauty, reason, written language, and individual identity—all traditional whipping boys of the avant-garde. Since the Events of May, he has become the author of a manifesto, "Asphyxiante Culture," which proposes "institutes for deculturalization, nihilistic gymnasiums as it were, where particularly lucid instructors would give a course in deconditioning and demystification lasting several years, in such a way as to equip the nation with a thoroughly trained body of negationists who will keep confrontation alive, at least in small, exceptional isolated circles, amid the general entrenchment of cultural conformity." The entrenchment of cultural conformity is what Dubuffet counts on for the success of his shock tactics. In "Art and Confrontation" he is quoted for his activism ("No more onlookers, nothing but actors"), his eroticism, his liking for mud, dirt, and camel dung, his contempt for pictures hanging on apartment walls, and Marx and Freud are evoked to explain the liberating significance of his taste for foul odors forbidden by a repressive civilization.

Yet Dubuffet's militant primitivism belongs not to the bush but to international avant-gardism, now turned into official culture, and Ragon finds himself obliged to point out that this artist's confrontations did not prevent him from accepting a retrospective at the Museum of Decorative Arts, in Paris, under the patronage of the Minister of State for Cultural Affairs and the Director General of Arts and Letters. That, after these blessings, Dubuffet could still write that "the State, as I see it, has only one face—that of the police" and that "I can't imagine the ministry of culture as other than the police of culture" arouses the suspicion of a put-on, and leads Ragon to wonder whether the part played by confrontationist artists is at all different from that of conformists. Even Duchamp, field marshal of anti-art, is not above censure as a collaborator of the museum-dealer-collector complex; he is accused by a young artist, quoted in "Art and Confrontation," of having imprisoned the imagination in aesthetic illusions because he presented his bottle racks, urinals, and spades as art. The only true confrontation is for the artist to vanish and take art with him, in order—in the words of André Fermi-


OF WHISK
12
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD
ABERDEEN SCOTLAND
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
PURVEYORS OF PROVISIONS
CHIVAS R
to Dad

12 YEARS OLD WORLD WIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

For all those years he wore all those ties he didn't really want to wear.

When North American Rockwell clears a paperwork jam, North American Rockwell clears a paperwork jam.

The volume of transactions had swamped the securities industry.

Yet six months after hiring us, concerned Wall Streeters had a blueprint for nationwide overhaul of their data processing. A methodical series of steps to eliminate the bottlenecks and expedite the orders.

Controlling an information explosion isn't new to North American Rockwell. It's speeded our success in building the Apollo spacecraft, managing the complexities of advanced aircraft programs, designing information systems for others—as well as the growth of our own enterprise.

For the special knowledge we gain everywhere is channeled through our 20 related businesses in developing products for tomorrow.

You can't find a sea of tranquility if you founder in a sea of paperwork.

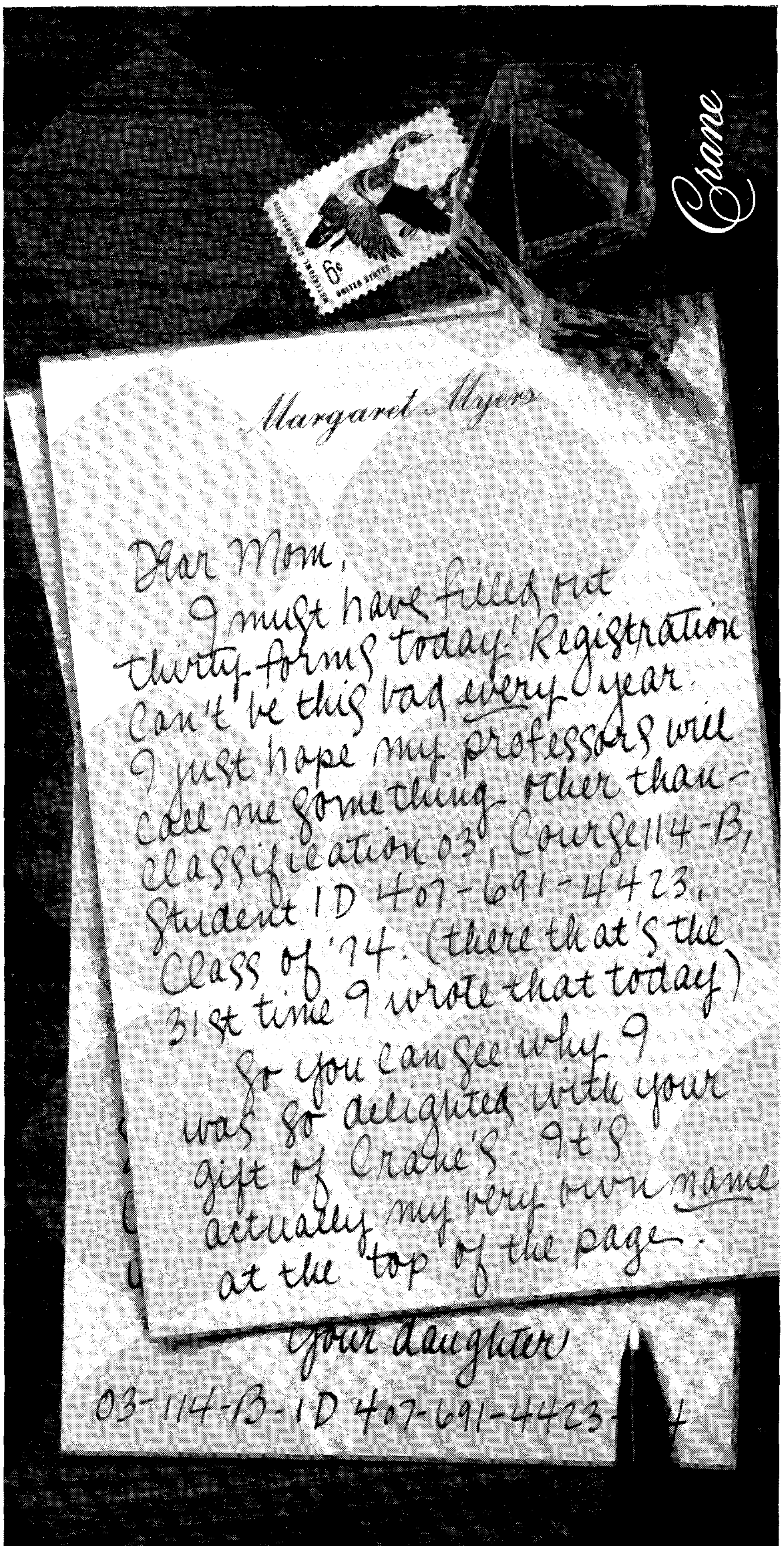
North American Rockwell

Our North American Rockwell Information Systems Company **(NARISCO)** uses systems engineering, high-speed electronic devices and other new technologies to speed the flow of information. Our company also builds everything from Hatteras Yachts and truck components to rocket engines. Write for our Annual Report. Box 707, El Segundo, California 90245.

gier, school administrator, art critic, and author—"to restore to everyone full responsibility for his relationship with the world." An inscription on a wall of the Sorbonne summarized the position: "Art is dead; let's liberate our day-to-day life. Poetry is in the street." According to the consensus of confrontation, the death of art sets free the power of creation from individuals and passes it on to all.

THE notion that art is the obstacle to expanded human creativity is an art-world notion; it would never occur to the man in the street that art stands in his way (for that matter, it probably never occurs to him that he wishes "to create"). In calling for the death of art for the sake of liberating mankind, art confronts not society but the dilemma of its own existence in an epoch of new media that have assumed most of art's functions. It is significant that in America the first challenges to art by aesthetic vanguardists appeared in *Camera Work*, organ of the avant-garde photographer and gallery proprietor Alfred Stieglitz. In 1912, Benjamin De Casseres published in *Camera Work* this foreshadowing of anticulture and psychic insurrectionism: "I find my supremest joy in my estrangements. . . . I desire to become unfamiliar with myself. . . . I cling to nothing, stay with nothing, am used to nothing, hope for nothing. I am a perpetual minute." In affirming self-estrangement and anonymity as radical alternatives to inherited culture, De Casseres was invoking the "poetry" of the street crowd, and his self-identification with the "perpetual minute" was an elevation of the snapshot above the oil painting. "Democratization" of art, which is achieved only fractionally and on the spectator level by multiples and expanded museum attendance, is fully realized through the universal clicking of camera shutters, which provides every man with his own lasting minutes and seems to relegate art to the esoteric pastime of an élite.

Photography thus has an important part in the negation of art through confrontation with social reality. The camera, however, is still an instrument of individuals, and so it differs from painting only in being more accessible. The cameraman is tempted to consider himself an artist and to enter himself in the museum-gallery-collector sweepstakes. To surpass mere change in the number of people engaged in art, democratic creativity must begin by eliminating the egotism of art, and this, according to confrontation theory, is



Margaret Myers

Dear Mom,
I must have filled out thirty forms today! Registration can't be this bad every year. I just hope my professors will call me something other than classification 03, Course 114-B, Student ID 407-691-4423, Class of '74. (there that's the 31st time I wrote that today)
So you can see why I was so delighted with your gift of Crane's. It's actually my very own name at the top of the page.
Your daughter
03-114-B-ID 407-691-4423-74

Crane...
when words alone are not enough

Crane Greylawn Thin letter paper with hand-brushed grey borders and personalized with dark blue engraving – as always on 100% rag paper.

achieved in the mass event that sweeps the individual out of himself into the quasi-sacred rapture of a shared identity. It is this selfless "joy" that is celebrated in "Art and Confrontation" as the beyond of art into which art-making will be dissolved. In the Paris uprising, art was transcended by immersion into (to revert again to a phrase of Dubuffet) "a sort of continuous universal soup with the taste of life about it." Confrontation with society became for each individual a confrontation with the vestiges of his self-consciousness and self-seeking. Values were reversed through being reflected in the mirror of the enemy: "La Police S'Affiche aux Beaux Arts," says the poster reproduced on the jacket of "Art and Confrontation." A similar magical reversal dispenses with art and ego values in American rock festivals. "A mud slide was built," reports a college newspaper, the University of Chicago *Maroon*, of a freak festival near Madison, Wisconsin, that would have delighted Dubuffet, "and a Mud King was crowned with a slab of mud topped with a mud plant. It was clean mud somehow."

The festival, whether of action, pranks, or picnicking, arouses feelings analogous to those of creation and thus appears as a replacement for art. Compared with art-making, however, collective enthusiasm is, like the ecstasy of drugs and dreams, an "artificial paradise," since its aesthetic effects are given by the event itself, without invention on the part of the spectator-participant. Aesthetically, the May Revolution was a "found" happening, Woodstock was a proto-insurrection—in short, events of the same order. Both are episodes in the war of youth culture against the institutional culture inaugurated in the nineteenth century and again half a century ago by the so-called "college boys" of Futurism and Dada, a conflict that has always come to a head in the streets. In self-defense, official culture has learned to embrace the youth vanguard, just as galleries and museums are currently supporting student protests against the war in Cambodia and the massacres on the campus. But through being taken into the museum the avant-garde itself has been discredited in its role as an antagonistic force and no longer represents the disaffected young. Those who pledged themselves to despise art, derange accepted values, and change life are now being presented with their IOUs through the medium of events that "dismiss" art. Today's social confrontations declare that the slogan "Art is

Drop-in movies.

Drop in . . . shoot! Just drop in the film cartridge and you're ready to shoot bright, sharp, colorful super 8 movies. Automatically.

No threading. No winding. Your hands never touch the film.

This Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera has power zoom, reflex viewing, extra-fast f/1.8 lens, automatic electric eye. Four shooting speeds. Less than $200. At your photo dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M9 movie camera.

Kodak

Drop-in movies.

Drop in . . . show! This Kodak Instamatic M109 movie projector makes showing movies as easy as taking them.

The secret's in Kodak's new projection cartridge.

Just drop it into place . . . and turn on the show. You don't have to handle the film at all. When the movie's over, the film rewinds back into the cartridge. Automatically.

That's not all. The new M109 takes cartridges *and* regular reels (up to 400 feet), in *both* 8mm and super 8.

See drop-in movies at your photo dealer's. The new Kodak Instamatic M109 projector, f/1.5 lens, less than $160.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M109 movie projector.

Kodak

Dead" has become a hoax unless art in all its forms is given up and, as Ragon remarks, "the break with society is complete." No more anti-artists pestering their dealers about sales and arranging retrospectives. But, since the life of art is now officially that of vanguard art, the end of vanguardism means also the end of all those ruses of scrutinizing itself and defiantly denying its own existence—ruses through which art has survived.

Political confrontation forces art seriously to examine its revolutionary pretensions. Perhaps art has only a secondary relation to the uprising of youth against oppressive institutions. Above all, art in our time is the major resource of individuals bent on freeing themselves from the culture of the crowd, whether it is represented by museum-gallery education or by mass events. For Ragon, "the aesthetic element that brings life to our streets" is advertising posters—a sufficient reason, it would seem, to maintain the autonomy of the studio. The phrases on the walls of Paris admired by the contributors to "Art and Confrontation" were a legacy of poets, painters, philosophers whose minds were developed by literature, not by "intensive participation." To write, on a Paris wall, "Under the paving stones the beach" is a kind of action quite unlike hurling a paving stone at the police. Art cannot confront society except in acts of originality, which official culture succeeds in absorbing but by which men are nevertheless changed in unpredictable ways. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

This is to advise you that the MB T452 amplifier with the N575 Automatic Vibration Exciter Control now has a federal stock number. This number is FSN4935NC802799RAE. When quoting Government agencies it might prove influential in the buyer's decision to know that this combination has been assigned this number.—*Memo received by sales representatives of MB Electronics, New Haven.*

It's good to know where one's real strength lies.

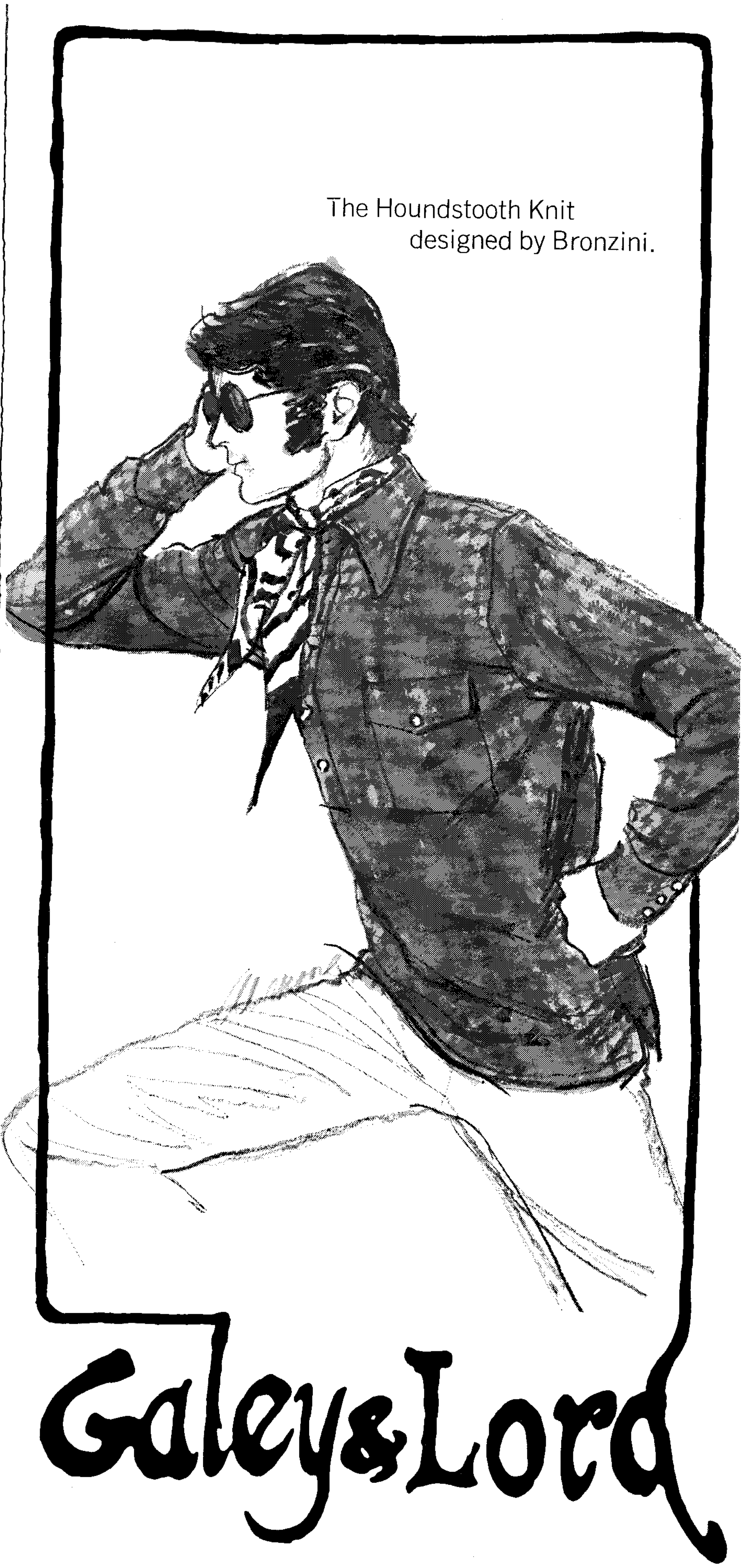
•

WHICH IRV KUPCINET D'YA READ?

John (Duke) Wayne has been on the Hollywood scene too long to become dewy eyed over his Oscar honor. Wayne has been making movies for 40 years.
—*Kup's Column in the Chicago Sun-Times.*

Wayne, 62, received a thundering ovation from the movie crowd.

"Wow!" he said, damp-eyed, after lumbering on stage.—*Same correspondent, same paper, same date.*



Two-ply yarn-dyed knit fabric by
Galey & Lord, a div. of **Burlington Industries,** Burlington House, N.Y. 10019

THE SPORTING SCENE

CITÉ DU CHEVAL

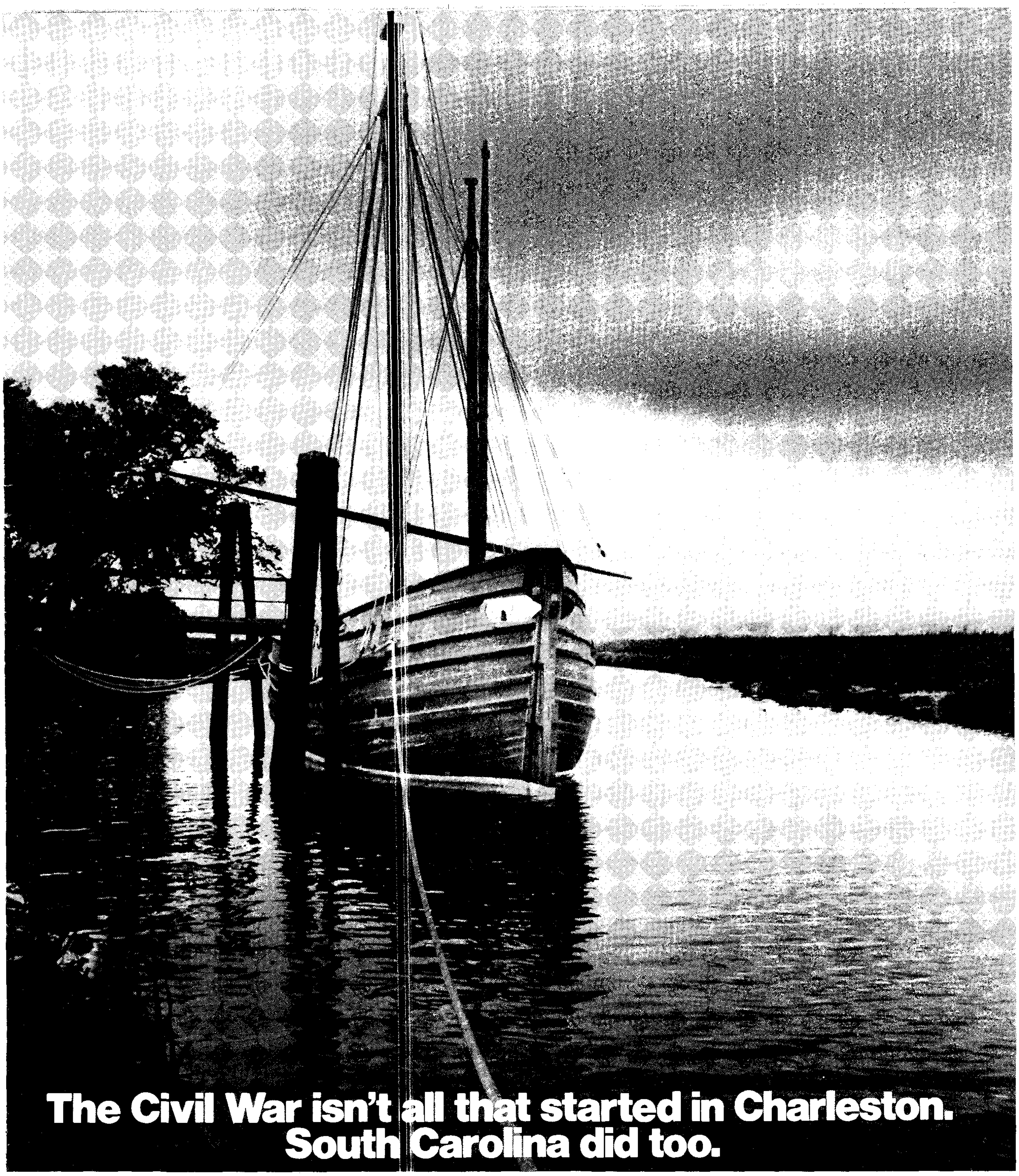
FOR eleven and a half months each year, Chantilly, which lies in the valley of the river Oise, twenty-five miles north of Paris, and whose name has associations with perfume, lace, and sweet whipped cream, is a somnolent town of some eight thousand inhabitants. Then, on two Sundays in June, with the running of two of the most important races on the European continent, the town assumes the aspect of Lourdes on the anniversary of the miracle, for Chantilly is also the most extensive and best-equipped center in the world for the training of thoroughbred horses. On those Sundays, thousands of the faithful make the pilgrimage, and from early morning the town's streets are choked with all manner of vehicles, its restaurants and hotels are filled up, and even walking space is at a premium. And during the week preceding each of the two racing Sundays a small group of knowledgeable followers of thoroughbreds makes the trip out before dawn to be on hand for the training, which is conducted—as it is all year—on what is known as the Terrain des Aigles, an immense preserve of racing strips, of both turf and sandy soil, surrounded by wooded forest trails that extend for miles.

The two races are the Prix du Jockey Club, or French Derby, for three-year-old colts and fillies, and the Prix de Diane, or French Oaks, for three-year-old fillies. Each of the race days attracts not only hordes of picnickers but some of the most opulently dressed people in Europe, and the legend has arisen that—in terms of outdoor spectacles, at least—Chantilly on these two Sundays is Western Europe's last outpost of true elegance. Whether these chic occasions are truly the last pocket of the sybaritic life in Europe or, as one observer put it, "the last desperate splashing of a sinking society," the fact is that the two Sundays in June have acquired through the years a special significance for lovers of the good life, for enthusiasts of the best horse racing to be found in Europe and perhaps in the world, and for those wistful souls who yearn for a display of nineteenth-century manners to brighten up their lives. It is true that many European members of the horse-racing fraternity, if they were forced to make a choice, would select the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe—contested at Longchamp, in the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, on the first Sunday of October—as the outstanding race of the year. But for some discerning followers of the European racing scene the tradition-laden Prix du Jockey Club has a special cachet.

My acquaintance with the Prix du Jockey Club and the Prix de Diane and the festivities surrounding their fortnight goes back only four years, but in that time the attraction that "the Chantilly season" holds for me has become incredibly strong. Last spring, having returned to the United States after a stretch of twelve years in France, I tried to convince myself that it was absurd to travel seven thousand miles to see a couple of horse races, but I failed. I reasoned that it wasn't just the races; spending two weeks in the pleasant country town of Chantilly was easily worth the trip, for a stay in Chantilly gives one an extraordinary feeling of well-being. Accordingly, I arrived in Chantilly on a Sunday, in time to catch the final week of workouts before the Prix du Jockey Club. I had arranged to stay in the Hôtel du Château, a small inn that overlooks the backstretch of the Hippodrome des Condé, where the two classics are run. The inn is similar to many such rural structures in France—three stories, with the first devoted to a restaurant-bar. This restaurant-bar, however, is populated for fifty weeks of the year largely by a dog and twenty-seven birds, including an aging parrot who has mastered the first phrase of the "Colonel Bogey March." Otherwise, except for the presence of a few more small children than usual, endlessly playing ball and shouting, there seemed to me when I arrived to be very little difference between the Hôtel du Château and a thousand other French inns.

The *patron*, a M. Moulin, is an affable gentleman whose motto, he told me on the first day of our acquaintance, is "There's a solution to everything." To have fallen in with such a positive-thinking Frenchman was a stroke of luck, for I foresaw various problems—like waking at four in the morning in order to get to the training grounds at five for the special gallops preceding the big races. M. Moulin suggested that I buy a *réveil* at a *bijouterie* just down the street. The problem

LOVE
COLOR TV
HOME COOKING
COCKTAILS
HOME SWEET HOME
100 FEET AHEAD



With all the things that happened in Charleston in 1861, it's sometimes easy to forget all the things that happened in Charleston in 1670.

That's when the English established the first permanent settlement in South Carolina.

And that's why this year South Carolina is celebrating three centuries of history.

In fact, the first century is being celebrated on the original settlement site at a place called Charles Towne Landing Exposition Park.

Here, amid two hundred acres of some of the most beautiful gardens and lagoons in the country, you can see how our first settlers carved a state out of the wilderness.

You can see an unusual forest containing birds and animals native to South Carolina three centuries ago. And restored earthen fortifications. And a full-scale 17th century trading ship replica that you can board.

And Charleston isn't the only place in South Carolina where you can see a lot of history this year. In Columbia, at the Midlands Exposition Park, the emphasis is on South Carolina's second century. And the Piedmont Exposition Park in Greenville focuses on South Carolina from 1870 on into the future.

As bankers who share 136 years of South Carolina history, we at SCN don't intend to miss any of South Carolina's historic Tricentennial Celebration. We hope you'll visit our state and celebrate with us.

After all, it's not just South Carolina's past we're celebrating. It's America's past, too. And it stands to reason that the more we all know about it, the better we'll all be able to understand the future.

And the way we see it, more understanding is something all of us could use.

South Carolina National

Bankers who know the value of history.

TIME TO CHOOSE STIEFF!
FROM MAY 15 TO JUNE 30
SIX IDENTICAL PIECES
FOR THE PRICE OF FIVE

Here's a wonderful way to save on hand-crafted Stieff sterling and complete your service more quickly. Every time you purchase five identical place setting pieces, you get a sixth piece free. The same applies to any size place settings. Buy five, and the sixth is our gift to you. Choose from Stieff's sixteen elegant patterns, all in luxury weight sterling for a lifetime of gracious dining. See your Stieff dealer for full details . . . while there's still time to get your free silver.

WILLIAMSBURG®
ROYAL DYNASTY
LADY CLAIRE
Stieff Co.

Wyman Park Drive
Baltimore, Maryland 21211

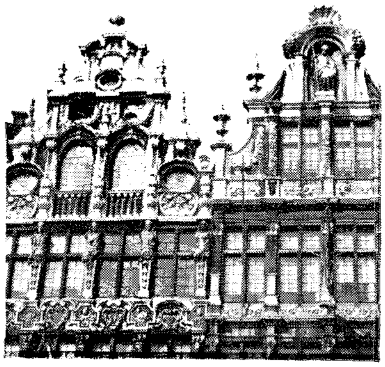
® Identifies trademark of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

of the hotel's front door, which was naturally locked at that hour, was solved by a promise to leave me the hotel's only front-door key. But, for all his good intentions, Moulin forgot, and the next morning it was necessary to wake Madame la Patronne, an imposing figure of a woman; rousing her from a sound sleep at 4:30 A.M. is not something that one would choose to do under normal circumstances. She proved quite gracious, though, even favoring me with a rare smile as I stumbled out into the early dawn.

Up to that point, my knowledge of the accomplishments and the potential of the French three-year-olds had been based solely on the racing results in the airmail edition of *Le Figaro*, which ordinarily goes on sale in New York the morning after the day of its publication in Paris. Unfortunately, the information one can glean from this simple listing—the names of the first, second, and third finishers, of their jockeys, and of the owners, of the winners, together with the distance between horses at the finish—is not enough to give one any idea of the condition of the horses that will start in the Jockey Club or how likely they are to make a peak effort in the race. Thus, I was beginning my studies with no preconceived notions.

The town of Chantilly wakes up well before dawn, and at four-forty, sitting in a café drinking strong French coffee, I was already confronted with the business of the day. Resident jockeys and apprentices, and also visitors to town, whether they had taken the precaution of spending the night in Chantilly or had driven out from Paris in the middle of the night, were being offered a choice of *Paris-Turf* or *Sport-Complet*, the French racing papers, with their coffee and croissants.

The Terrain des Aigles, across the Paris-Brussels railroad line from the center of town, is a verdant domain of 220 hectares, or 543.62 acres, on which are a number of racing strips—one strip fine-grained sandy soil and the others of flawlessly conditioned turf. Adjoining this preserve are some eighty kilometres of wooded trails and a succession of well-kept stables, usually attached to the homes of the trainers. Chantilly's normal equine population is three thousand, and it is looked after by about a thousand people—trainers, jockeys, veterinarians, grooms, and exercise boys and girls. The remainder of the town's human population contributes in one way or another to the well-being of horse racing, and so enables the Chantilly Chamber of Com-



Visiting Europe? It makes sense to go via Belgium because Belgium is on the way to everywhere.

And now is the time to take advantage of the new *lower-than-ever* air fares to Europe. Choose from one of the nine AUTOJET/RAILJET tours listed below. Prices include:

- **Round trip group economy air fare**
- **Accommodations for entire stay**
- **Use of auto and unlimited mileage for entire stay—or—free rail mileage**

$301.—BRUSSELS, 2 WEEKS
$350.—BRUSSELS/PARIS, 3 WEEKS
$350.—BRUSSELS, 3 WEEKS
$350.—PARIS, 3 WEEKS
$362.—ZURICH, 3 WEEKS
$372.—BRUSSELS/ZURICH, 3 WEEKS
$372.—MILAN, 3 WEEKS
$372.—BRUSSELS/HAMBURG, 3 WEEKS
$382.—VIENNA, 3 WEEKS

1970 DEPARTURES
MAY 24 THRU AUG. 31

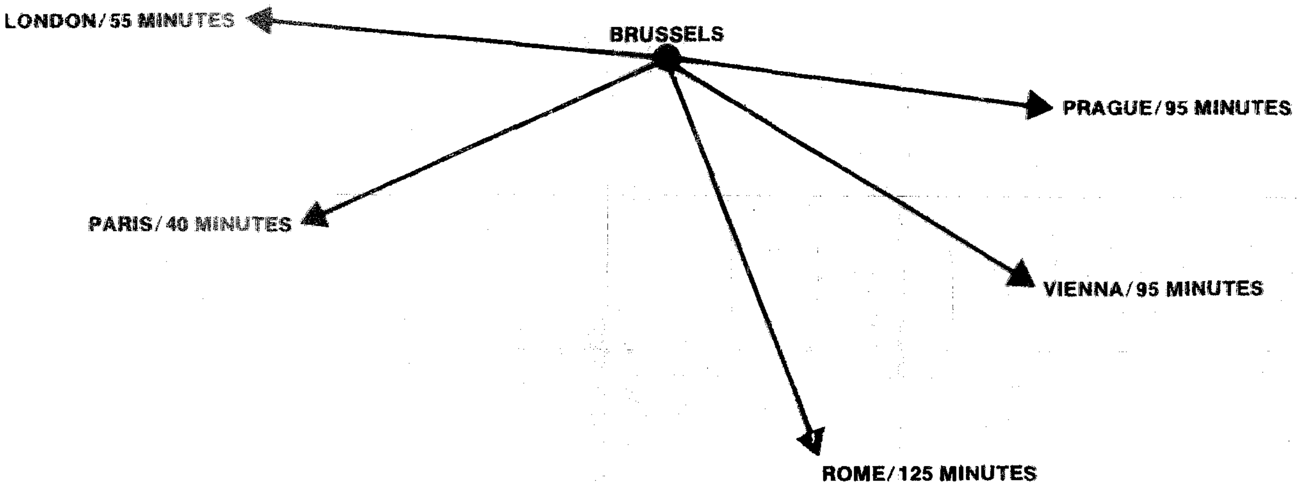
Mail coupon below for full details. All prices per person based on 14/21 day contract Bulk Inclusive air fare, subject to participation of a minimum of 40 persons. (You don't have to belong to a group to take advantage of these new low rates. Your travel agent will assist you in joining a group.) Accommodations and self drive car are for two people traveling together.

SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES
Sabena Building—Room 824
720 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me full details on Sabena's Autojet/Railjet tours:

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________

SABENA
BELGIAN World AIRLINES
NORTH AMERICA EUROPE AFRICA MIDDLE & FAR EAST


LONDON/55 MINUTES
BRUSSELS
PRAGUE/95 MINUTES
PARIS/40 MINUTES
VIENNA/95 MINUTES
ROME/125 MINUTES

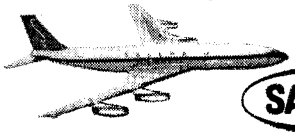
There's a starting point for everything. And for Europe, it's Belgium.

Linger a while in Brussels. Discover why food lovers rate Brussels "a gourmet's paradise" (over one dozen restaurants starred by Guide Michelin). Stroll past the gold encrusted guild halls in the Grand'Place and bask in the old world charm of Europe.

Shopping for a memorable gift? Don't leave until you visit bustling Antwerp — diamond center of the world. And for romantics, there's Bruges — with picturesque buildings and dreamy canals straight out of a 13th-century masterpiece.

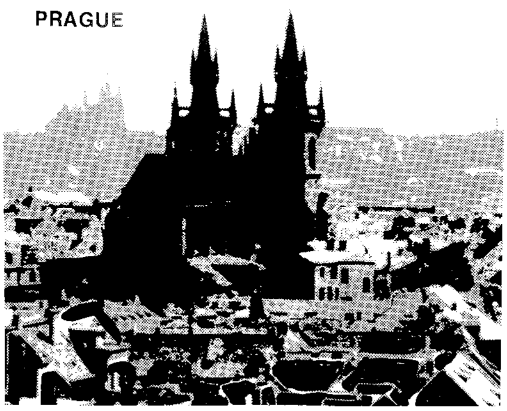
When you *are* ready to continue on, you'll discover that Sabena has more flights from Brussels than any other airline. In less than 100 minutes Sabena can whisk you to Vienna. Or Prague. Glittering Paris is only 40 jet minutes away. Mod, swinging London 55. *Belgium is on the way to everywhere!*

Tell your travel agent that you want to begin where Europe begins: In Belgium.



SABENA
BELGIAN World AIRLINES
NORTH AMERICA EUROPE AFRICA MIDDLE & FAR EAST

ONDON
DAIQUIRI RUM
LEMON HART RUM
VC10
SMOKE
PLAYE
BP



where all the pampered pirates stay and play...

Bluebeard's Castle & Beach HOTELS

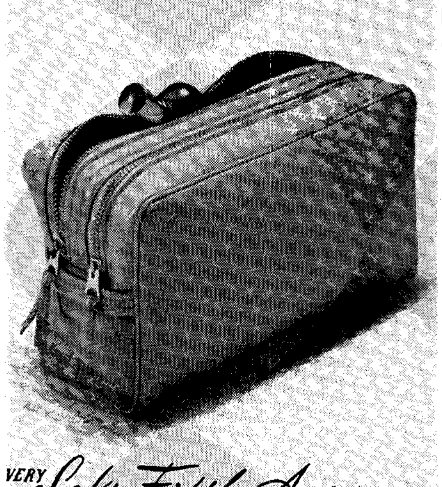
ST. THOMAS, U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Set your spyglass on BLUEBEARD'S, high over the sky-blue harbor. Drink in the Dungeon Bar, survey your domain from the 300-year-old tower. Go Calypso in the Pirate's Parlour. Dine on the starlit Terrace or in the Rogues' Galley. Then dream of doubloons in your air conditioned room. Treasure hunt the mile-long beach at BLUEBEARD'S BEACH HOTEL.

Milan V. Glumidge, Gen. Mgr.

For folders, information see your Travel Agent.
Represented by
THE LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION
1345 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, New York 10019 • (212) 765-5800

Give Dad our exclusive travel kit with two zip compartments tall enough to hold bottles, brushes, electric shavers and more. In camel or black crinkled patent vinyl, 4½x 5½x10 inches, 13.50. Small Leather Goods Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

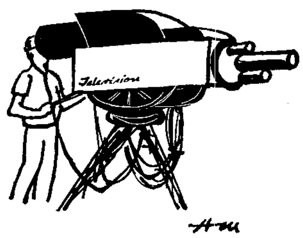


VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

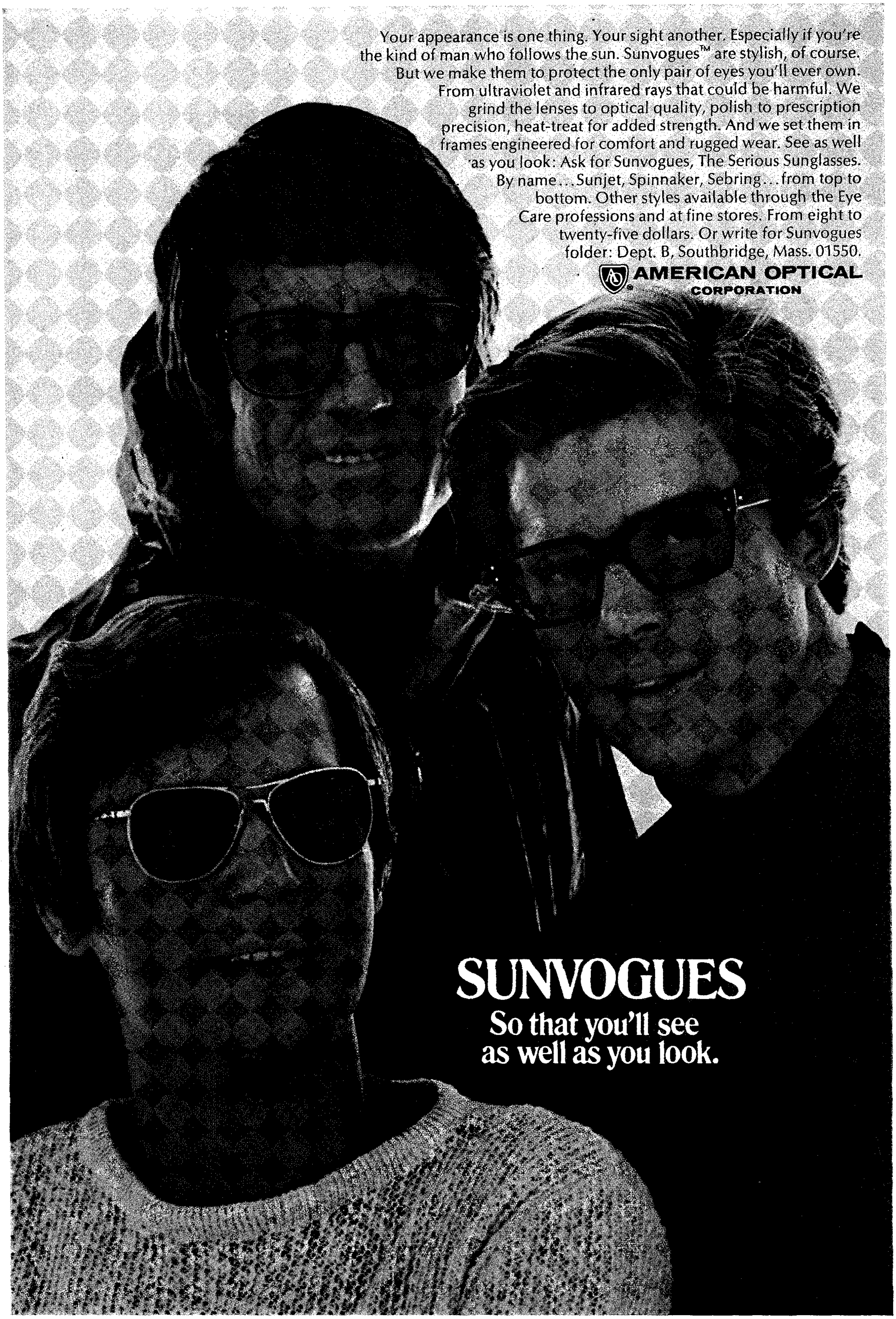
merce to claim that everyone in the community works for the improvement of the breed. Bordering the Aigles is Route Nationale 16, which is the principal road for motorists driving from Paris to Amiens or Dunkerque. In Chantilly, the four-footed thoroughbreds have perpetual priority, with the result that motorists passing through town are obliged to stop, more often than not, to allow a file of nervous race horses to cross the road for their workouts. But not even the most impatient driver seems to resent this wait, the spectacle being agreeable. Besides, all motorists have been warned by a roadside sign at the town limits that this is "Chantilly: Cité du Cheval."

MY visit to the training preserve was made in a cloudless dawn, with a temperature slightly higher than average for Chantilly in June, but not high enough, I thought, to interfere with the horses' comfort. There was no hint of fog or mist, such as often gives the Terrain des Aigles an eerie quality in the half-light before dawn. As always, I found it inspiring to walk out into that immaculately kept preserve at daybreak; it has a certain pristine aura, which, combined with the sight of magnificent, carefully groomed thoroughbreds galloping by, and a silence broken only by the sound of hoofs thudding into the turf, produces a feeling of purification and renewal not far removed—at least for the lover of thoroughbreds—from the emotions that a visiting priest might experience upon entering Chartres Cathedral for the first time and gazing at the sunlight that streams through the stained-glass windows and transfers their patterns onto the pews and the ancient stone floor.

It seemed almost sacrilegious to break the silence when I encountered, halfway along the Piste Ronde—a curving swath of perfectly conditioned green turf, with a sandy strip along its border, stretching two and a half miles along the northern periphery of the training ground—a white-haired man named Willy Head, who is the *doyen* of the group of trainers resident in Chantilly. He was seated on his gray hack Grisous, and he looked just as fit and alert as he had the year before. Head is the paterfamilias of one of about a dozen families of English origin that have lived in Chantilly since the days of Lord Henry Seymour, a French-born Englishman who in the eighteen-thirties began the large-scale importation of English thoroughbreds for the improvement of the French breed, quartering them at Chantilly. The descendants of the first lot of British trainers and handlers have continued to live in Chantilly and care for the Chantilly horses, giving the town an English flavor. Today, it is possible to conduct any kind of business transaction, from ordering a ham sandwich to buying a horse, in English. Until the retirement, five and a half years ago, of Percy Carter, there had been Carters training and riding at Chantilly in an unbroken succession since Percy's great-grandfather Richard Carter and his brother Thomas came from England with Lord Seymour's thoroughbred stock. Percy ended his career at the close of the 1964 season, and relinquished his house, Mill Cottage, to Head, who is a relative by marriage. (Percy's grandfather's sister married a British trainer, Tom Jennings, whose daughter married Willy Head. Percy himself, who is a widower, now lives in an apartment near the Aigles.) Just before dawn every day but Sunday, three generations of Heads—Willy, his son Alec, and Alec's son Freddy—customarily report to the Aigles for work, along with some fifty other trainers, several hundred jockeys and exercise boys, and almost the total equine population.



I joined Willy as his charges were returning at a slow walk from their morning exercise, and he ventured a few opinions on training in Chantilly. "This training ground, the Aigles, makes things much easier for the trainer than they are in most places," he said. "Everything is so well organized, for one thing. I have sixty-six horses in training right now, and—like all the other trainers here who have more than just a few horses—I have split my horses into three lots. The rotation of the training time in a particular place is carefully planned. And, of course, the *pistes* are maintained in perfect condition. Also, here at Chantilly I can walk out the back door of my house and I'm at the stables, and the horses can move right out onto the Aigles. In the summer, I can even schedule a special workout for four in the morning if I want, and that's what I did today. I've trained here for only two years—since moving from Maisons-Laffitte—but I lived in this town as a boy. In fact, I was born here, on January 21, 1890. My fa-



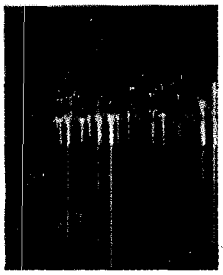
Your appearance is one thing. Your sight another. Especially if you're the kind of man who follows the sun. Sunvogues™ are stylish, of course. But we make them to protect the only pair of eyes you'll ever own. From ultraviolet and infrared rays that could be harmful. We grind the lenses to optical quality, polish to prescription precision, heat-treat for added strength. And we set them in frames engineered for comfort and rugged wear. See as well as you look: Ask for Sunvogues, The Serious Sunglasses. By name...Sunjet, Spinnaker, Sebring...from top to bottom. Other styles available through the Eye Care professions and at fine stores. From eight to twenty-five dollars. Or write for Sunvogues folder: Dept. B, Southbridge, Mass. 01550.

AMERICAN OPTICAL
CORPORATION

SUNVOGUES
So that you'll see
as well as you look.

You can explore a fantastic continent with a thousand beaches, hundreds of shops, dozens of casinos, exciting sports, great restaurants, lavish resorts, exotic people, fabulous fishing, centuries of history, all kinds of languages and a dozen different cultures.

For about the same money it would cost you to rent a cottage by the seashore.



Puerto Rico

A great jumping spot. A great jumping off spot. $63 gets you there from Miami.
$13 gets you from San Juan to St. Thomas in The U.S. Virgins.

The U.S. Virgins

Only $10 gets you from St. Thomas to St. Croix. Only $12 gets you from St. Croix to St. John.
$7 gets you from The U.S. Virgins to The British Virgins.

Antigua

Terribly British. With special sails for tourists this season. In native boats. Special sales for tourists this season. In native handicrafts.
$9 gets you from Antigua to Guadeloupe.

Guadeloupe

Creole dishes and French champagne. Spear fishing. Banana trees. And mountain streams.
$8 gets you from Guadeloupe to Dominica.

St. Vincent

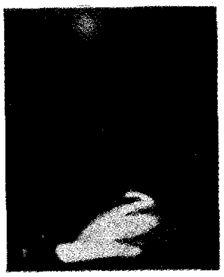
Whale hunts with harpoons. Greener *pastures. Captain Bligh's breadfruit trees.* And a Gothic, Baroque and Romanesque cathedral.
$11 gets you from St. Vincent to Grenada.

The 8th Continent of the World®

The Caribbean

The British Virgins

36 isles and islets. 60 miles east of Puerto Rico. Islands like Fallen Jerusalem. Prickly Pear. And Dead Men's Chest. Unspoiled. Uncrowded. Unreal.
$15 gets you to St. Maarten.

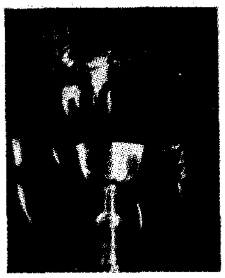


St. Maarten, Saba, St. Eustatius

Three Dutch treats. St. Maarten for an incredible Indonesian dish called Rijsttefel. $10.50 gets you to Saba for some incredible sailfish. And wahoo. And wow.
$14 gets you to St. Eustatius and St. Kitts.

St. Kitts, Nevis, Anguilla

Three off-the-beaten-path British Isles. Sugar plantations in the hills. Sugar daddies in yachts. $3 gets you from St. Kitts to Nevis.
$8 gets you from Nevis to Montserrat.

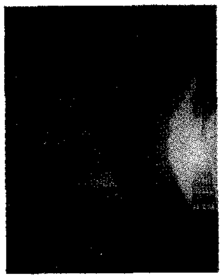


Montserrat

Beautifully British. With a historic chalice. And the Great Alps Waterfall. And Irish natives. And black sand beaches.
$7 gets you from Montserrat to Antigua.

Dominica

Wild trees. Psychedelic seas. Sometimes as many as 3 or 4 tourists crowd the beaches.
$11 gets you from Dominica to Martinique.

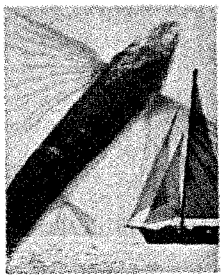


Martinique

Napoleon's Josephine lived here before she married money. Fantastic French food. And infamous Mount Pelee.
$8 gets you from Martinique to St. Lucia.

St. Lucia

Magnificent mountains. Hissing sulphur pools. And the world's only drive-in volcano.
$17 gets you from St. Lucia to Barbados.



Barbados

As a young man, George Washington came here for the climate. The rest is history. Including magnificent modern hotels.
$17 gets you from Barbados to St. Vincent.

Grenada

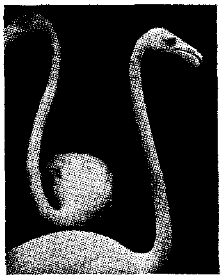
The British isle of spice. 1/3 of the world's nutmeg. Jet black sand on the Atlantic. Pure white sand on the Caribbean.
$69 gets you from Grenada to Curacao;

Curaçao

Swiss watches. Dutch customs. Zulu sculpture. The Boca Tabla grotto. And a language called Papiamento. Papiamento?
$13 gets you from Curacao to Aruba.

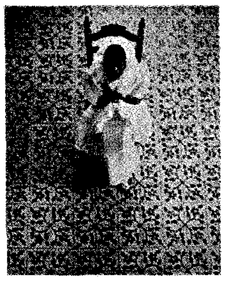
Aruba

Rhymes with scuba. Great marlin. Great coral ridges. Yellow-bellied little birds known as sugar thiefs. And crazy little machines called one-armed bandits.
$18 gets you from Aruba to Bonaire.



Bonaire

Very Dutch. With strutting flamingoes. Strutting bikinis. Big game fish. Big game casinos.
$66 gets you to the Dominican Republic.



Dominican Republic

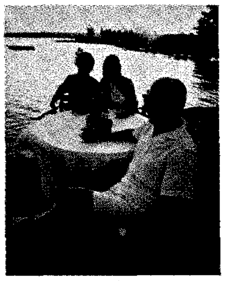
16th Century Spanish forts. 20th Century international resorts. Horseback riding. Great golf. Mad dances. Quite civilized. Quite wild.
$16 gets you from here to Haiti.

Haiti

You'll find voodoo dolls. In exotic costumes. In bikinis. In Dior gowns. In a great casino.
$69 gets you from Haiti to The Cayman Islands.

The Cayman Islands

Turtle steak. And sunken Spanish galleons. And British accents. A town called Hell. And some swinging hammocks.
$55 gets you from Grand Cayman to Miami.



San Andres

Colombia's gem of the ocean off the coast of Costa Rica. Great action in the ocean. And the casinos. Hold a candle on your head and dance La Cumbia till dawn.
A bit out of the way. But worth it.

We put together one sensational guidebook to show you how to put together one sensational vacation.

It's called A Guide To The Eighth Continent Of The World.

Because it's all about the Caribbean. And the Caribbean isn't just a couple of islands with palm trees. It is English. And French. And Dutch. And American. And African. And Spanish. And Indian. And more.

Our guidebook shows you how you can hop from one island to another to another and so on. Often for less than it costs to hop from Times Square to the Bronx by cab.

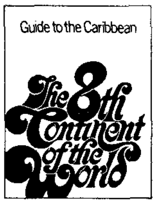
Our guidebook tells you about all kinds of air and cruise ship island hopping plans that'll give you a number of islands for the price of one. Our guidebook shows you how you can travel around the world while staying pretty close to home. Our guidebook includes a special 12 page photographic essay on the Caribbean by the distinguished photographer, James Elmore.

Our guidebook can't show you a thing until you send for it.

Send for it.

Or ask your Travel Agent for your Guide To The Eighth Continent Of The World.

W



Caribbean Travel Association
20 East 46th Street
New York, New York 10016

I'm sending for it.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ________

The prices shown in this ad are merely to indicate how much it costs to get from one island to another. Major airlines have loads of package plans that let you hop to a dozen or more islands for one low fare. See your travel agent.

After Six would like to take a moment to humble the dinner jacket.

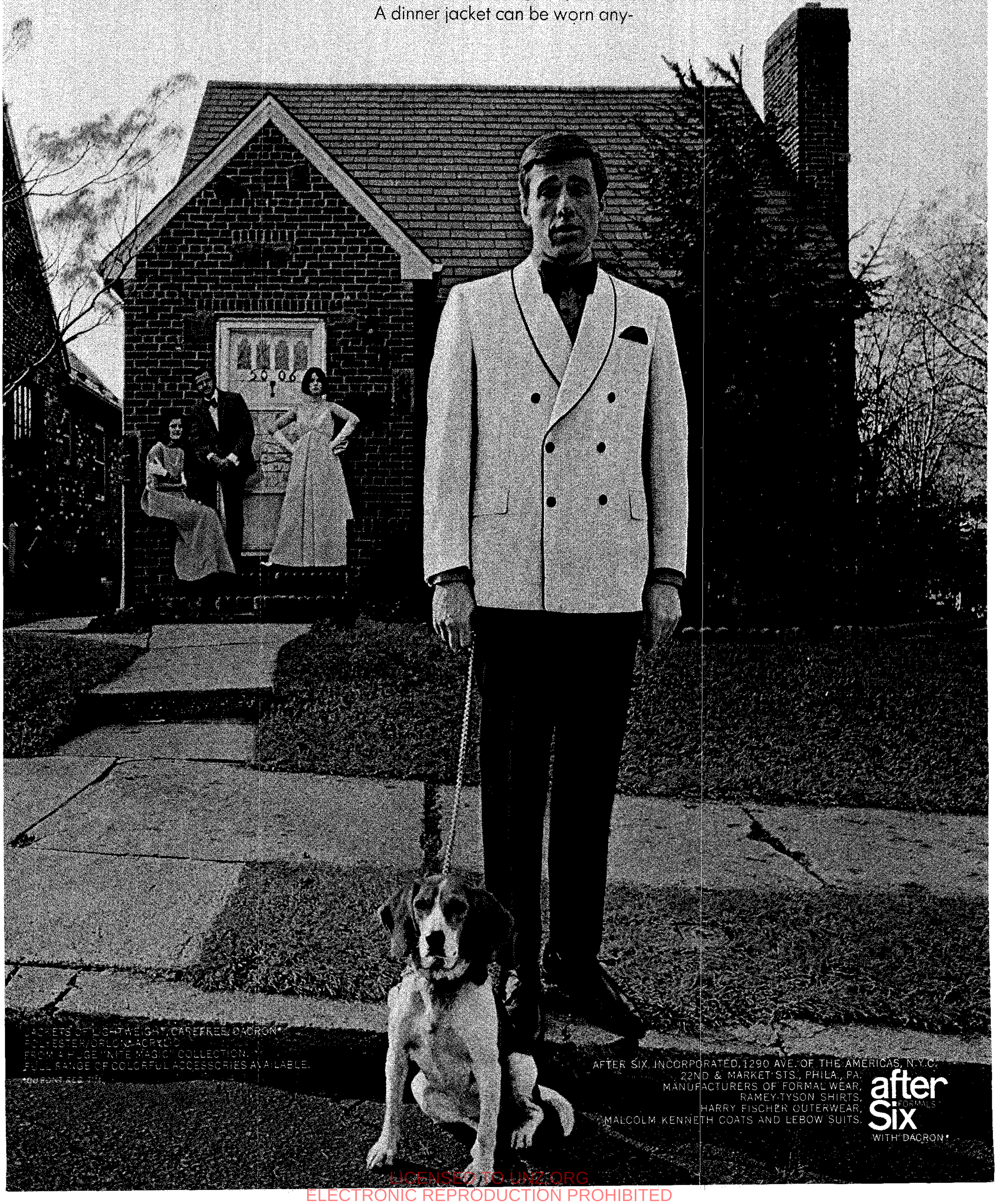
For years, the average man has revered the dinner jacket as the private property of the country club set. To be worn only at very posh affairs.

A dinner jacket is a lot more democratic than that. Actually, a dinner jacket should be thought of as a good suit. Like your dark blue one, only a touch more dressy.

A dinner jacket is for the guy who has an occasional big night out, and wants to make it as big as possible.

A dinner jacket can be worn anywhere you'd wear your good suit. A good restaurant. A night club. A cocktail party. A play. A friend's wedding.

You know, maybe we should stop calling it a dinner jacket.



JACKETS OF LIGHTWEIGHT, CAREFREE DACRON*
POLYESTER/ORLON* ACRYLIC
FROM A HUGE "NITE MAGIC" COLLECTION.
FULL RANGE OF COLORFUL ACCESSORIES AVAILABLE.

*DU PONT REG. TM.

AFTER SIX, INCORPORATED, 1290 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y.C.
22ND & MARKET STS., PHILA., PA.
MANUFACTURERS OF FORMAL WEAR,
RAMEY-TYSON SHIRTS,
HARRY FISCHER OUTERWEAR,
MALCOLM KENNETH COATS AND LEBOW SUITS.

after Six
FORMALS
WITH DACRON*

ther, who was also named William Head, was up on the winner in an important hurdles race at Auteuil, in Paris, that day. In my youth, I rode the jumps at Auteuil—until I grew too heavy. My sons Peter and Alec were both jockeys before they became trainers. And now my grandson Freddy is carrying on the family tradition."

Willy's horses, who had been walking slowly in a circle, were now cooled off sufficiently to return to the barns, so I bade him au revoir, but I carefully abstained from wishing him good luck in the Prix du Jockey Club, for in Chantilly that is regarded as bad luck.

Willy Head, along with some other trainers, sometimes uses a stopwatch to clock two-year-olds, but wouldn't think of clocking classic horses of three years and up. The training of thoroughbreds in France differs from the system in use in the United States, where the horses are usually run singly and their form and speed tested against a stopwatch. The custom at Chantilly and at other French training centers is to match two or three stablemates against one another. In some cases, a candidate for an important race is worked out behind a "leader," whom he is supposed to pass in a burst of speed at the finish of the trial run, and the candidate's fitness is determined by the ease with which he disposes of the leader at the vital moment.

Dawn was beginning to suffuse the Aigles with a golden glow as other trainers—Charles (Mick) Bartholomew, Étienne Pollet, François Mathet—took their turns with their *pensionnaires* on the Piste Ronde. M. Mathet, respectfully known as the Maître, was studying his horses with close attention as they galloped by. I walked up to him and complimented him on his two-thousandth winner, which the turf papers had reported the previous day.

"The press had it wrong," he replied. "The two-thousandth was last week. The total now is two thousand six or seven—I forget which." As soon as he could shift his gaze from the *piste*, he shook my hand warmly. His string of horses—there were seventy-five in this lot—continued to gallop past, at the rate of one every few seconds, in a seemingly unending file. He told me that he was currently schooling a hundred and eighty horses, sixty-nine of which belonged to the Aga Khan IV, a devoted enthusiast of French racing. I asked Mathet, a twenty-three-year veteran of the Aigles, what he thought of Chantilly's training ground. He gave a mixed verdict. "Obviously,

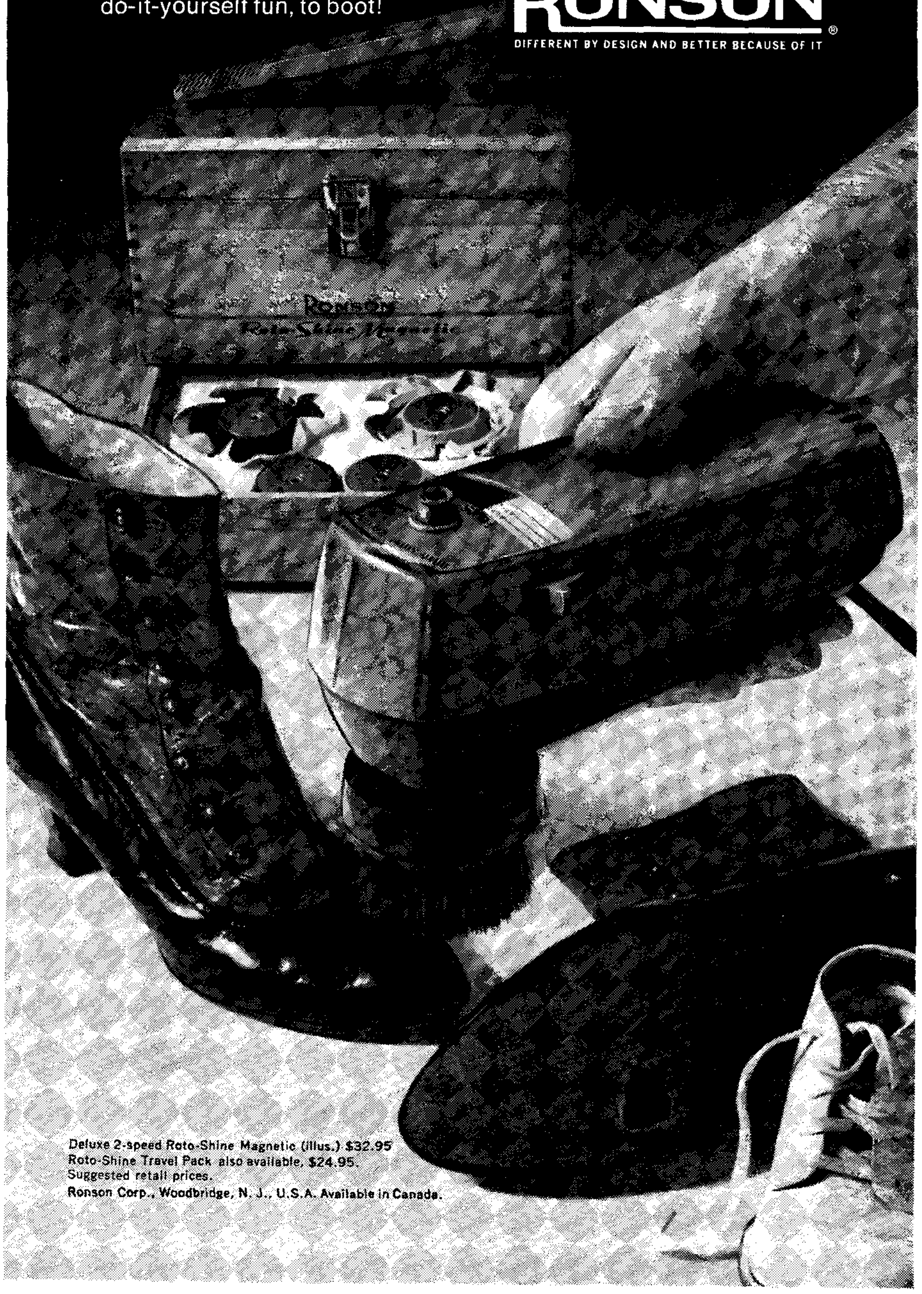
Ronson Roto-Shine®: such fun to use, you'll be shining shoes you don't even wear!

- **2-speeds-low for polish, high for buffing**
- **Portable, lightweight**
- **Magnetic coupling of attachments**
- **Solid oak chest with footrest**

Exclusive magnetic coupling automatically picks up brushes and buffers. Then, automatically ejects them at the touch of a button. Your hands never touch polish!

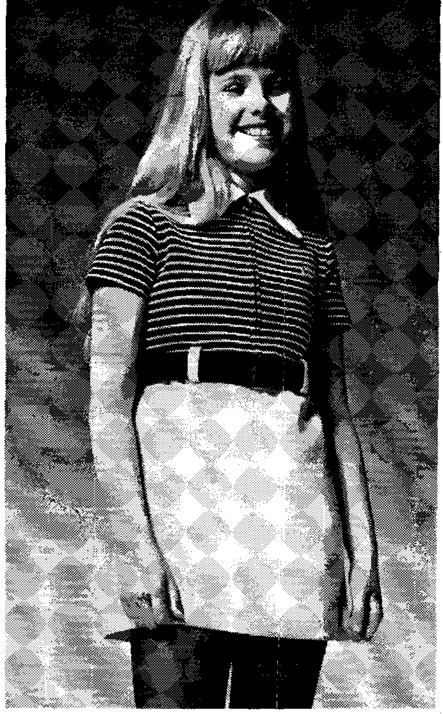
Comes in rugged, handsomely crafted solid oak chest complete with polish applicators and brushes, buffers with extra flannels, mudbrush and supply of black, brown and neutral polish. A perfect gift for the highly polished man who wants highly polished shoes... plus a little do-it-yourself fun, to boot!

RONSON®
DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT


Deluxe 2-speed Roto-Shine Magnetic (illus.) $32.95
Roto-Shine Travel Pack also available, $24.95.
Suggested retail prices.
Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N. J., U.S.A. Available in Canada.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our zippy Lacoste dress scouts out summer fun in pure Dacron® polyester knit. Machine-washable for easy care. In brown-and-cream, for 4 to 6x sizes, $20; 7 to 14, $22. In our Girls' Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.



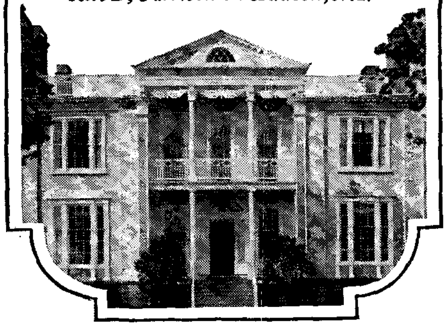
One of the most beautiful homes ever built in America

BOSCOBEL

This restored nineteenth century mansion was built for States Morris Dyckman. Here you will see furniture of the period, Wedgwood china, rare books, crystal and silver. Orchards and beautiful formal gardens overlook the Hudson River and West Point. Boscobel is a pleasant drive from New York City.

Boscobel Restoration presents
"SOUND & LIGHT"
Narrated by the voices of Helen Hayes and Gary Merrill. This entertaining outdoor "Sound and Light" spectacular is presented every Wed. and Sat. evening, June 6th thru Sept. 5th. Reservations necessary. For ticket information, call (914) CO 5-3638 or in N.Y.C. call LO 2-7444. (Closed Tuesday). *Free color brochure available.*

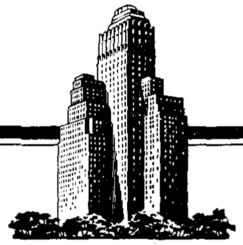
Rt. 9D, Garrison-on-Hudson, N.Y.



it's the best in the world," he said. "But the turf itself—that is another story. The best ground I have known for training race horses is in England—at Newmarket, for example. It has a *souplesse* that just doesn't exist in the Paris region. In Brittany, yes. From the geological standpoint, the best earth for our purposes is in England and in Brittany. The area near the Alps, in the east of France, is second-best, and the Bassin de l'Ile de France, surrounding Paris and including Chantilly, is third. Of course, over all, training is made much easier here in this preserve."

That day, as on every Monday, the training was being conducted principally on the Piste Ronde. This track is the one that is most often used, for it is the favorite of most trainers. Percy Carter once put the matter succinctly: "That turf is better than it was early in this century, when I was breezing a great horse named Roi Hérode. It's the new watering system that has done it. There's plenty of spring in that turf—the best in the world." Carter's opinion is shared by almost everyone who has worked on the Aigles. The Australian jockey Bill Pyers, then in his sixth year of riding in France, told me that morning, "Working out on the Aigles, we have just about no breakdowns and hardly any leg trouble among three thousand thoroughbreds. We use different turf every day—all of it well watered—and we can pace a horse's training in a way that we couldn't anywhere but on the Aigles. There's just *nothing* to compare with it in the world."

The Terrain des Aigles slopes gently from south to north, providing effective natural drainage; even after a prolonged rainfall, it is possible to work the horses out within an hour. During the summer, when there is not enough rain, the ground is watered by mobile units and by a system of underground pipes. Whatever the season, the turf never looks parched. For the use of these unmatched facilities, the owners of thoroughbreds kept at Chantilly pay the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Amélioration des Races de Chevaux en France, which operates the hippodrome and training grounds, a basic fee of only a hundred and eighty francs (about thirty-six dollars) a year for each horse, plus seven francs for each gallop and, during the rainy season, three and a half francs for each canter. No charge is made for the use of a grassy area allocated for the training of yearlings. These modest payments cover about one-third of the Société's operating expenses, the balance coming



Enjoy New York at a Prestige Hotel Address at Moderate Rates... overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

...renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $24.00.
Doubles from $32.00.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

FURNITURE FOR GRACIOUS LIVING
Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

Jules Podell presents
THE TEMPTATIONS®
EDMUNDS & CURLEY
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS FRI. & SAT. 8, 11 & 2
SPECIAL PROM LATE SHOWS FRI. & SAT.
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

"I hardly know what an annuity is...

and now they come along with a Variable Annuity."

If you're retired or about to retire, send for a free prospectus that explains Equitable's Variable Immediate Annuities.* These annuities provide monthly payments for life in amounts which vary to reflect the investment performance of Separate Account C, an investment account of The Equitable consisting almost entirely of common stocks. Just mail the coupon. No obligation.

*Not available in all states.

F

The Equitable—Area 28-H
1285 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me your free prospectus on Variable Immediate Annuities. I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City________________County__________

State_______________Zip Code__________

THE EQUITABLE

© The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, New York, N.Y. 1970

A SECOND SKIN. Just as nice to touch as his first. Soft, shaped, python-patterned Italian import of sudsable acrylic in black or brown with white, S,M, L,XL, **16.50.** Please add 75¢ beyond our area.

MEN'S SHOP, STREET FLOOR
BERGDORF GOODMAN
FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET

sculptured elegance

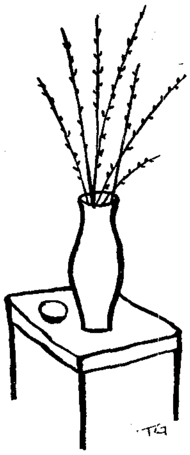
For gentlemen of discreet fashion tastes, elegant handcrafted sterling silver jewelry, sculptured for a rugged, rich look. Cuff links $25; wide-tie bar $30; extra large tie tac $12.50; money clip (not shown) $30. In 14K gold: links $150; wide-tie bar $125; tie tac $60. Add $1.50 for shipping and insurance beyond regular delivery area.

america house
THE FINEST IN AMERICAN CRAFTS
44 W. 53rd, N.Y. 10019 • PL 7-9494

from entry fees and a share of the bets made in cities, towns, and villages all over the country, under government control. In brief, a proprietor who elects to keep his horses in training at Chantilly—as about a dozen Americans do—pays in over-all costs about a third of what he would be charged in the United States.

In addition to the Aigles, the racecourse itself is pressed into service on occasion—usually on the Tuesday before a classic race. The directors of the Société zealously stand watch over the condition of the turf, but they have come to agree that the horses competing in an important race deserve a chance to get the feel of the track beforehand.

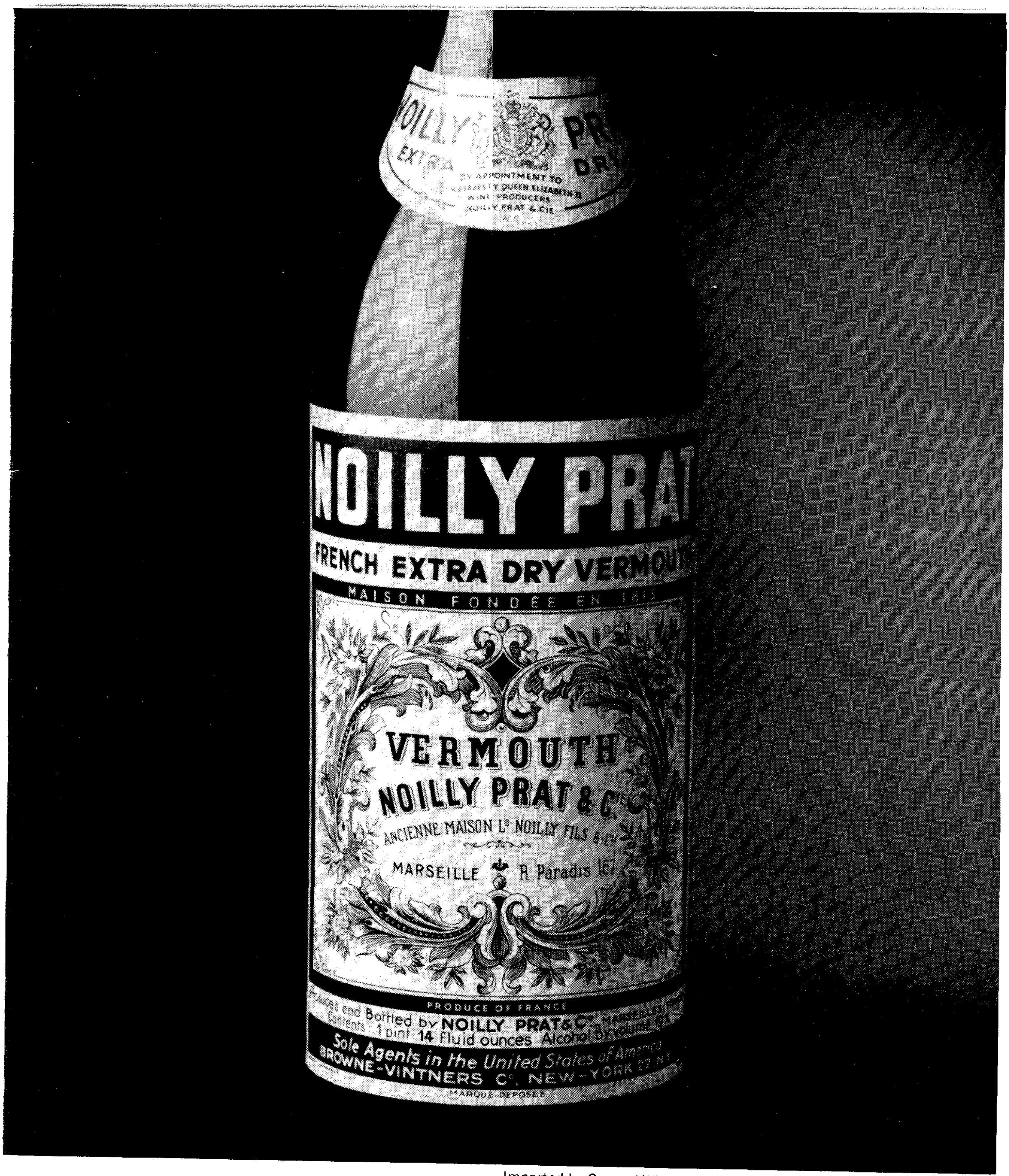
IN the town, excitement rose all week, but in the barns and on the training grounds there was a business-as-usual atmosphere. The horses were given only light exercise during the latter part of the week, but the townsfolk and the visitors, who had begun appearing in increasingly large numbers in midweek, seemed to be working themselves up to a high pitch of excitement. In the bars, discussions about the relative merits of the contenders often turned into shouting matches, accompanied by much waving of arms. And as the tension increased so did racegoers' appetites. In all the restaurants, meals grew larger and longer. The aficionados seemed to be fortifying themselves for the big moment.



On Sunday morning, I had breakfast in my room, dressed at my leisure, and descended to the ground floor at about ten-thirty, to find the restaurant, the terrace on the sidewalk, and the garden at the back of the building crammed shoulder to shoulder with early lunchers. M. Moulin had laid on a *menu gastronomique* at thirty francs, not including wine. It was simply impossible to order a modest lunch; fortunately, having had a late breakfast, I was not yet interested in another meal. As I threaded my way among the devoted horse-lovers who had transformed the town overnight, I noticed that all the other restaurants were also packed and were also insisting that their customers accept a gastronomic menu, at thirty or forty francs; even at that, most of the visitors couldn't have squirmed their way into a restaurant, and those who had not brought elaborate picnic lunches either provisioned themselves at the *charcuteries* and *boulangeries* or headed for the woods flanking the hippodrome, where it was possible to buy any kind of meal, from a hot dog to a six-course lunch with wine, and eat it at a table under the trees. There were also pizza stands in abundance (the French seem lately to have become addicted to pizza), and it was even possible to try to win a large kewpie doll by betting on a number on a turning wheel. By eleven, the infield of the track was filling up with picnickers who were content to have their holiday repast on the grass in the hot sun. (The Prix du Jockey Club, which was scheduled to start at about four-ten, was the fourth race on the card.)

At a bar and restaurant called the Jockey Club, on the Route Nationale, the talk was saturated not only with speculation and expertise on the coming race but also with tidbits on the buying and selling of horses. Sitting at the bar, I could hear an Irishman on my right talking into the bar telephone to someone who must have been hard of hearing. "But, Mr. Frobisher," he was saying, "of course he can't miss in a race of . . ." Mr. Frobisher presumably had other ideas, for my neighbor's voice trailed off. He took a sip of Scotch, and then resumed, saying, "He needs four miles, not two miles, Mr. Frobisher, believe me." After another pause, he made a valiant last attempt. "You mean to tell me, Mr. Frobisher, that he's willing to pay a hundred thousand clams for a filly and he won't go for this horse at a lousy . . ." The heat was almost unbearable, and I left without finding out whether he made the sale.

The course at Chantilly was laid out in 1834, during the period when it was fashionable in France to imitate the British. That year, Lord Seymour and his friends, a group of French dandies who took their inspiration from the fops of Georgian England, founded the French Jockey Club in Paris—which is still one of the world's most exclusive establishments—and decided that the terrain at Chantilly was admirably suited to a hippodrome. Two years later, the course was ready for the first running of the Prix du Jockey Club, and thoroughbred racing in France was on its way. That 1836 running took place before a fashionable crowd, which set the tone for later runnings. Horses owned by


NOILLY EXTRA
BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
WINE PRODUCERS
NOILLY PRAT & CIE
NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1815
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & C^IE
ANCIENNE MAISON L^S NOILLY FILS & C^IE
MARSEILLE
R. Paradis 167
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
Produced and Bottled by NOILLY PRAT & C^O MARSEILLES (FRANCE)
Contents 1 pint 14 Fluid ounces Alcohol by volume 19%
Sole Agents in the United States of America
BROWNE-VINTNERS C^O NEW-YORK 22 N.Y.
MARQUE DEPOSEE

Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., Browne-Vintners Div., NYC.

Noilly Prat was the world's first dry vermouth.

If you're drinking anything else, you're merely getting a copy.

"YOUR MARK OF GOOD TASTE" HUNTING WORLD

ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

ELEGANT ELEPHANT BILLFOLD Gift Boxed

Our famous luxuriously supple Genuine Elephant Leather, superbly fashioned and hand finished into our slimmest billfold. Two compartments for bills; four card pockets. Two slipout cardcases organize your credit cards, photos, documents sensibly in 12 windows. Fine grained English Morocco leather lining. Black or Brown.

$20 Add 75¢ post N.Y. Residents Add Tax

CONSERVATION IS OUR BUSINESS!

Our Elephant Leather is collected through Government-sponsored Habitat-Preservation projects under Conservation Agency control.

Write For Our Conservation Bulletins

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

Visit Our NEW SAFARILAND™ SHOP
or Write For New-84-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD

© Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. New York 10022 N10

OUR 'FAST TACK' MODEL

Rugged canvas duck up top. Inside, famous Posture Foundation® support. And deckside, our unique "Grip Block" sole for sure footing. Set your course for the Jack Purcell Windjammer.

Jack Purcell®

B.F.Goodrich 100th Anniversary

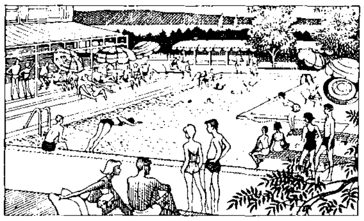
Lord Seymour won the first three runnings of the Prix du Jockey Club. The fourth was won by a horse entered by the Comte de Cambis. In the fifth running, Lord Seymour's horse came in second, and Lord Seymour claimed that the winner was not a three-year-old at all but an older animal, bred in England and racing under an alias. When his claim was disallowed by the stewards, he took his case to the courts, and again failed in his efforts to have his horse proclaimed the victor. Thereafter, he participated in only one further running of the Jockey Club, and then—though he won it—he gave up the sport in disgust and repaired to Paris, where he devoted himself to the pleasures of watching cockfights and pursuing beautiful women.

Today, the Jockey Club still turns out in full force for its annual outings at Chantilly. The rules of the club apparently haven't changed much since Lord Seymour's day; the members still sit in masculine splendor in a section of the stands reserved for them, apart from their wives or lady friends, who are seated in a section of their own. There is presumably no rule against members' meeting their ladies under the stands between races for a fast glass of champagne.

If not much else has changed in the past hundred and thirty-four years, the racing itself has improved. The course for the Prix du Jockey Club, which covers nearly a mile and a half, and of which I had a fine view from a section of the stands called the Tribune Reservée, begins far to one's left, virtually out of sight, and crosses over at an angle toward the backstretch, in a teardrop-shaped pattern. The backstretch, just opposite the Tribune Reservée, passes before the eighteenth-century Grandes Écuries, a formidable work of architecture that in its day berthed two hundred and forty horses and their tack, more than four hundred hounds, and living space for grooms and handlers. At the far turn, the course dips down, and in the background is the legendary Château de Chantilly, which houses, among other treasures, the Book of Hours of the Duc de Berry, usually considered the most beautifully illuminated manuscript in existence. Between the far turn and the turn for home, the horses seem to sink almost out of sight; then comes the uphill homestretch, which has proved the undoing of many promising colts and fillies.

The first race was about ready to go now, and though the tables in the restaurant under the stands and on the

Come on in!
The pool and the lake are fine!



Opening June 14th.

Plunge into our 75-foot pool, or swim in beautiful Lake Champlain; we're at the shore. Sail, fish, water ski. Golf on our great 18-hole course, at our doorstep; play tennis. Enjoy our rooms and our food. Children's programs. Bring the whole family.

New York Reservation Office: 30 Rockefeller Plaza West. Tel: (212) LT 1-6595 or write Robert H. Beach, Manager, Box 8-A.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

Tel: (802) 475-2311

VERGENNES, VERMONT 05491

THE CHURCHILL

PORTMAN SQUARE CENTRAL LONDON

A NEW HOTEL.
CLOSE TO EVERYTHING IN LONDON.
But nothing in London can come close to it!

A LOEW'S HOTEL. PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT.

A mug of ale, a mutton chop, and a churchwarden pipe. No, you're not in London...you're at

Keen's English Chop House.

72 W.36,N.Y.—WI7-3636
Closed Sundays - June, July & August

If you think you're getting a great shave with a razor blade, feel your face.

A razor blade can give you a good, close shave on the easy parts of your face.

Like your cheeks. Because your cheeks are almost flat, like a razor blade.

But what about the hard-to-shave parts of your face?

Feel your neck

Feel how your beard grows *down* on part of your neck? And *up* on another part? (Some beards even grow *sideways*.)

To give you a close, comfortable shave on your neck, we designed the Norelco Tripleheader with 18 self-sharpening rotary blades that shave in every direction.

Feel your chin

The Tripleheader has 3 Microgroove™ shaving heads that float to follow the curves of your chin.

The heads go in where your chin goes in, and out where your chin goes out. To give you a really close shave, without irritating your skin.

(In independent tests, the Tripleheader shaved as close or closer than a stainless steel blade in 2 out of 3 shaves.)

Feel your upper lip

The hard thing about shaving your upper lip with a razor blade is shaving close enough.

Again, the unique Norelco design lets you maneuver around your nose and mouth, to shave your beard in every direction.

Feel your sideburns

The biggest problem with shaving sideburns is to get them straight, and even on both sides.

The Norelco Tripleheader has a pop-up trimmer that lets you see exactly what you're trimming. So it's a lot harder to make a mistake.

Now, run your hand over your whole face.

If your beard feels uneven, maybe you should be shaving with a Norelco Tripleheader.

It comes in two models. The Cord Model Tripleheader (with easy flip-top cleaning). And the Rechargeable Tripleheader (the shaver that gives you up to twice as many shaves per charge as any other rechargeable). Either one will give your face a whole new feel.

Norelco®

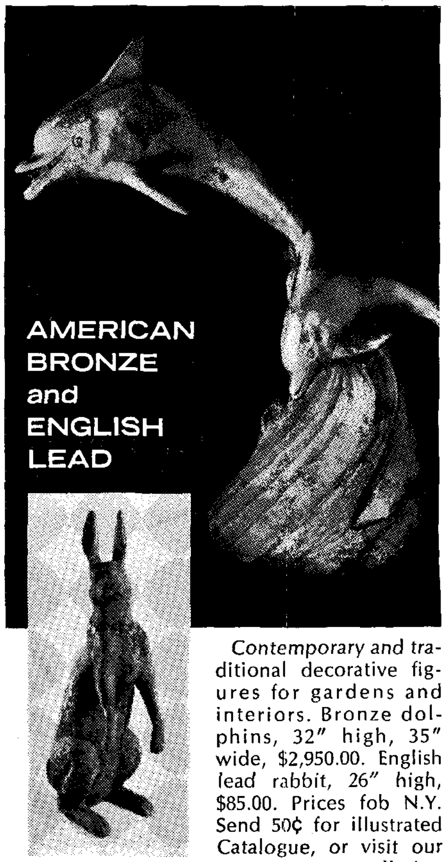
you can't get any closer

©1970 **North American Philips Corporation,** 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Norelco consumer products include: Men's and Women's Electric Shavers, Rembrandt Square Lotions, Instant Hair Setters, Mini-Saunas, Sun & Heat Lamps, Hair Dryers, Massagers, Hearing Aids, Tape Recorders, Cassettes, Radios, Hi-Fidelity Components, Electronic Educational Kits.

THIS IS
ILLUMS BOLIGHUS

Temple Fielding writes in his Travel Guide:
"Illums Bolighus comes closest to being the dream shop of any American hostess or host that we've found in all Europe. It is loaded with the latest, newest, most stunning things for the house and for party-giving that are possible to imagine..."

ILLUMS BOLIGHUS
PEDESTRIAN STREET • COPENHAGEN



Contemporary and traditional decorative figures for gardens and interiors. Bronze dolphins, 32" high, 35" wide, $2,950.00. English lead rabbit, 26" high, $85.00. Prices fob N.Y. Send 50¢ for illustrated Catalogue, or visit our galleries.

Erkins STUDIOS
Dept. 304, 8 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

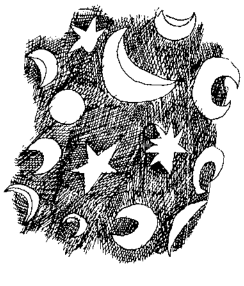
lawn behind the stands were all occupied, there seemed to be a dearth of top hats and other sartorial reminders of the past. One pearl-gray top-hatted spectator escorted a miniskirted young lady—a sight that elicited many more lifted eyebrows than it would have at Epsom. The racegoers were still filtering in lethargically as the first race went off, and now the tables on the lawn behind the stands were occupied by some gray-toppered gentlemen, probably Jockey Club members, escorting ladies dressed in the handiwork of Cardin, Dior, and Balmain. On the whole, though, I thought the spectacle was not up to former years from the standpoint of *haute couture*.

In addition to the prestige that the Prix du Jockey Club conferred on all connected with it, the race was worth the equivalent of three hundred and forty thousand dollars, which comprised the purses for the first four horses and prizes to the breeders of the first three. The Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe has a still larger purse, but the Jockey Club purse is not bad, it seems to me, compared with American purses. (This year's Kentucky Derby and Preakness both had record purses of considerably less—the first went off at $170,300 and the second at $203,800.)

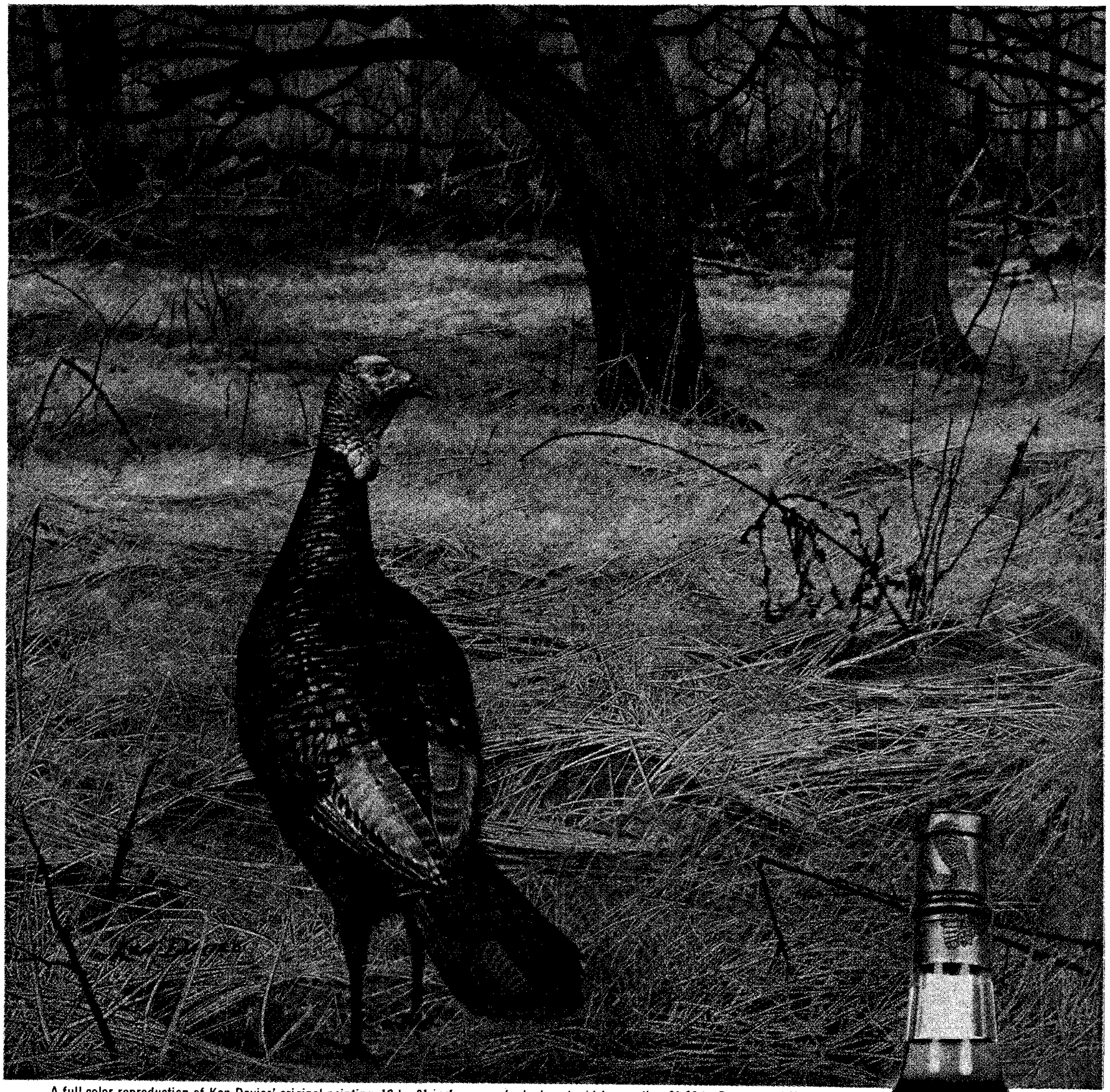
Before the main event, the horses leave the paddock in single file and walk slowly past the stands, giving their backers a chance to appreciate their fine points through binoculars—though it would now be too late to change one's bet if one wanted to retain one's few inches of space in the stands. In fact, betting at Chantilly is a hopeless proposition for most spectators on either race day; the queues leading up to the ticket windows stretch in winding patterns into the woods bordering the hippodrome.

The Jockey Club race itself was just about perfectly run, at least from the winner's standpoint. Honeyville broke out of the gate in front and set the pace until the turn for home. Goodly was well placed in third position until after the far turn. While racing downhill in front of the Château, he moved into second, and in the stretch he came on strong, along with Beaugency and Djakao, and all three overtook Honeyville, who hadn't enough left for the uphill run to the finish. Goodly won by a short head from Beaugency, and Djakao was third, another half length behind. The race proved to be a personal triumph for the Head family: Goodly was trained by Willy and ridden by his grandson, and Beaugency was trained by Alec.

THE traffic out of Chantilly that evening was formidable, and the next morning the streets were empty, except for hoteliers and restaurateurs hurrying to the bank. I awoke to the sound of wine bottles being broken on a rock in the garden by the *patron*, a chore he reserves for himself and performs with enthusiasm. The second week of Chantilly, like the first, began at a slow tempo, but at dawn on Tuesday morning I was faced with the problem of racing back and forth between the Aigles and the hippodrome to view, if possible, the last serious workouts for the Prix de Diane. In the matter of these workouts, the French racing press is kept in the dark about what is going to happen when and where. I was all set to start for the Aigles well before dawn, only to be told by a *Paris-Turf* photographer that the important action would take place at the hippodrome, since it was Tuesday. So, trusting the natives, I went instead to the hippodrome, and found nothing at all happening there. Eventually, a few fillies who were doubtful starters in the Diane worked out in a perfunctory way, and at seven, with the sun well above the horizon and climbing rapidly, the rumor circulated that Saraca, the favorite for the Diane, was going to work a serious mile and a quarter at the Aigles at seven-fifteen. All speed records were broken by aficionados legging it for the Aigles, and I arrived in time to catch a glimpse of Saraca and two stablemates, one of whom, Koblenza, was also scheduled to run in the Diane.



All week, not only the racing papers but the entire French press were trumpeting the invincibility of Saraca, an unimposing bay filly who had won every race she had run. She had won at Saint-Cloud, a suburban track on the Paris circuit, in October, 1968, as a two-year-old, against moderately strong opposition; she had won again at Saint-Cloud in November, over an unimpressive field. As a three-year-old, she had won in her first start, once again at Saint-Cloud, in April, and the bettors were beginning to pass the word that she was strictly a counterclockwise runner, for at Saint-Cloud the horses run with the rail on their left, as in the



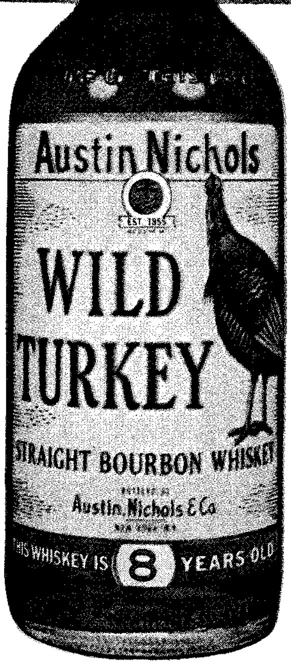
A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

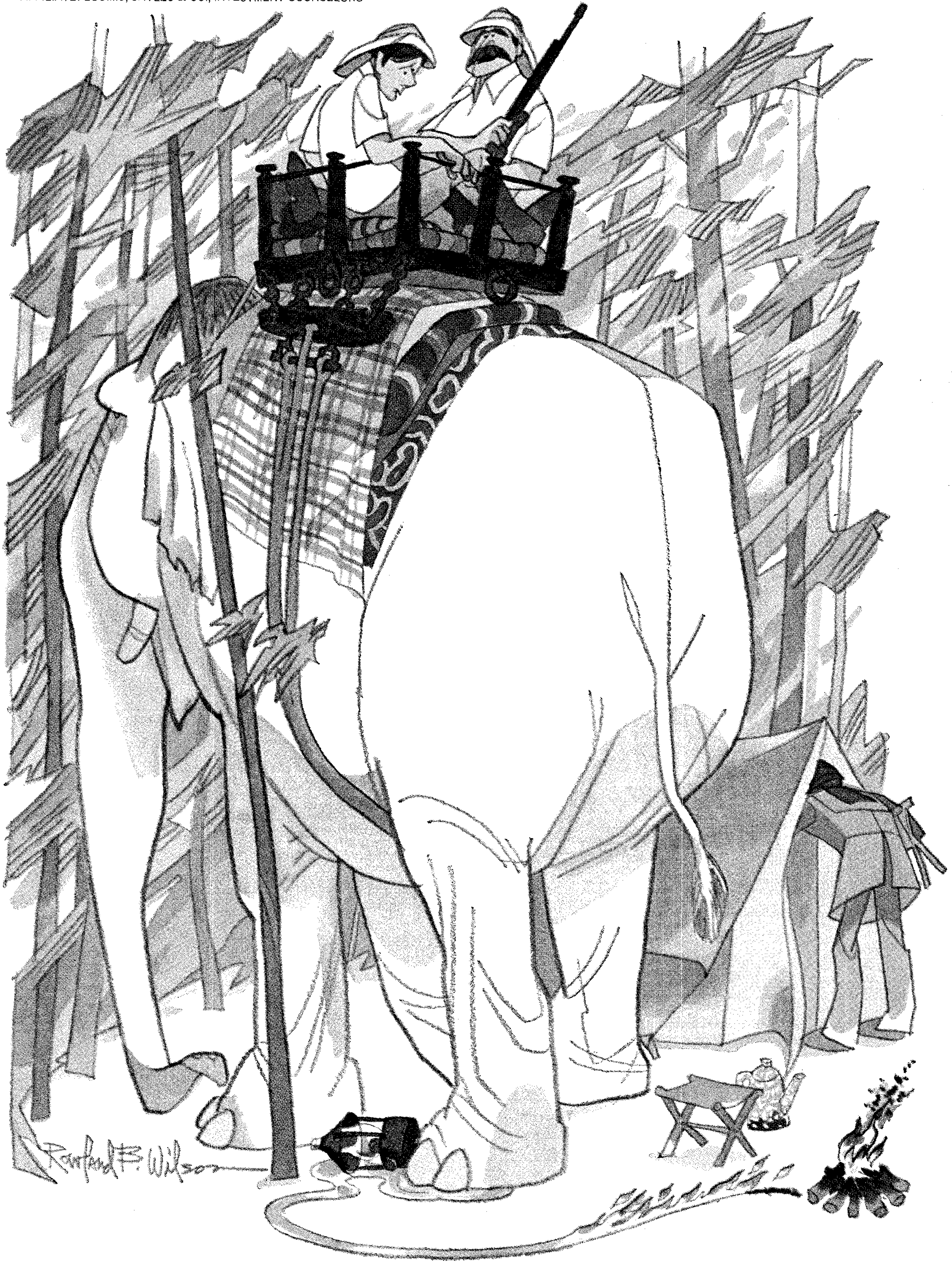
Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.


Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Austin, Nichols & Co
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

© 1970 NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON;
SUBSIDIARY: NEL EQUITY SERVICES CORP.;
AFFILIATE: LOOMIS, SAYLES & CO., INVESTMENT COUNSELORS



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

United States; at most other French tracks, they run in the opposite direction. Then, late in May, she defeated the best fillies of the season at Longchamp (clockwise) in the Prix Saint-Alary, the final important preparatory race for the Diane. Saraca was owned by Arpad Plesch, whose colt Tapalqué, ridden by the eight-time French champion jockey Yves St.-Martin, had won the 1968 Prix du Jockey Club. St.-Martin was scheduled to have the mount on Saraca, who is trained by Maître François Mathet. When everyone touts the same horse, I grow uneasy about the horse's chances. Of thirty-five French papers I checked—including the two principal racing publications; the conscientious *Figaro;* such influential provincial papers as *Ouest-France*, *République de Tarbes,* and *Nice-Matin;* and even the Communist paper *L'Humanité*—all chose Saraca as the winner of the Diane.

The day before the race, René Bertiglia, a diminutive trainer who had been, like many other trainers, a good jockey in his earlier days, sat down with me at the bar of the Jockey Club restaurant. He had no horse entered in the Diane, but he did have a favorite. "For me, this race is a formality," he said. "There is not a filly in it who can touch Saraca."

This seemed to put the final stamp on the result, but I still had a vaguely uneasy feeling. To a taxi-driver, I said, "But surely Saraca could stumble, or get boxed in, or I don't know what."

He smiled remotely and replied, "No. It's not possible."

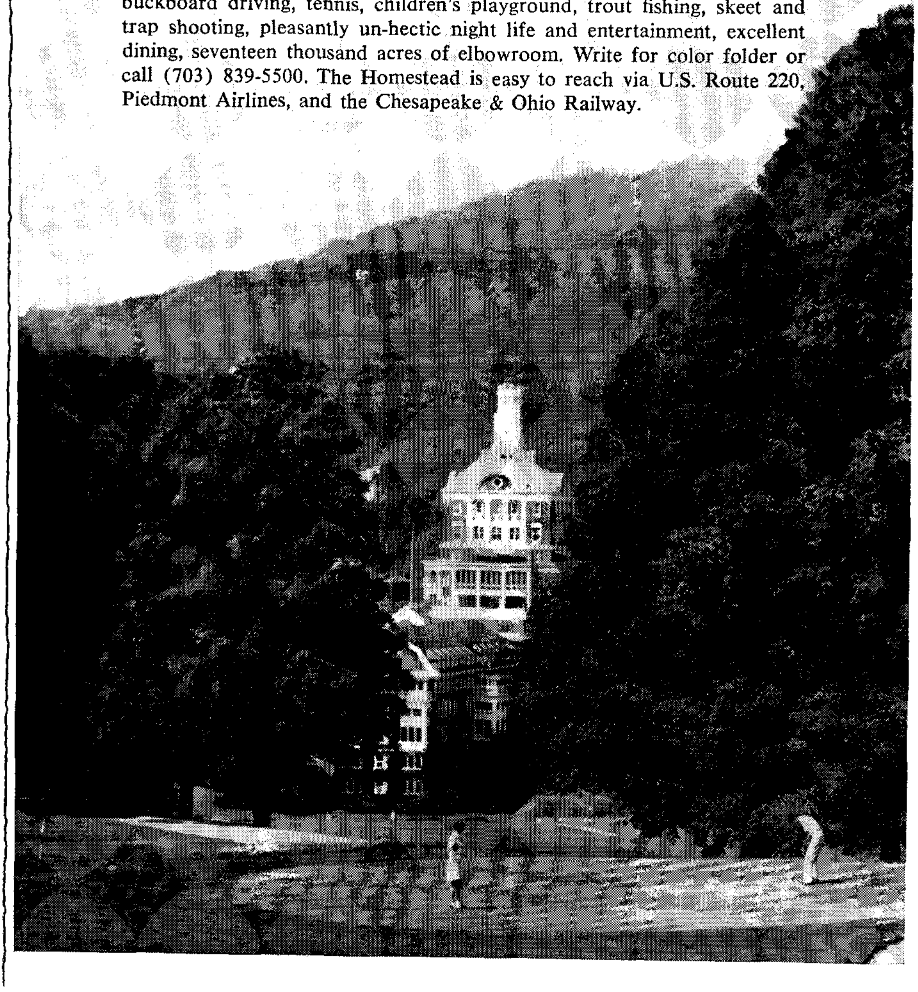
SUNDAY, the day of the Prix de Diane, was clear, hot, and humid. A fresh wave of visitors inundated the town, and the *menus gastronomiques* were posted at the entrances to all the restaurants, but for some reason—possibly the excessive heat and humidity, possibly the run-off election between Georges Pompidou and Alain Poher for the Presidency—the crush of lunchers was not quite as great as it had been on the previous Sunday. One of Chantilly's more expensive restaurants, which had offered a thirty-five-franc *menu gastronomique* on the Sunday of the Prix du Jockey Club, now suggested virtually the same menu for twenty-three francs, and even allowed one to select a more modest meal for eighteen francs. It was also possible to order à la carte, with a pot of caviar going for twenty-five francs, foie gras for twenty, Chateaubriand Henri IV for eighteen francs, and Médaillon de

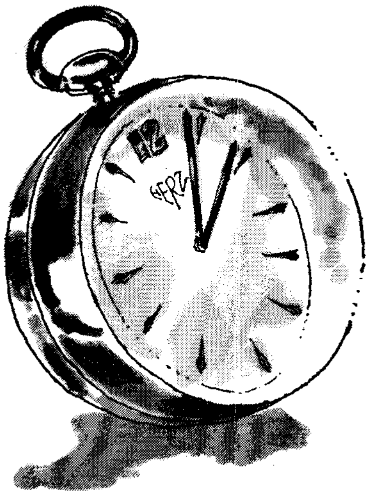
Vacation
The Homestead Way

Come to the high, cool mountains, far from the hurly-burly. Live the exhilarating life with an almost infinite variety of sports.* Savor the relaxing life with our easygoing way of unpretentious sociability. Find the satisfaction of watching your children develop with the joys of sportsmanship.

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 24445
America's Favorite Mountain Resort

* Three 18-hole championship golf courses, swimming pools and mineral spa, miles and miles of wooded horseback and walking trails, surrey and buckboard driving, tennis, children's playground, trout fishing, skeet and trap shooting, pleasantly un-hectic night life and entertainment, excellent dining, seventeen thousand acres of elbowroom. Write for color folder or call (703) 839-5500. The Homestead is easy to reach via U.S. Route 220, Piedmont Airlines, and the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.





time to see...

a superb 8-day Swiss-works clock shows off all its facets in a sphere of solid crystal banded and linked with brass. Unique for Dad's desk or bedside table. 4" diameter. $75.

Mail and phone orders carefully filled.
Penna. residents add 6% sales tax.

NAN DUSKIN MEN'S SHOP
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103

Alan McAfee

Dads on the go love our Alan McAfee soft leather travel slippers that fold and fit into their own leather pouch. In black or brown, for 7 to 13 full sizes, $14. Made in England for our Men's Shoe Collections. Mail, phone orders filled.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Veau Rôtisserie for nine francs fifty. The pizza stands and the kewpie dolls reappeared in the woods beside the hippodrome, however, and there seemed to be as many picnickers in the infield as there had been on the previous weekend.

The day of the Diane at Chantilly is traditionally dedicated to the ladies, who turn out in their most arresting spring outfits. There were two centers of attraction: the track, where the fillies were to perform, and the Tribune des Dames section of the stands, which this week replaced the all-male Jockey Club area in interest for those who had come to see the people, not the horses. On the lawns surrounding the stands, the fashion show began well before the first race on the card. There were, of course, the creations of Paris's top couturiers, plus some rather far-out numbers. One lady in the enclosure wore a white linen tunic over white linen shorts—and really short they were—that were decorated with embroidered daisies. A well-known female stable owner appeared in a colorful gypsy costume. Another was overheard muttering, "They say if you cross her palm with silver she'll tell your fortune." "Ah, yes," her escort said. "But will she give you the winner of the next race?"

The orgy of gourmandizing in the restaurant under the stands and at the tables behind the stands continued unabated during the early races. The display of the French *mode* also diverted attention from what was happening on the track, and even as the sixteen fillies paraded out of the paddock for the *défilé* preceding the running of the Diane, photographers were still pointing their cameras toward the stands. The Diane is run on the Jockey Club course, but the starting gates are some three hundred metres (a furlong and a half) closer to the finish, so the runners would cover twenty-one hundred metres, instead of the twenty-four hundred covered by the starters in the Jockey Club.

The race was exciting. A horse named Vigia broke on top and set a fast pace, out in front of Mme. Pierre Wertheimer's horse Princesse de Gavarnie, who was entered in the race strictly to set the pace for her owner's other filly, Glaneuse. Vigia, closely trailed by Princesse de Gavarnie, continued to go all out past the Écuries, down the hill in front of the Château, and into the short flat section of the track leading into the uphill stretch. At the head of the stretch, it was still Vigia, Princesse de Gavarnie, and Gla-

Ah, the joy of getting Teed off at Runaway Bay.

Runaway Bay, Jamaica. 6,819 yards. Par 72. Championship rating.

Sahara-sized sand traps. Great, rolling fairways. And no traffic jams. (Getting Teed off usually takes less than 10 minutes.) Speaking of getting Teed off at Runaway Bay, why don't you? Right now, when you could use a little of our nice, warm sun. Besides golf, there's a half mile of the purest, whitest beach you've ever seen. And the largest fresh-water swimming pool in all Jamaica.

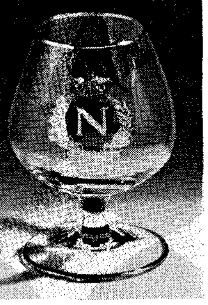
Horseback riding. Tennis. Skin diving and fishing. Great rooms with great views. And great shopping at great prices. See your travel agent, or contact our International Representatives, Leonard Hicks, for a free color brochure, rates and reservations.

Jamaica's Runaway Bay
Hotel & Country Club
Located Midway between Ocho Rios and Montego Bay on Jamaica's fashionable North Shore
Runaway Bay Post Office, Jamaica, W. I.
An Issa Hotel, Nick Brimo, Vice President
Josef Berger, General Manager.

Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS

Napoleon Brandy Glasses with the royal "N" etched in gold. 3½" tall. Our own import.
6 for 10.00
75¢ delivery.
5% tax in Calif.

351 N. Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210



If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

neuse, but between the far turn and the entrance to the stretch the field had closed the long gap that the front-runners had opened up. Mme. Léon Volterra's Djenarelle came in fourth, with a host of horses bunched behind her and ready to take the lead. St.-Martin had been lying well back on Saraca, and at the head of the stretch he began to make his move, from fifth place. Saraca swung out and began moving in earnest up the stretch, with Glaneuse slightly behind her but matching her stride. Two furlongs from home it looked, finally, like a two-horse race, with Saraca in front and St.-Martin driving furiously. But the crowd suddenly began to roar, for on the outside a filly carrying the orange silks of the textile industrialist Marcel Boussac's stable came on with great speed. Saraca had never really shifted into high, yet she appeared to be tiring. Boussac's Crepellana, with the veteran Roger Poincelet up, passed Glaneuse and then Saraca, about thirty metres from the finish, and won by three-quarters of a length.

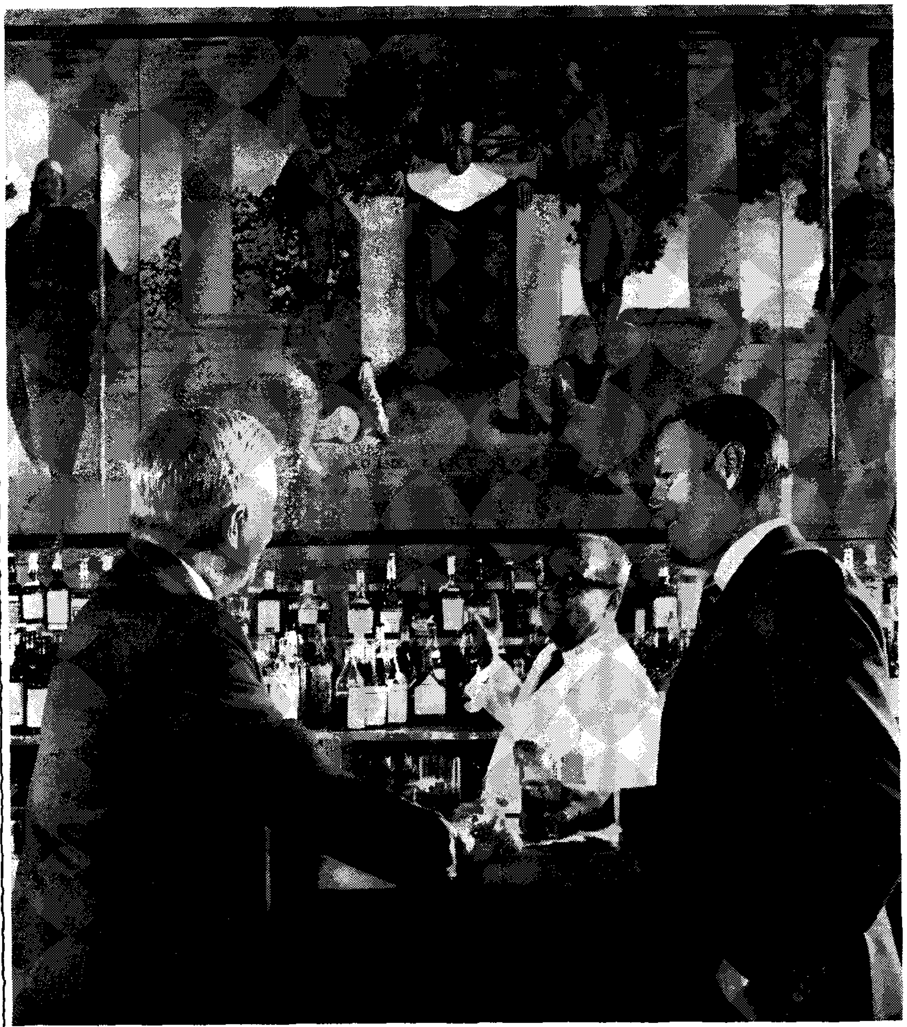
Ambassador Sargent Shriver, who, with his wife and three of their five children, was in attendance throughout the afternoon, drank a victory toast with Crepellana's owner. Afterward, Shriver was asked which he preferred—American racing or French. "Well, they're really quite different, and from a racing standpoint I'm not qualified to say which is better," he replied. "But in terms of ambience and spectacle French racing is far ahead. And, as far as my own luck is concerned, I'd have to vote for French racing."

As the racegoers left town, the prices on the menus posted in front of the restaurants began to drop. By eight o'clock, the Jockey Club was suggesting a Victory Dinner at fifteen francs, and the discerning diner could find bargains all over town. By nine-thirty, when it had grown dark, the streets were empty again. —FRED FELDKAMP

◆

> WASHINGTON — Treasury Secretary David M. Kennedy says the nation's economy "now represents a very black picture" but the Nixon administration's anti-inflation efforts will steady things by the end of this year. Kennedy told a Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing Wednesday the administration's fight against rising prices is "right on course" and there should be a distinct improve-Wednesday. It was glue.
>
> —*Oregon Journal.*

Now, now!



The king with an audience

Maxfield Parrish's renowned Old King Cole has been holding court for years in the restaurant that was named after him. His loyal followers visit him informally, as if at a private club, and they've developed a royal affection for the merry old soul. As, indeed, they have for the other fabled restaurants of The St. Regis-Sheraton, and for all of this grand hotel, from Reception to The Roof. Come join the court, be king for a stay at The St. Regis-Sheraton.

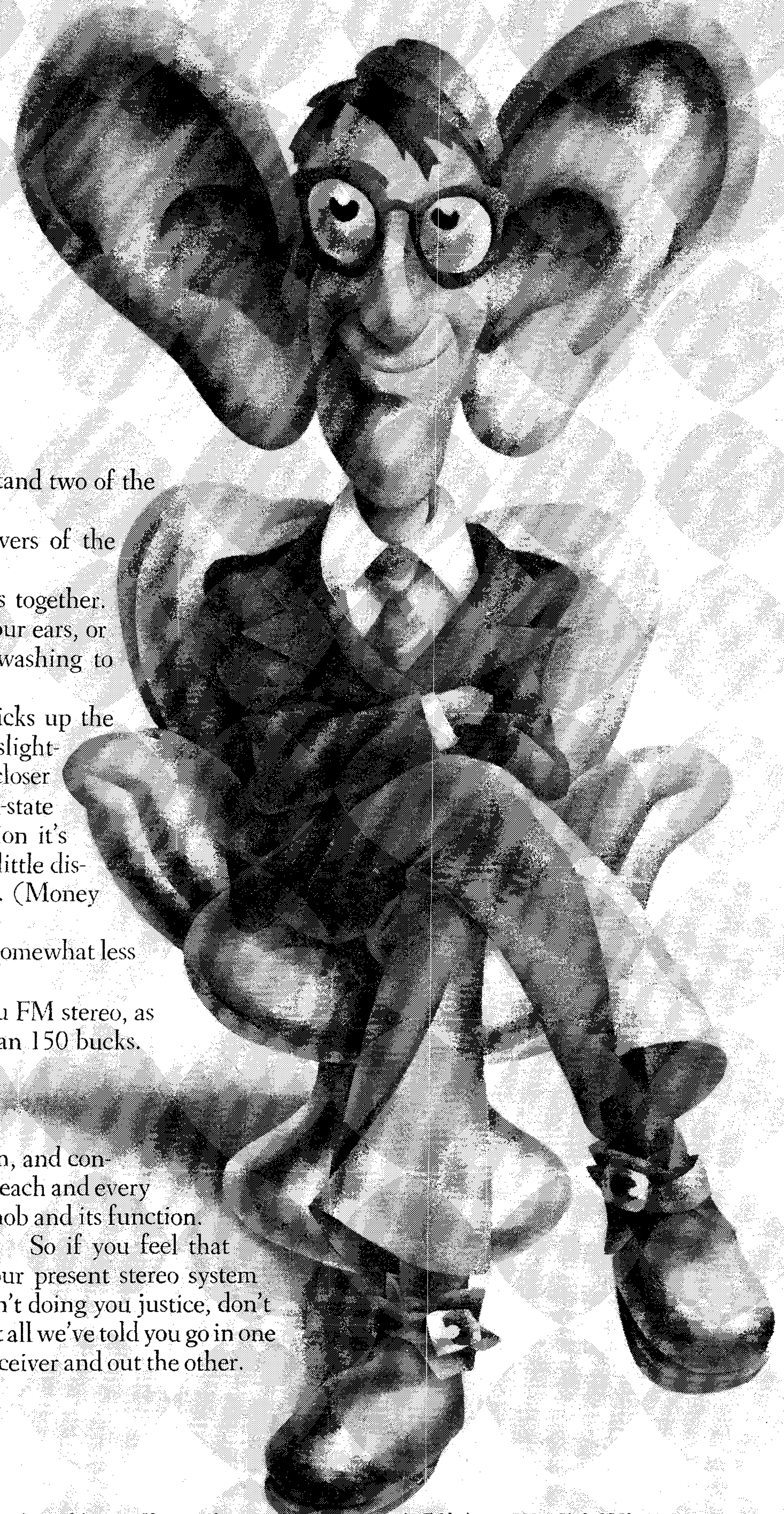
The St. Regis-Sheraton offers a choice of handsome private rooms for executive conferences, business and social entertaining.

Reservations in Continental U.S., Dial *free* **800-325-3535**
(In New York Dial PLaza 3-4500) Or call your Travel Agent

St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel

5TH AVE. AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 10022
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF **ITT**

To fully appreciate our receivers, you have to have a good set of your own.



There, at either side of your head, stand two of the greatest receivers the world has known.

But here, at Sony, stand five receivers of the stereo variety that come close.

We propose to bring ours and yours together.

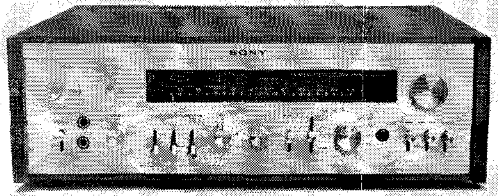
If you feel nothing is too good for your ears, or if you're waiting for all those years of washing to finally pay off, there's the STR-6120.

Its FM tuner with FET circuitry picks up the faintest, most distant signals without the slightest trace of interference from stronger, closer stations. It has a superselective IF solid-state filter that rejects everything but the station it's on. And even if you blast it, you get very little distortion despite its 150-watt power output. (Money had better not be an object, though.)

For ears no less sensitive, but wallets somewhat less full, we can offer you the STR-222.

It's 28 watts of receiver that gives you FM stereo, as well as FM-AM, and will run you less than 150 bucks.

And for everyone in the middle, there's the STR-6040, 6050, and 6060. They come with speaker selector switches, high-frequency noise elimination, and control panels that clearly and simply indicate each and every knob and its function.



So if you feel that your present stereo system isn't doing you justice, don't let all we've told you go in one receiver and out the other.

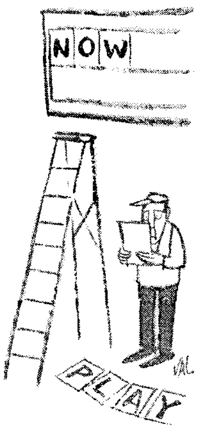
Sony®

© 1970 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Young a Short While Ago

THERE is a kind of bad-taste funniness that only Americans seem to be able to bring off: W. C. Fields about milk-drinking toddlers, Groucho about Margaret Dumont, Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce about politics. It has to do with cheek, stamina, and an absolute certainty of being at the bottom of the heap. Its voice is the voice of down-and-outs, vagrants, the stateless, the bank-accountless, the fighting born victims who know themselves outnumbered the moment they are in the company of one, the furiously lovelorn who repine only in secret and publicly grumble blue murder about their woman as they brace themselves for another thwack on the head from the handbag of the beloved. It is the sound of the man with nothing more to lose, a yell from the last ditch, the resort of the persecuted, the humor of any American who sees the joke of his being welcomed as an immigrant by the Statue of Liberty with a gracious reference to him as "wretched refuse." Most other countries have nothing approaching this particular baleful, disruptive funniness. France hasn't a notion of it, with her serenity in Frenchness, her imperturbable syntax, and her limited understanding of humiliation. The wit institutes of France—farce at the Comédie-Française, say—possess nothing so raw and socially unhousable as Woody Allen's frantic confidences about being Jewish and about chasing girls. Poland's famous bad-taste wit is specifically political, a form of gallows humor that comes from being overrun, a policy of going too far personally when your country has been allowed to go nowhere for centuries. England certainly has fine bad jokes (and takes a pleasure in them that baffles practically everyone else), but the badness of its taste doesn't really hold a candle to America's. In these times, one might have expected some crashing effort of American bad taste about being black, and now here it is, in Melvin Van Peebles' "Watermelon Man."

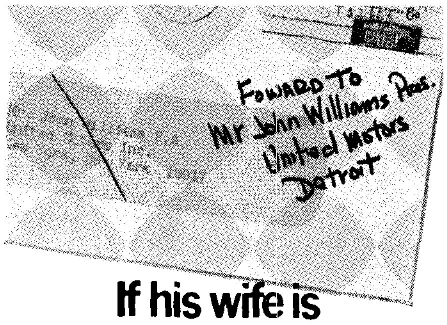


The movie is fairly lousy as a piece of filmmaking, and it is hopelessly constructed, but it is quite a feat of off-key funniness. Godfrey Cambridge, who is black, appears in it first as a bigoted Northern white. The makeup job—it is impossible to look at this film without its giving you a share in its insane bad taste, which is rather companionable of it—is elaborate and interesting. The bigot is called Jeff. He thinks he is popular, but nobody really likes him at all except his wife and children, and the children only barely. He is actually a beast. He likes irritating the black driver of his usual morning bus by racing the bus on foot, and he likes needling the black counterman at the drugstore where he daily orders some lunatic health juice to his own recipe. He fancies himself as a humorist. When he finally climbs onto the bus, he says merrily to the long-suffering driver, "If you were in the South, you'd have to drive in the back of the bus." But then Jeff, to his horror, turns black overnight. He puts it down to his sunlamp. He then goes on being exactly the same sort of beast, and the familiar victims of his racism go on taking it on the chin, because they are so used to it. His wife (Estelle Parsons), a quiet and liberal woman of great patience, implies somehow in her manner that his blackness is simply a trouble he is going to have to be babied through, constituting only one more of the eccentric tasks she took on by marrying him. After shrieking briefly about the change in him, she becomes solicitous and practical. Jeff bathes in milk, the bathroom floor littered with rather small milk cartons. He buys skin-whiteners by the ton from stores in the black section of town. "These creams don't work," he says desperately. "No wonder Negroes riot." His wife is soothing. "I don't think any intelligent Negro expects it to be immediate. Don't be militant," she says. "I'm not militant, I'm *white!*" he yells, hopping mad. Worried to death about himself, racing to embarrassed doctors, he keeps up his spirits by *roaring* at other blacks as usual. They look at him carefully, wondering why on earth they should stand this any longer, and put the change of skin down to a trick of light. Beginning to be defeated, Jeff retreats to the shower to pray for whiteness. Not that he believes in God, but still. God can be bullied and whined to, presumably. "Please, Lord, you will see a *nice* person coming out of this shower?" A white person, he means. Pause. "There are no *atheists* in this shower." Sob. Godfrey Cambridge is a funny actor, going miles too far in a direction that no other black I know of has tried, and good luck to him. He takes the bile out of an impossible joke.

ANDRZEJ MUNK was killed in a car crash in Poland in September, 1961. He was a quiet, skeptical man with a stiff halo of hair that stood up like a saucepan brush. He had the Polish dark humor and very little of the Polish romanticism. The summer before he died, he took me for a drive in Poland. For a while, we were going through a big town along a tiny road littered with rubbish. It looked like the most miserable, plague-ridden road in London before the Great Fire of 1666. It was called Stalin Street. When I asked how on earth that had happened, he grinned a bit and said that at the height of Stalinism an edict had gone out from Moscow that the main street in every one of the satellite countries' chief cities was to be renamed Stalin Street. The inhabitants of this town had blandly chosen a street that happened to have been called Main Street in the sixteenth century.

When Munk died, he was working on a film called "The Passenger," which is now showing in New York with a less distinct but perfectly bearable French film called "Naked Hearts," by Édouard Luntz, about being young on the end of a loose string. Munk's film is about something other. It is about being not so young, on the end of a very tight string indeed. Munk was at work in a country that he had seen through the war and the Warsaw Uprising, through the forming of the Lublin Government, through the rise of Gomulka and the attrition of hope in Gomulka. "The Passenger," three-quarters complete when Munk was killed, was put together by fellow-workers and friends in the spirit of Munk's own self-effacement, although I think he would have hated the prosy commentary.

The story is set mostly in Auschwitz, but its topic is really people's ability to rewrite memory. Munk wasn't much interested in the sort of time-serving narratives about the Second World War that are the required commonplace of film production in East European countries. He had already done something quite different with the subject in "Eroica," a film made in a spirit of iron-nerved mockery about his country's cherished military heroics. "The Passenger" is not so much about a concentration camp as about a wom-

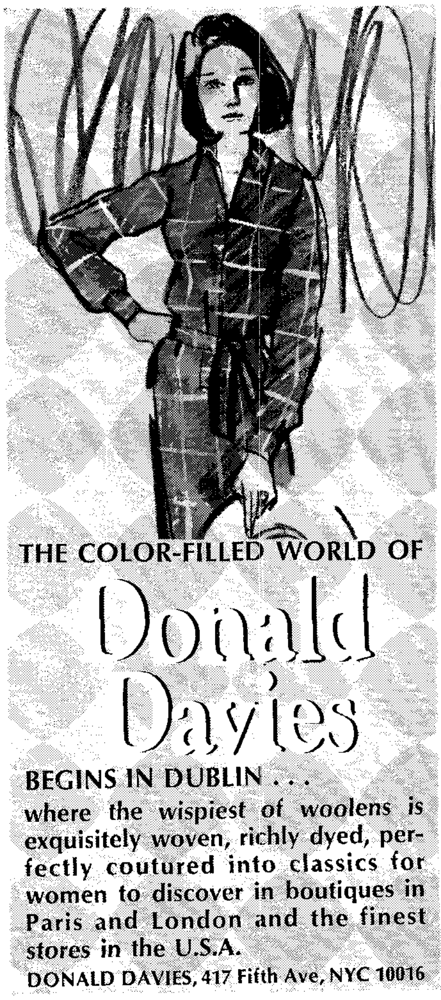


If his wife is still talking to him, chances are he talked to Homerica.

At Homerica we take the time and tension out of relocating executives. Counseling families and helping them to select the right neighborhood and home in an unfamiliar area is our business. Relocating the Homerica way is uncomplicated, rapid and extremely personalized. We know over 5,000 key communities intimately and can tell you all about those that best suit your family's way of life. And we can screen them rapidly for homes that best meet your requirements. After we're through, we'll make arrangements for you to inspect each home, limiting your problems to selection only. Why not talk to us about you.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMÉQUITY, INC.

Write Dept. R66
200 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 661-3111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111



THE COLOR-FILLED WORLD OF
Donald Davies
BEGINS IN DUBLIN . . .
where the wispiest of woolens is exquisitely woven, richly dyed, perfectly coutured into classics for women to discover in boutiques in Paris and London and the finest stores in the U.S.A.
DONALD DAVIES, 417 Fifth Ave, NYC 10016

an's betrayal of the actual by poeticizing and stylizing it. At the beginning of the film, she is seen in a postwar time, a smartly dressed, hard-faced German passenger revisiting Europe on a liner after years away on "a strange but hospitable continent." She has always told her husband, whom she married on that strange continent (America?), that she was an Auschwitz prisoner. A girl's face seen on the gangplank at Southampton throws up more of the truth, and the woman acknowledges to herself that it is a face she remembers from the camp as a prisoner's, but the images of life at Auschwitz are still horribly beautified and balletic in her mind. A memory of naked girls running into a ring of the S.S. looks more like "Swan Lake" than like human beings about to go to the gas chamber. Reality has been soothed down into mime. She remembers things as a jumble of bleached-out scenes with the words lost. As the film goes on, the sight of the stranger's face on the boat jabs into her brain like a needle jabbing into the memory of an insensate frog. She admits first that she was really an overseer, and not a prisoner at all, and then even her vaunted kindnesses to the victim whose face she has seen turn out to be the way her subconscious now chooses to doll up what was a rather gruesome intimacy with the girl and a furious competitiveness with the girl's man, a fellow-prisoner who somehow heartbreakingly managed to get a present slipped to his love at a concert where the prisoners were standing and the Nazis in front of them were musically beating time in their seats.

I doubt whether Munk meant the woman's sadism to be the whole truth of his story, either. The people who have lovingly put his work in order have rightly left it at a stage where it still seems ambiguous and in places almost rubbed out, like the face of a statue under water. One sees the story from the point of view of the persecutor and then of the victim, but it is not at all clear who is right, or how the husband reacts. I think Munk probably had something more that he would have said here. As it stands, the picture is still full of his character: searching, mysterious, and honorable.

"Let It Be," about the Beatles, is a very bad film and a touching one—about change, about the breaking apart of this reassuring, geometrically perfect, once apparently ageless family of siblings. It shows them fugitively getting back the feel of what it was like

There are
harassed travelers
who refuse to endure
the noise and chaos
of conventioneering.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

Like most Out Island resorts, we're right on the water. End of similarity.

Most beautiful beach in the Bahamas. Our own fleet of sail and power boats. Gourmet restaurant. Fresh water swimming pool. Tennis. Brand new air-conditioned rooms. Best bonefishing, reef exploring, and scuba diving anywhere. (Yes, anywhere.) See your travel agent or our international representatives, Leonard Hicks. Or write or phone us direct: P.O. Box 534, Miami, Fla. 33148. (305) 633-1961.

out island inn
GEORGE TOWN, GREAT EXUMA, BAHAMAS

When in
Philadelphia
visit Madame
Wellington,
the biggest thief in town
WELLINGTON
JEWELS COUNTERFEIT
JEWELERS TO THE WORLD
Bellevue Stratford Hotel
Broad & Walnut, Phila. 19102

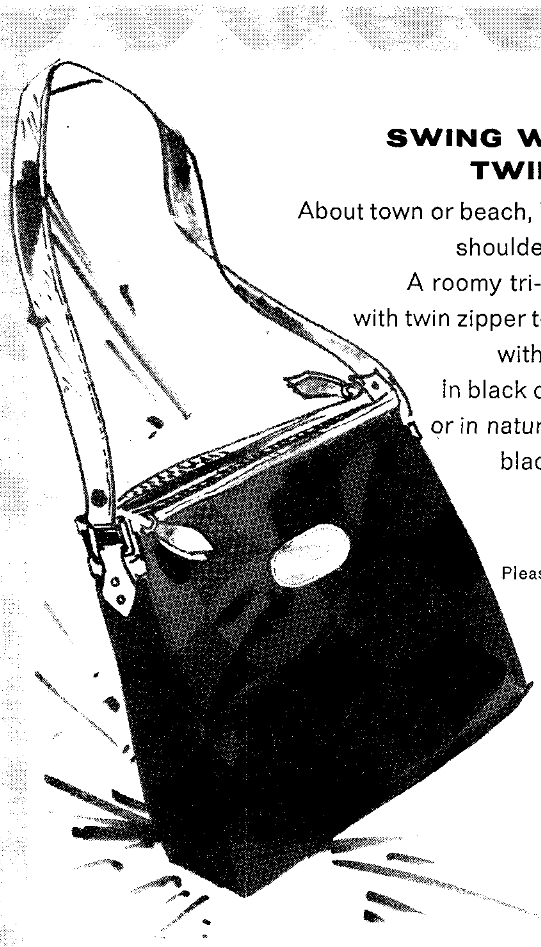
to be young together on Merseyside now that they are self-doubting and separated and rootless. These faces that are as famous to us as, say, the face of the young Victoria on the coin that the English call the bun penny are now much altered, like the face on the coins of the second Victorian epoch. Paul looks like a young stockbroker, apart from his eyes: Paul, the pretty one. The four have endless trouble with numbers in the film. Nothing comes easily, especially in the first half. The music won't get off the ground. A little girl, a daughter of one of the Beatles, wanders in and bangs Ringo's drums. John listens to people, looking thin and isolated in his steel-rimmed specs. There is a halting speech from Paul in the middle of rehearsal about what the hell to do next, when things go so tackily at concerts now: "We can't get over it. . . . The only alternative is to say, well, we won't ever do it to an audience again. . . . It's like we are Stravinsky, and it's in the music, and he doesn't get up there and play his joanna for them anymore." It doesn't sound arrogant. It sounds besieged. When the group hits form—when John, with his anxious, magisterial look, suddenly makes some crazy rhyme of "Telefunken" and something or other for the sake of the wandering toddler, or when the four of them are up on a West End roof, wind blowing their hair, lunch-time crowds collecting in streets below—the film becomes comforting, even if the music is patchy. This is what the Beatles always offered us: jaunty survivalism without threats, which is a missing combination in America at the moment; heresy, which we need, and no chaos. When they arrived, we lived in mandarin times. They helped to change us. Now they are splitting up, and finding work difficult, and while we benefit from the risks they took, they sing songs filled with variants of self-addressed lines about "Get back to where you once belonged."

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

Today's woman can train her taste and eye by reading newspapers and magazines daily, and by regularly visiting museums and exhibits of design. The more she stimulates her mind, the more interesting a person she will become. Winston Churchill is quoted as having said, "I don't know why it should be, but a boring woman is more boring than a boring man." Surely the same must hold true for an *interesting* woman.—*Letitia Baldridge in Family Circle.*

There's that double standard again!



SWING WITH BONWIT'S TWIN-ZIP CANVAS!

About town or beach, let our canvas swinger shoulder your summer needs. A roomy tri-compartment carry-all with twin zipper top, it's Ronay's design with contrasting vinyl trim. In black or navy with white trim; or in natural with white, camel or black trim. 12" x 12", 20.00

HANDBAGS

Mail and phone.
Please add .75 for delivery charge
outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

Creating a better impression

Cross Writing Instruments in Lustrous Chrome, 12 and 14 Kt. Gold Filled, Sterling and Solid 14 Karat Gold. From five to fifty dollars each. At Better Stores Worldwide.

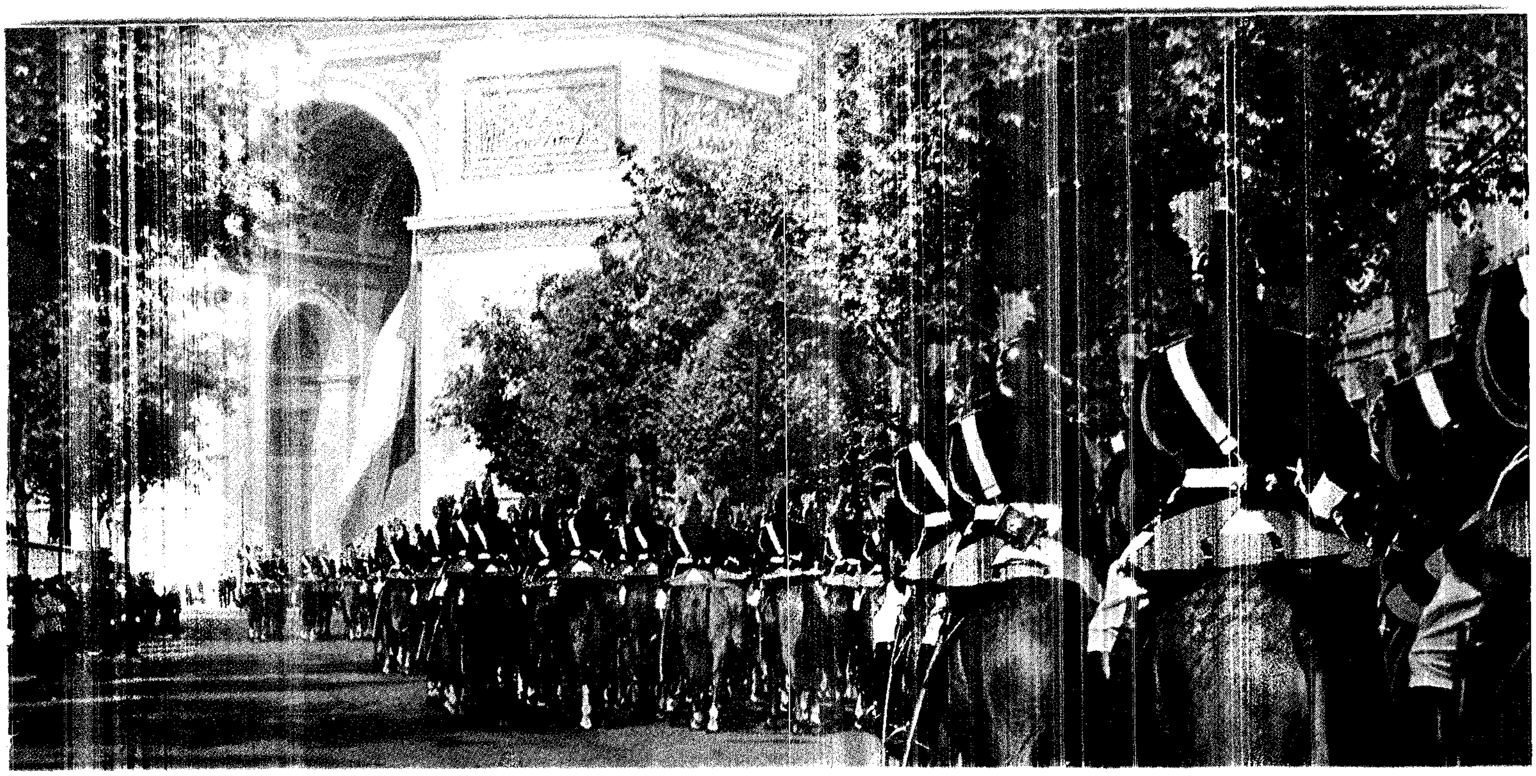
CROSS®
SINCE 1846

© 1969 A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

LETTER FROM OSAKA

WHETHER there ought to be a world's fair in the Far East or anywhere else at this time—whether, that is, the Establishment people who mainly invent fairs and invest in them have any authentic cause for celebration—is debatable. Long before Expo '70's formal opening, on March 14th, some Japanese dissenters began vigorously arguing against it, and in continuing to protest its existence they have no doubt been voting many symbolic proxies from abroad. Assuming, though, that world's fairs have become inevitable cyclical landmarks of our era, Japan has, by and large, done an excellent job of putting together the first full-fledged world's fair ever held in Asia, and the biggest on any continent. At Brussels, in 1958, there were forty-one national exhibitors, and the attendance totalled forty-two million. At Montreal, in 1967, it was sixty-three nations and fifty million. Sixty million is the figure now confidently used here, and seventy-seven nations are represented, including the Crown Colony of Hong Kong, the Sheikhdom of Abu Dhabi, and a clutch of provinces, states, and cities, among these last San Francisco, which turns out to be an officially designated "sister city" of Osaka. (So, one learns, is Leningrad, but Leningrad is not San Francisco's sister. Urban kinship moves in mysterious ways.) World's fairs usually have visionary themes, and this one's, "Progress and Harmony for Mankind," is acceptably high-flown, but Expo '70's visitors are surely going to remember it, rather, as a spectacle of light and sound—indeed, the most blinking, most blatant *son-et-lumière* display to which mankind's senses have yet been exposed. The man responsible for Expo '70's over-all design—though not for its decibels—is Kenzo Tange, probably Japan's best-known architect. He was also by all odds the leading creative mind behind the first of Japan's two recent they-said-it-couldn't-be-done doings—the 1964 Olympic Games, at Tokyo, for which he designed a stunning, memorable swimming pool and a huge, graceful stadium, which has become a tourist attraction, with an admission charge of forty yen, or eleven cents. It is undoubtedly the only sports arena on earth that people gladly pay money to enter when it is empty. Tange, a gentle, diffident artist, who for the three frenetic weeks immediately preceding Expo's unveiling was sensibly attending to professional chores in San Francisco and elsewhere overseas, got back here in time for the opening. When I had a chat with him some time after that, he pronounced himself generally satisfied with the fair's appearance. "I think things have worked out pretty well," he said—for him, a sweeping statement.

At Osaka, Tange designed no individual buildings, confining himself to the general scheme. It is dendrological in conception. Its trunk is what Tange calls a "symbol zone"—a central area containing the few structures that will remain when, according to custom, the rest of the fair is razed after a six-month run, and also containing the terminus of a new subway line (twenty-three minutes from downtown Osaka). Its limbs are a network of moving sidewalks that branch out from the core, and its leaves and blossoms are the scattered pavilions, over which Tange had no control, and wanted none. They are a wildly heterogeneous jumble of colorful geometrical forms in contemporary style, with, sprinkled among them in almost defiant fashion, a very few buildings that have a conspicuously Asian look. Expo is a pointed reminder of the evident feeling among Asian architects that Orientalism is old hat. The symbol zone is dominated by a vast expanse called the Festival Plaza, which is open at the sides but is covered by a heroic roof that Tange conceived, though he did not work out the details. A latticework of steel pipes supporting a translucent polyester film, the roof is almost a thousand feet long and three hundred feet wide, and weighs six thousand tons. It was assembled on the ground and was raised to its height of thirty metres by hydraulic jacks. Sticking up through its center is a monumental piece of hollow sculpture called the Tower of the Sun, which is sixty metres tall and was designed by Taro Okamoto, who likes to be known, for reasons that the tower makes obvious, as the Picasso of Japan. Expo '70 abounds with environmental art. At one end of the Festival Plaza is a lagoon fetchingly decorated by the nisei sculptor Isamu Noguchi. As the Japanese have lovingly evoked the sea in their well-known stone gardens, so has Noguchi now gone full circle by creating five fountains that, in their sculptured masses and sprays and eddies, evoke their terrestrial inspirations. Beyond the fountains is a fine-arts museum that, although its present contents are borrowed, will be among Expo's permanent contributions to the Japanese landscape. Already slated to be moved into it when Expo ends is a large, lighthearted ceramic mural that Joan Miró was commissioned



[illegible] ine assemble to escort the President of France on Bastille Day.

Le 14 juillet

On July 14th

commemorez la prise de la Bastille avec les Parisiens-

celebrate Bastille Day with the Parisians-

défilés, feux d'artifice et bals dans les rues.

parades, fireworks and dancing in the streets.

THE FESTIVITIES start at 9 o'clock in the morning, when the President of France is escorted down the Champs-Elyseés by the Republican Guard.

They end at dawn the next morning, when the spontaneous dancing ends in the Place de la République and the Carrefour Montparnasse.

Plan to spend at least a week in Paris. You have your choice of 362 art galleries, 25 museums, umteen nightclubs and 11,700 restaurants. It has been said, with only slight exaggeration, that you can't buy a bad meal in any of them.

"Paris is a woman's town"

Here are some things your bride will particularly enjoy.

First, give her breakfast in your hotel bedroom. Croissants– and the best jams you ever had.

Second, take her shopping–perfume, gloves, lingerie, antiques. Bargains galore.

Third, take her to a fashion show at one of the great *haute couture* houses. Nobody except your wife will ask you to buy anything.

Fourth, take her on a sight-seeing tour in a bateau mouche on the Seine River. The tour takes two hours–educational and *fun*. About $6.50 each, including luncheon.

Fifth, take her to the Louvre and show her the Mona Lisa and the Venus de Milo. Less exhausting, and absolutely glorious, is the little Musée du Jeu de Paume, where the world's finest collection of Impressionists is hung.

Sixth, stagger to a table in a sidewalk café–and watch the world go by.

When the sun goes down and the stars come out, dine–magnificently. Then wander around the streets and gaze goggle-eyed at the floodlit architecture of the Place Vendôme, Notre-Dame, Place de la Concorde, the Louvre, the Arc de Triomphe. Paris has been *washed*. Centuries of grime have been removed, and the city which you remember as somber gray has been restored to its original color–golden honey.

Do the French welcome American tourists?

A recent Gallup Poll reports that Frenchmen now regard the United States as their "best friend"–far above any other country.

Says Temple Fielding in his no-holds-barred Travel Guide to Europe, "The French are going out of their way to show genuine warmth and kindheartedness."

Paris is more expensive than the rest of France. But the French Government has given you a break by lowering the dollar-franc rate of exchange by 12½ percent. It's like getting one day free for every week you spend in France.

We figure that three days in Paris need not cost you more than $60 each–unless you go hog-wild.

Free booklets

Mail the coupon, and you will receive some very helpful information. After you've read it, talk to your travel agent about plane or ship reservations, hotels, and tours to France.

To: The French Government
Tourist Office, Dept. T,
610 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020

Please send me information about vacations in France.

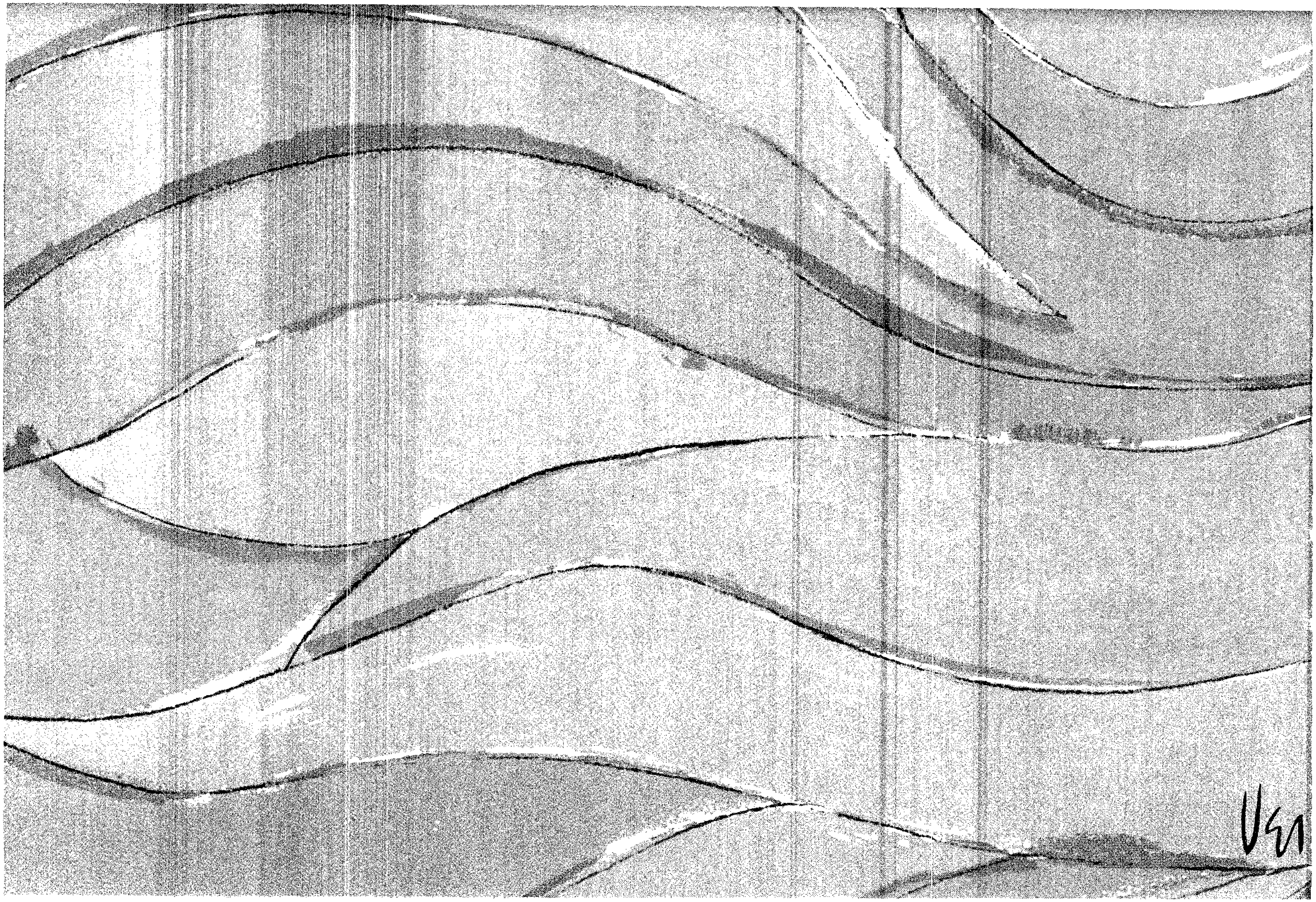
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

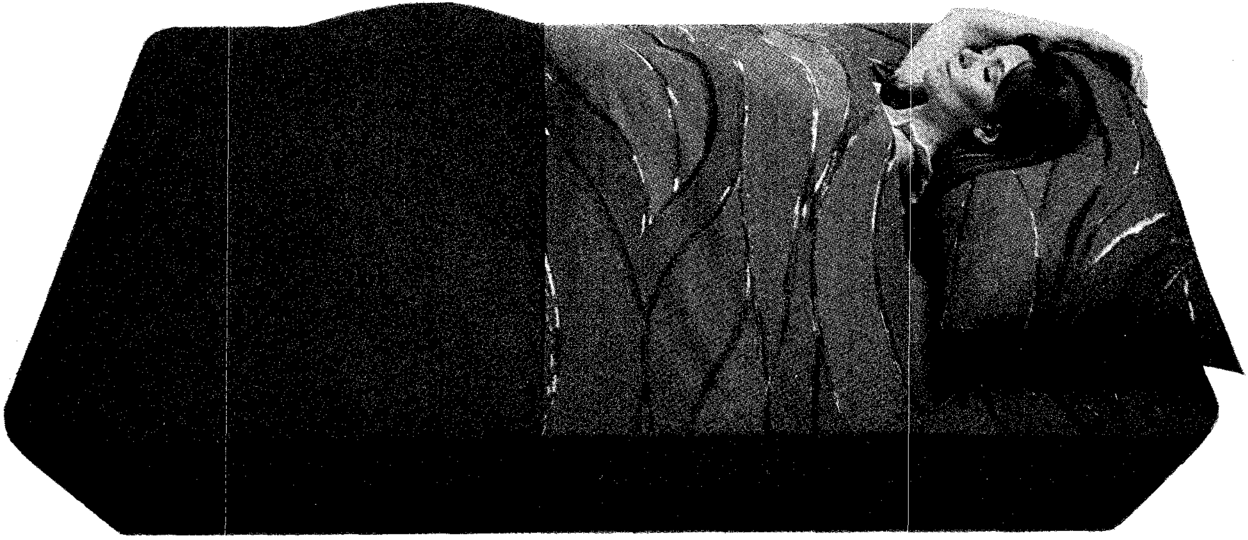
STATE ZIP

NY-2



This is an original Vera design for Burlington.
You can frame it.
You can hang it.
You can sleep on it.

Pleasant dreams.



Just a little bit more like a painting than a sheet. Waterways. Just like all the other Veras in the Collection. No-Iron percale sheets and pillow cases. 50% combed cotton, 50% KODEL® polyester. Blue/Green (shown). Also Yellow/Orange. At the finest department stores. By Burlington Domestics. 1345 Ave. of the Americas, New York 10019. A Division of Burlington Industries.

Vera® COLLECTION BY BURLINGTON

KODEL® AN EASTMAN FIBER.

LICENSED BY SCARVES BY VERA, INC., N.Y.

to execute for the pavilion of the Japanese Gas Association. The building is dedicated to the "World of Laughter," and among foreign visitors it has already acquired the nickname Laughing Gas.

Expo '70 occupies an eight-hundred-and-fifteen-acre tract, ten miles northeast of downtown Osaka, that until three years ago consisted of bamboo groves and paddy fields. An investment of around two and a half billion dollars has changed all that. With a hundred million people jammed into a nation the size of Montana, the Japanese are naturally space-conscious. When they want to make the Expo site sound small, they equate it with four hundred soccer fields; when big, with four million square yards. A statistical-minded Japanese rapidly stroked his abacus the other day and concluded that anybody who covered the entire exposition on foot would walk just under twenty miles. Aside from the Festival Plaza and a sixty-four-acre Japanese garden, there is little waste space at this fair, and some early visitors have complained that the buildings seem too crowded together. Tange is not dismayed by that criticism. "We *wanted* congested space," he told me. "We wanted to convey the crowded atmosphere of the Asakusa or Shinjuku sections of Tokyo. We wanted to create the feeling of togetherness that is so much a part of Japanese life—in the bath, in subways, in travelling en masse as tourists." And Expo '70, it should be borne in mind, was designed not for foreigners but for Japanese, who are expected to make up ninety-eight per cent of its visitors. Many of those who have turned up have come in bunches—subscribers to low-cost package tours, who are apt to be waiting patiently when the gates open in the morning and then stolidly trudge along, wearing identifying armbands, neckerchiefs, or hats, behind a flag-bearer, who keeps them from straying from the flock. The biggest crowds come on weekends, and the various governments that want to observe national days during the course of the fair have been asked to forgo Saturdays and Sundays. Inasmuch as the Fourth of July falls on a Saturday, the United States will have its day on the third. President Nixon has designated David and Julie Eisenhower as his representatives—a choice that has amused some Japanese, who have a *real* crown prince and princess. Some apprehension was felt about Expo's weekends. In an editorial hailing the fair as "the epitome of highly congested Japanese society," the daily *Mainichi*

Colonial beauty with care-free utility

The heft and thickness of traditional sterling flatware. The classic beauty and depth of line found in famous heirloom patterns. Plus the freedom from tarnishing that is exclusive with stainless steel. All this is yours in highest quality flatware crafted in finest stainless metal by a leading silversmith.

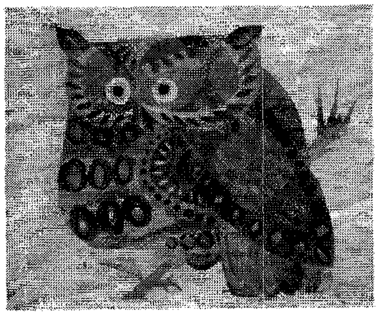
Republic steel

Only ENDURO® stainless steel is produced by Republic Steel. The flatware manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Dept. NY-1859, 1441 Republic Building, P.O. Box 6778, Cleveland, Ohio 44101. Sales offices and representatives in principal cities.

ROYAL DOULTON

Give a collector's item

Tiger On Rock, $275.00. For 114 page, full colour Collectors' Book #11 showing Royal Doulton figurines and jugs, send $1.00 to Doulton and Co., Inc., 400 Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072.



MAZALTOV'S

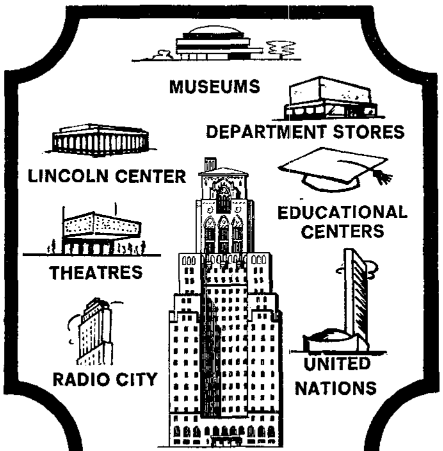
The Beauty and The Beast

This wise old owl stole vibrant green, purple, tangerine and pink from the peacock to feather his own plumage. Needlepoint his pulchritudinous colors with rich Persian wools, needles and instructions on a 16" x 16" hand painted canvas. $42.50. Rather have a Van Gogh or a cheetah? Send for our exciting new 44-pg color catalog of original creations. $2.

San Francisco ■ New York ■ Palm Beach

Mazaltov's

Dept 6Y,
758 Madison Avenue (65 St.) New York 10021



The Barbizon

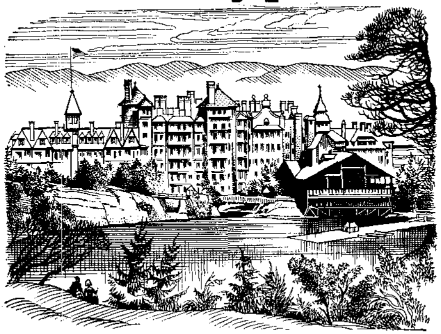
YOUNG WOMEN—
GOING TO N.Y.?

Summer comforts and conveniences are yours at New York's most exclusive hotel residence for young women. Swimming pool, sun decks, terraces, solarium, air-conditioned rooms. Nearby Long Island beaches. Security and privacy. Rates from $10.25, or weekly on application. Ask for brochure.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

also said, "The prevention and elimination of confusion will be the biggest problem." Tange was, of course, aware of this problem from the start; in drawing up his schematic plan, he took pains to assign to Russia, America, and Japan—predictably the three nations whose exhibits would be the most heavily patronized—areas as far from one another as possible. That, he calculated, would spread out the crowds. But Tange was figuring on a peak attendance of perhaps four hundred thousand a day, and by now the Expo administrators are talking of an eventual six or seven hundred thousand. "If we even get over half a million, I don't know what will happen," the architect said. That, however, is not his headache. The man whose headache it ultimately is—Taizo Ishizaka, the octogenarian president of the association putting on the fair, who is one of Japan's chief businessmen and has also been its chief Boy Scout—has said that the ideal situation at the fairgrounds would be one in which nobody could move at all, because then there could be no accidents. To even the most group-minded Japanese, that kind of togetherness might seem too much.

Quite a few university students enlisted in the Joint Struggle Committee to Crush the 1970 World Exposition, but when push came to shove they didn't struggle very hard. On the eve of the opening of Expo, the committee asked for permission to demonstrate against the fair, but when the prefectural authorities of Osaka said no, nearly all the group's adherents shrugged and subsided. So did the General Council of Trade Unions, which, after a good deal of muttering about Expo during its gestation, could come up with little more at its birth than the allegation that it constituted a threat to the general welfare because it was somehow responsible for a rise in the price of onions. Some of Expo's detractors of all ages have sought to express their disenchantment by removing their clothes in public. Outside the bath, nakedness still makes most Japanese uncomfortable; when "Hair" played in Tokyo—until it was shut down upon the arrest of five of its actors on marijuana charges—its nude scenes were done only in silhouette. Just before Expo opened, Rudi Gernreich tried to siphon off a little of the attention it was getting by putting on a fashion show in Kyoto with totally bare and totally shaved male and female models ("By the year 2000, there should be no need for clothes except to protect the body against cold and pol-

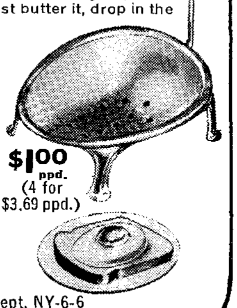


Leisure paced
Friendly place

Seven thousand acres of unspoiled natural beauty...spring-fed lake... a resort where your whole family can relax and play together. Congenial hospitality. Healthy recreation—scenic golf course, tennis, boating, swimming, fishing...miles of forest trails to hike or ride horseback...lovely gardens to stroll. Delightful entertainment—musicales, cinema, much more. 300 rooms. Also family cottages. Delicious meals. See your Travel Agent, or call (212) 233-2244.

Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE

90 miles from N.Y.C., NYS Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK • NEW PALTZ, N.Y. 12561



FRENCH EGG POACHER

New easy way to make delicious Poached Eggs Here's the perfect solution to that "age-old problem"—how to make delicious and digestible poached eggs the easiest way possible. It's our newly-imported French Egg Poacher. Just butter it, drop in the egg, put in boiling water—and lift out in a few minutes by the handle. Made of durable, French tinware to last for years. Get one for every member of the family, and a few more for thoughtful gifts.

Mail orders filled promptly.

$1.00 ppd. (4 for $3.69 ppd.)

Money-back guarantee.

COLONIAL GARDEN Dept. NY-6-6
270 W. Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, N.Y. 11582

Suddenly You're In Another World!

All the pleasures of a plush resort directly on the ocean . . . enjoy the tingling excitement of the Monte Carlo Casino in your own hotel.

Write: Reservations Manager, Suite 5.

Lucayan Beach Hotel
and Casino
P.O. Box 336
Freeport/Lucaya
Grand Bahama Island
Bahamas

lution," said the designer, himself fully clad), but it was in a private home, and a show he later staged at the new Imperial Hotel in Tokyo was much more conventional. Meanwhile, at the Soviet pavilion here the Russians presented a fashion parade of the sort they find comfortable: the miniskirts were knee-length. Across the fairgrounds at the I.B.M. pavilion, it is possible to get an appraisal of one's taste in clothes by selecting the components of an imaginary outfit and having a computer comment on its harmoniousness. A fairgoer who tried to ascertain the machine's reaction to the new Gernreich toenail-length décolletage was balked when it developed that the computer hadn't been programmed to cope with no clothes at all.

JAPANESE business has become big business by any criterion. The country has passed Great Britain and West Germany in productivity, and has its eye on the only two nations still ahead of it—Russia and the United States. Japan now leads the world in shipbuilding, and some Japanese industrialists think that the country may lead in steel production by 1975. There are even some who think that Japan may be the most affluent nation on earth by the turn of the century. Throughout Southeast Asia, Japanese businessmen are so numerous that Bangkok hotel clerks find it essential to speak Japanese, and residents of a half-dozen countries are paying their Japanese visitors what in a perverse commercial sense is the ultimate compliment: they call them "yellow Yankees." Some of the already big Japanese businesses are getting bigger, through mergers, amalgamations, consortiums, and the like. Mitsubishi has teamed up with a West German firm to develop the bacteriological disposal of liquid plant wastes, and a Japanese-Italian company has been established to mine uranium in Africa. A Japanese company called Asahi Dow—a joint venture of the Asahi Kasei and Dow Chemical companies—expects to take part in a trade fair in Canton late this spring. (Conceivably, right-wing students in the United States, if there are enough of them to form a picket line, will soon be trying to heckle Dow campus recruiters on the ground that the company is taking too comradely a view of Communist China.) The Republic of China, on Taiwan, is a major trading partner of Japan's, and is represented at Expo '70 by the most substantial pavilion it has ever had at any fair. Peking is not present; two years ago, indeed, it denounced Expo as a

La Brezza FOUNTAIN

Complete with recirculating pump. This attractive fountain is 63″ overall, with heavy cast aluminum pool 48″ in diameter, statuette 43″ high. Cascade of water ejecting from all around the base of statuette into the pool. Statuette and base in heavy cast lead. Finish Pompeian green or white.

f.o.b. N.Y.C. $1450.00

Send 50¢—stamps—coin for 40 page catalogue illustrating many fountains and garden ornaments.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

If this be Tuesday, make the most of it.

TEACHER'S
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SCOTCH WHISKY

Teacher's
The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

De Busschere
Hand made
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes

For him
MR. CASUAL
$40
☐ Black Calf
☐ Brown Calf
☐ Brown Calf/trim black
☐ White Buckskin
☐ Patent Leather

Soft-soled casuals for men known the world over. Available in America only at our salons or by mail.
Color brochures on request.
My regular shoe size is________
Send________pairs @ $40. each.
Add 75c per pair mailing charge.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice________
Name________
Address________
City________State________

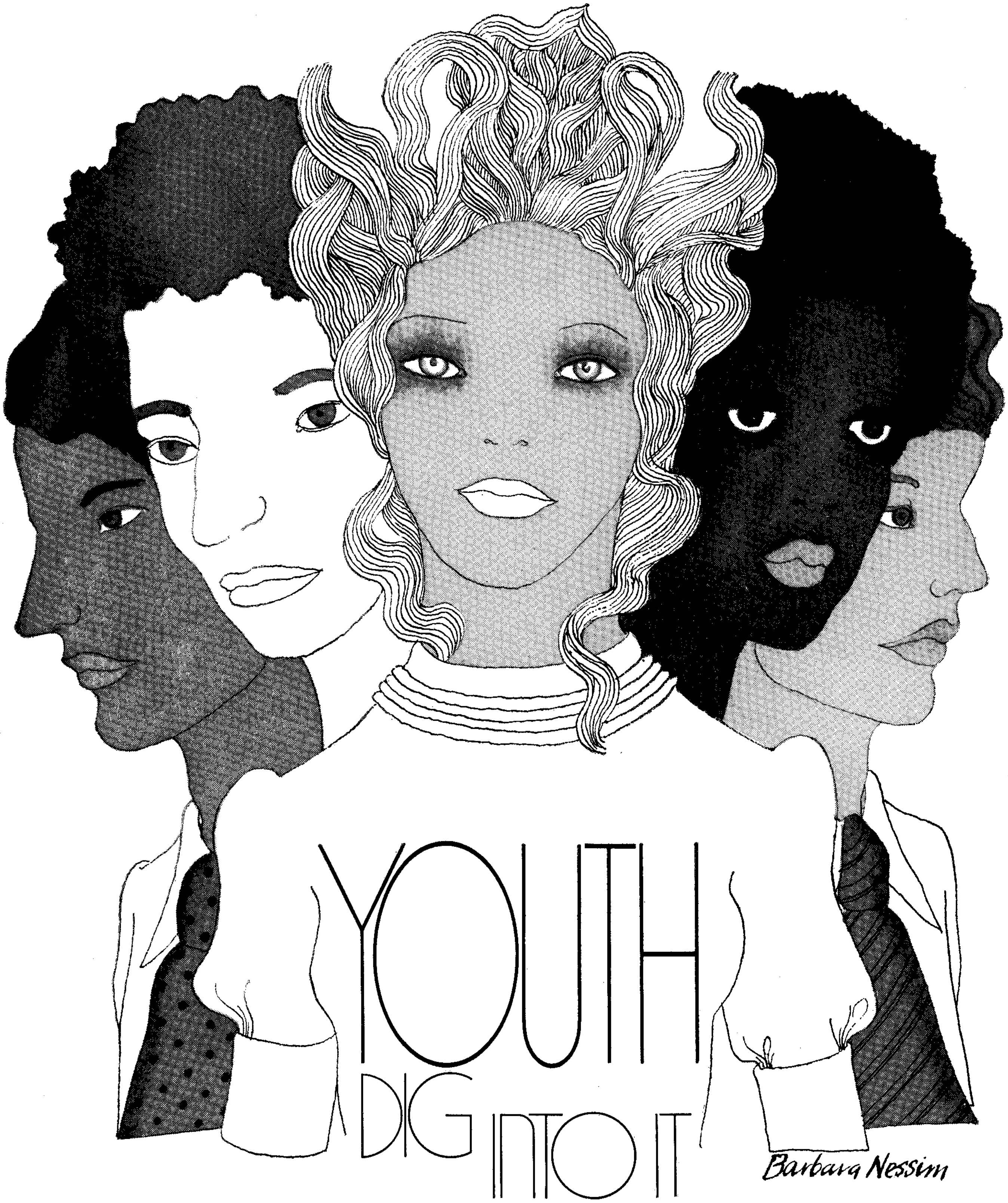
BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

18
summer priced & pleasure perfect
LM
With our own 18 hole, 72 par championship golf course, 800′ private beach, 2 pools, tennis, 3 par golf, oceanfront playground, dining room, bar lounge, entertainment, guest rooms, efficiencies, apartments, villas. Your inquiry is invited.

Lago Mar
A RESORT CLUB
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

Japanese-American-Russian plot. But although Communist China and Japan do not have diplomatic relations, they have been linked since 1962 by a non-governmental trade agreement, which they have lately—not at all to Taiwan's liking—been renegotiating. Last year, the Chinese mainland and Japan did six hundred and twenty-five million dollars' worth of business together. Under such circumstances, Japanese government leaders have been carefully selective about who officially visits which Expo pavilions. Prime Minister Eisaku Sato didn't have much time to tour the grounds, but he did manage to drop in on the Soviet Union and the United States—along with Taiwan. Crown Prince Akihito's itinerary included Russia but not America; his aunt, Princess Chichibu, evened things up by including America and skipping Russia. The United States is still Japan's principal trading partner, though lately there has been some abrasion in the two nations' commercial relations, much of it having to do with textiles. Although the Japanese economy has continued to move vigorously forward, some observers in Tokyo have lately contended that instead of advancing at a gallop it has slowed to a mere brisk trot. As the Second World War recedes further and further into the past (some Japanese now seem to regard that catastrophe as an untidy experience shared by their country and ours as partners—and they have been collecting funds to erect a single monument to the crews of an American and a Japanese plane destroyed in the same air battle), the Japanese are becoming increasingly self-confident. They used to try to impress foreigners, and in 1964 they were almost embarrassingly grateful for the compliments they received on their successful entrepreneurship of the Olympics. Now they are as polite as ever to foreigners but tend to take them rather for granted. For a long time, the Japanese, to the delight of art collectors abroad, exported many of their most cherished art treasures. Today, in their new self-confidence and affluence, they are spiritedly bidding against each other at auctions to buy them back. The prices—like the prices of most things in Japan today—are markedly up, but the Japanese can afford them.

The new Japanese attitude is more apparent in Tokyo than anywhere else in the country, because Tokyo is far and away Japan's most cosmopolitan city. Not only does it attract the most foreigners but it is populated by Japanese from all the land's forty-six prefectures. Osaka, on the other hand, is inhabited largely by Osakans, which in Tokyo eyes makes it rather provincial. (Osakans contend that their relative homogeneity gives them a sense of civic pride that would be incomprehensible in Tokyo.) One anti-Expo journalist in Tokyo, writing about a *bunraku* puppet show at the Asahi Theatre, in his home town, said, "A visit to the Asahi may in the end prove more memorable than a hundred miles of moving sidewalks." (There is a quite charming and memorable puppet show at Expo, incidentally, in the Sumitomo pavilion.) Tokyo is inclined to think of Osaka mainly as the other end of the three-hundred-and-ten-mile New Tokaido rail line—that exemplary high-speed, computerized railroad that gives its passengers refunds if its trains are unwarrantably delayed, and that during the fair is stepping up its schedules, so that instead of a hundred-and-twenty-five-mile-an-hour express leaving Tokyo for the south every ten minutes one will depart at precisely every six minutes and forty seconds. The usual Osaka rejoinder to Tokyo's needling is that Osaka is at least of manageable size, having a population of a modest three million; that it is every bit as commercial-minded as Tokyo (the traditional Osakan way of saying hello is "Are you making any money?"); and that it was an established metropolis—indeed, the capital of all Japan—before Tokyo even existed. If Osaka is still in existence five thousand years from now, someone here is expected to open up an Expo '70 time capsule (false teeth, golf balls, handcuffs—the usual) buried on the grounds of the city's historic castle, which dates back to 1583, though it has been several times destroyed and reconstructed. What is more, Osakans are conceded even in Tokyo to have Japan's finest cuisine. To this, Tokyo has been able to come up with no better retort than that Osakans eat themselves to death. But when the Tokyo people think in nationalistic terms, as they often do, they currently hand it to Osaka for having surprised them by actually bringing the fair into being. Throughout Japanese history, towns that have conducted successful annual trade fairs have subsequently added an "-ichi" to their names, and if in the years to come Osaka, by stretching a point, wants to

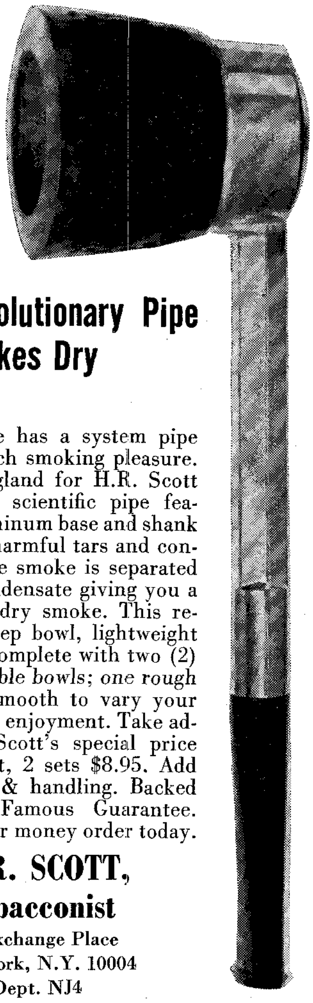


Hire the young. That's the business at hand. And local businessmen can help out this summer. Hire one of the thousands out of school, and especially without the advantage.

Take One. For him it's a summer well spent. For you, another job done. And next year he'll know a little more, help out a little more, spread the word a little more. One bright boy or girl. Their chance. And yours. This summer. Commit yourself. One job for one kid for one summer. Contact your local National Alliance of Businessmen.

JOBS

advertising contributed for the public good



The Revolutionary Pipe that Smokes Dry as a Nut!

Never before has a system pipe given so much smoking pleasure. Made in England for H.R. Scott this unique, scientific pipe features an aluminum base and shank that collect harmful tars and condensates. The smoke is separated from the condensate giving you a clean, cool, dry smoke. This remarkable, deep bowl, lightweight pipe comes complete with two (2) *interchangeable bowls; one rough* finish, one smooth to vary your pipe smoking enjoyment. Take advantage of Scott's special price $4.95 per set, 2 sets $8.95. Add 75¢ postage & handling. Backed by Scott's Famous Guarantee. Send check or money order today.

H. R. SCOTT,
Tobacconist
64 Exchange Place
New York, N.Y. 10004
Dept. NJ4

No.759
London's
Pride

Now, for the pipeman who seeks something extra, No. 759 joins the Balkan Sobranie range in America. 759 is an aristocratic mixture of red dappled Virginian and rarest Yenidje, with an extra measure of Mountain Blue Latakia. 759 is prepared in London by our third generation of craftsmen to bring you a perfect pipeful of pleasure.

Balkan Sobranie
No.759 Mixture

At quality tobacconists, 2 oz. can $1.25 (West Coast $1.30) or send $1.25 to U.S. Agent: James B. Russell Inc. (Dept. NY) 150 West 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

call itself Osaka-ichi, no one in Japan is likely to argue that it has not earned that right.

Whatever reservations some Tokyo residents may have about Osaka, it was nonetheless Tokyo's first citizen, the Emperor himself, who took the fast train down here and, on the morning of March 14th, honored the formal opening ceremonies with his still much revered presence. It was characteristic of the Japanese that the fair's officials arranged to have seated not far from him, in a spectators' section reserved for dignitaries, thirty-two relatives of seventeen laborers who were killed in accidents while Expo was under construction. The weather had not been auspicious. At two o'clock on the bitterly cold morning of the thirteenth, in the ancient temple city of Nara—an hour's drive from Osaka in a mundane sense but spiritually a thousand years removed—some Buddhist priests had gravely conducted their annual ritualistic *omizutori*, a fire festival that supposedly insures the advent of spring. Later that day, the priests' earnest incantations notwithstanding, it snowed at Expo. On the fourteenth—perhaps because of the Emperor, perhaps because of the priests—the sun finally came out. Everything perked up. The moving sidewalks began to move. The noodle-and-eel stalls hummed. The glum faces of the workmen who had been up all night attending to last-minute problems brightened. It was still unseasonably cold, though, and even Gernreich could not have begrudged the goosefleshed young women their scanty costumes as they marched onto the Festival Plaza carrying one country's flag after another. (As the parade of nations dragged on, one elderly Japanese said to a companion, "It's just like the Olympics all over again, but at least this year we won't have to sit through those pole-vaulters.") The Emperor was mercifully brief, confining his words of welcome to thirty seconds. Then, from the symbol zone's steel-pipe roof, the spectators were bombarded with confetti (it was perfumed; Expo is supposed to appeal to all the senses) and with messages that people the world over had been urged to compose for the great occasion. A battery of cannon arrayed at, of all incongruous spots, the United Nations pavilion, their muzzles pointed roughly at Kodak, let loose an inaugural salvo. Expo '70 was under way.

BEFORE Expo '70 opened, not a few members of the international-exposition set feared that it might

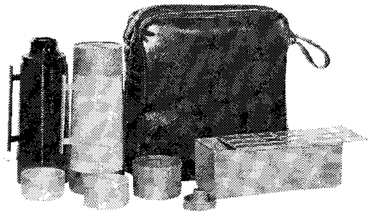
Think of us as somewhat between a European castle and an American hotel.

With 37 lush, tropical acres to play around on, you don't have to go very far to get away from it all. Yet everything you'd want or need is at your fingertips.

The Montagu Beach is a resort within a resort. Its entertainment, its sport, its elegance and its gaiety are no less famous than its exceptional staff which is dedicated to your pleasure and contentment.

See your travel agent or call international representatives Robert Reid Associates, Inc.

The Montagu Beach
Nassau, Bahamas
Somewhat between a European castle and an American hotel



COUNTRY WEAR and FINE GIFTS

THE GLOBETROTTER
Handsome Carrying Case with adjustable strap.
Containing two—one quart thermos, big enough for ice cubes, large box for sandwiches or snacks.
For him – For her – For them
$20.00
Handling $1.50
Also includes sales tax where applicable

G&T
GUN & TACKLE SHOPS
13214 Shaker Square, Cleveland, Ohio 44120
PEPPER PIKE • BELLTOWNE • GAMBIER • AVALON INN, WARREN, OHIO

Peter's BACKYARD

OPEN 7 DAYS
Charcoal Broiled
STEAKS • CHOPS
LOBSTER
Now open for lunch, Mon. - Fri.
Res. suggested: GR 3-2400

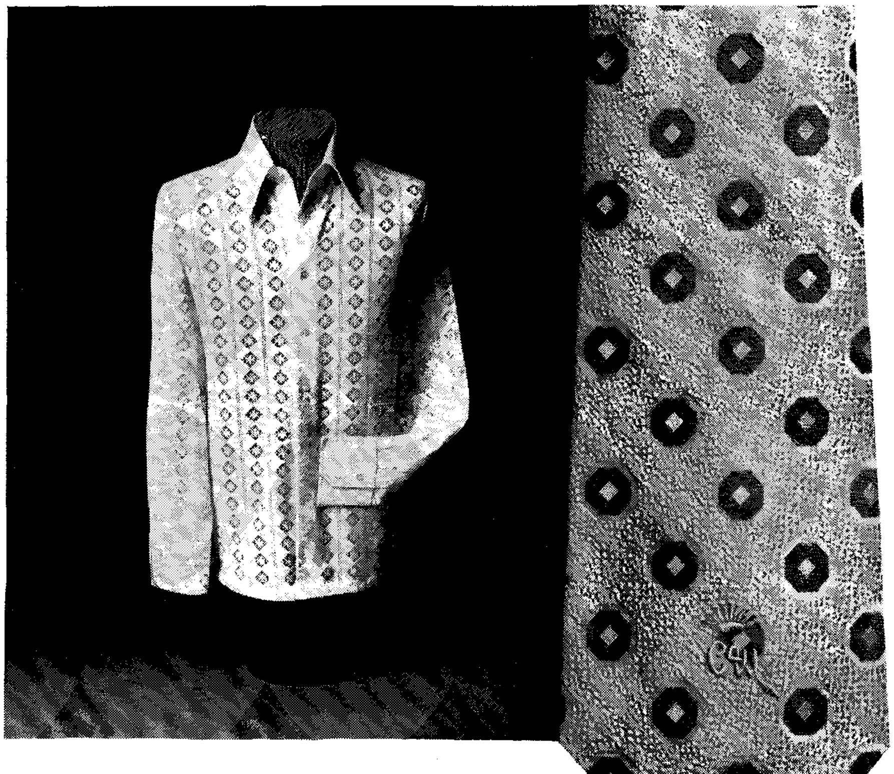
be overly commercial. Wasn't it the Japanese, after all, who had ornamented the approach to their national pavilion at the Montreal Expo with a late-model automobile raised on a pedestal? And what recent visitor to Tokyo hadn't gaped at the Komatsu Building, which is topped by a bulldozer with headlights that are switched on after dark? Even before the gates to Expo swung open, the novelist Yukio Mishima dismissed it as "a festival of merchants." Kenzo Tange himself was uncertain just how far the Japanese businessmen who would be assuming much of the cost of the fair would go in hawking their wares and trying to get a little something back. Thus, what the majority of the businessmen did do turned out to be an agreeable surprise. They got in their plugs, to be sure, but on the whole their pavilions are less commercial than those of quite a few participating nations. (Does Kuwait really have to thrust before us cans of heavy-duty oil?) Generally more conservative in their approach to the arts than American industrialists, the Japanese even hired some avant-garde architects and artists to design and decorate their pavilions. As a result, much of what is freshest and most engaging at Expo is to be found in these indigenous industrial pavilions. For the automobile industry's pavilion, for instance, Kobo Abe wrote a funny, biting film script on the frantic pace of modern life; called "The 240-Hour Day," it is about a scientist who inadvertently stumbles on a chemical that speeds everything up tenfold. In the Hitachi Group building, visitors are given a chance to simulate piloting an airplane, and, unless they are more adept at it than I was, to simulate crashing into the side of Mount Fuji. Mitsubishi offers a delightful trip by simulated bathysphere (you are just a passenger) through a futuristic underwater city. Nearly every building has its movie, usually a multiple-screen affair—nine seems to be the most favored number—with sound emanating from dozens, or even hundreds, of speakers beamed at the visitor from every conceivable angle, including the floor. Many of the films, perhaps by coincidence, were shot from planes or helicopters; the continent of Africa appears to have had a special appeal to many of the directors. Time and time again, attempts are made to raise the noise level even higher by eliciting squeals or gasps from an audience by means of scary sequences—a camera affixed to the front of a car careering along a

BERGDORF GOODMAN
THE MEN'S SHOP
COLOGNE 8 FL. OZ.

Bergdorf's Signature Fragrance For Men

A change, and a welcome one, for the man who's been the lemon-and-leather route. Sophisticated. Unpin-downable. With subtle continental flavor. 4 oz. cologne, **8.50.** 8 oz., **13.50.** The same scent as an After Shave formulated with the finest known elements to soothe, tone, lubricate the face, 4 oz., **$6,** 8 oz., **$9.** Please add 75¢ beyond our delivery area.

MEN'S SHOP, STREET FLOOR
BERGDORF GOODMAN
FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET



Countess Mara designs more than ties for "one man in a million."

Sportswear, for example, designed with the same flawless taste that distinguishes Countess Mara neckwear. And, like the ties, all CM designs bear that symbol of individuality, the nine-point coronet. Countess Mara, Inc., 110 East 57 Street, New York.

Countess Mara®

Christmas Cards and Gifts

The Museum's 100th anniversary catalogue of Christmas cards and presents – rare American blown glass, sculpture, ancient jewelry in gold and silver, and for the first time a selection of rings; books and prints, and the magnificent 1971 Engagement Calendar, "Flowers for All Seasons". ☆ New designs for the famous Museum cards include works by Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, El Greco, Bruegel, and Degas, medieval enamels, frescoes, della Robbias, and early American crewel embroidery. All cards and presents, except the books, are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue will be mailed about September 1.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N 2

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
____________ ZIP ________

Combine umpteen opulent furs with imaginative Danish design, and you've got the unbelievable furs of Birger Christensen. Pants suits! Trench coats! Maxi's! Classics too. Until you've seen them all at I. Magnin, you haven't lived.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

twisting mountain road, to cite just one of a host of hair-raising examples. In quite a few instances, the audiences do not exactly look at a film, or at a half-dozen films simultaneously projected; rather, they are surrounded by the movie—engulfed in it. An exception is the Iron and Steel Institute building, where the environmental swathing consists exclusively of lights and sounds that are controlled—as what at Expo is not?—by computers. Many of the constantly dimming and brightening lights, in rapidly changing colors, are behind and beneath the visitors' seats and project their bodies in silhouette, making them, as it were, the motion picture of that particular instant. The Textile Industries building is especially striking, both inside and out. Even the hostesses, according to its sponsors, are something special—"recruited from good, respectable families that are closely connected with various segments of the textile industry in Japan . . . all cheerful and elegant girls." This pavilion's roof has been designed to look unfinished, with George Segal-like metal figures perched on sculptured scaffolding. Inside, one is confronted first by ranks of seven-foot larger-than-life male figures in bowler hats and evening clothes. Their foreheads are linked by a network of red laser beams, and from their broad chests emerge recorded (and perplexing) messages, in various languages, informing all who pause to listen that the most pleasurable sounds are those that one assimilates not just through the head but also through the hands and feet and bones. Here, too, there is a movie—a film about women, shown in a high-domed chamber from whose curved walls protrude large dismembered parts of female bodies. These arms and legs and breasts do double duty as sculpture and as movie screens. There are said to be fifteen hundred motion pictures somewhere or other on the Expo site, and, considering that some of the national pavilions have dozens of them, that may not be an exaggeration. From the evidence of a few of the dozens, one can conclude that if their producers had any common aspiration it was to depict the fragmentation of contemporary life.

AMONG the foreign nations on the Osaka scene, the United States and the Soviet Union have once more ended up in the roles of rival giants, and neither has changed its essential style since the performance at Montreal in 1967. Once again, the Russians have spent more money—roughly

A great place to forget.

Forget bumper-to-bumper highways and shoulder-to-shoulder crowds. Forget stuffy people.

Remember La Concha in San Juan.

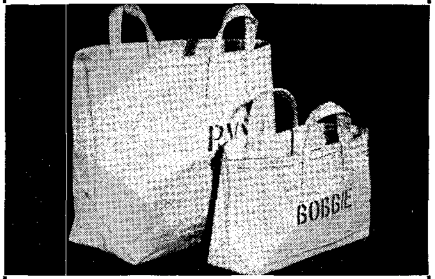
With a frozen daiquiri by the pool. Or a long quiet walk down a warm white beach. With magnificent dinners. And Spanish guitars. And soft words on terraces above the Atlantic.

La Concha. The unforgettable Caribbean adventure. Dressed up like a luxury hotel.

See your travel agent or write:
Hotel La Concha, Sales & Reservations
551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

La Concha
Hotel, Beach & Cabana Club
San Juan, Puerto Rico
An Associated Federal Hotel.
Cecil Mills, Chairman of the Board

CANTON CARRY-ALLS



Large Size - 24" x 8" x 14" Perfect for ski trips. Holds gear, clothes, bottles, last-minute loads.
Small Size - 12" x 6" x 9" - Student's favorite. Carry notebooks, lunch, or what not.

BOTH made of #6 white canvas. Tough, washable. Stand alone—fold flat.

Unmarked: Large $6.00* Small $5.00*
Marked with initials or name up to 6 letters:
Large $7.00* Small $6.00*

If more than 6 letters add 20¢ per extra letter. Specify Red or Blue letters.

**Postage & Handling: 50¢ per bag East, 75¢ per bag West of Mississippi. (Actual postage billed on 3 or more to one address.)*

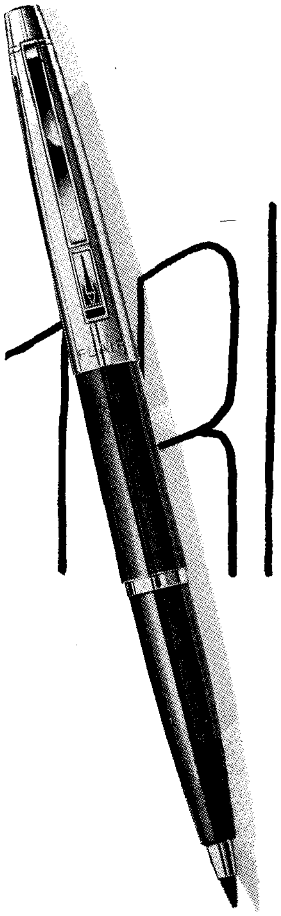
CANTON CARRY-ALLS
CANTON, CONNECTICUT—06019 203 693-8551

On picturesque Arnold Trail. Exciting North Woods meets man-made luxury in congenial, informal atmosphere. 30 comfortable rooms, with bath, in main lodge and motel. Swimming pool, golf, all resort activities. Excellent food, cocktails. 1750-ft. private airstrip. **Write E. R. Landgraf, Moose River, Maine (2 mi. N. of Jackman)**

Sky Lodge and motel
telephone
AC 207
668-2171
"Luxury In The Rough" AAA

twenty million dollars, to our ten million. Once again, the Russians have produced architecture notable for its heft—this time they have constructed Expo's tallest pavilion, shaped like a hammer and sickle—whereas the United States has again gone in for architectural innovation. At Montreal, it was Buckminster Fuller's silver geodesic dome; here it is a five-man team's much touted Fiberglas roof—two hundred and seventy-four feet by four hundred and sixty-five—that is supported by air pressure. Along with the inflated sheathing of the Fuji Group pavilion, which looks like a covered-wagon canopy made of sausage links, the American roof—which tests have established as typhoon-proof, earthquake-proof, and, in case Japanese activists get any ideas, slashproof and bulletproof—may turn out to be one of the few architectural innovations here with significant implications for the future. When it comes to exhibits, the Russians, as is their wont at expositions, have all but smothered their visitors. This year marks the hundredth anniversary of Lenin's birth, and he is all over the Soviet pavilion; one can buy his collected works in Japanese and, on the house, examine his high-school diploma. The Russians have taken uncommon pains to personalize some of their cultural heroes. Here we come upon Tchaikovsky's piano (an 1879 Bechstein, quite playable); there are Tolstoy's briefcase, Dostoevsky's spectacles, Chekhov's magnifying glass, Gorky's cane. We are informed that the Soviet Union publishes one-fourth of all the books on earth and has one-fourth of the doctors, and the medical section gets off to a lively start with a photograph of a well-preserved man of a hundred and sixty-five who has a hundred and ninety-five children. The glazed-eyed visitor moves along to a replica of a typical rural farmstead—separate dining room, separate kitchen, and a TV set in the living room. One asks a guide if there is television reception all across the broad steppes, and he says, offended, "Naturally, naturally." Stopping before an oil painting of the modern Soviet school, one reflects that the Russians have a cosmonaut who looks like President Nixon. At one end of the vast reaches of the Russian pavilion are a bar, a cafeteria, and a restaurant, at any one of which fresh caviar is available at four dollars a moderate serving. It may exemplify the new Japanese affluence that the couple at the table next to mine left half their caviar on their plates.

Some Americans here have com-



TRIUMPH

The Executive FLAIR!

Victory through Flair power! The Flair Executive is the pen that writes it like you really mean it. Bold. Subtle. Tough. Gentle. In this executive edition, Flair's smooth nylon point and rich, vivid ink are handsomely encased in very business-like colors Flannel Gray, Money Green, etc. The Executive Flair. **Only $1.95. Refillable.**

You can make a profit in Oklahoma.

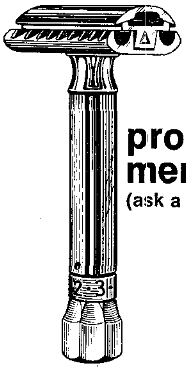
We have seventeen new studies to show you how.

For information, call or write
Jay C. Casey, Industrial Division.

Oklahoma!
...certified profit climate

OKLAHOMA INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PARK DEPARTMENT
500 Will Rogers Building, Suite 5002 • (405) 521-2401 • Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

DIDN'T WE MEET IN ACAPULCO?
AT las brisas (OF COURSE)



progress merkur
(ask a European!)

This superb, technically perfect solid brass Safety Razor is the finest shaving instrument in the world. The Micro-Dial mechanism, the heart of this remarkable new razor, adjusts to just the right shave for your beard. Accepts standard double-edge blades which remain rigidly in place and in perfect alignment. The sculptured stem is meticulously balanced for a Lifetime of flawless shaving. A splendid, functional razor... favourite of professional men here and abroad. **Progress Merkur is guaranteed the best razor you've ever owned, or your money back!**

#500 Chrome Veneer	$6.00	2 for $11.50
#510 Silver Veneer	$6.95	2 for $13.50
#520 Gold Veneer	$8.50	2 for $16.00

please add 35¢ post per order.

Name
Address
Zip
style quant. check encl. ☐
chg. Diners acc't

J.D. BROWNE 900 North Point
(Ghirardelli Square) San Francisco, California 94109

plained that their pavilion, in notable contrast to the Russians', is unprepossessing from the outside—resembling, from certain points, a quilt stretched over the ground. In its indifference to a splashy façade, however, the pavilion conforms to an old Japanese practice; some of the loveliest homes in this country are concealed behind drab walls that convey no hint of what is inside. What the United States pavilion has inside is an exhibition called "Images of America." It is divided into seven sections: photography, painting, sports, space activities, folk art, new art, and architecture. If there seems to be a preponderance of graphics, the explanation is simple: three of the five men responsible for the pavilion and its contents are graphic designers. The images of America that come across are about what one would expect under the present Administration: a clean-cut America, little racked by dissent, reverent toward its past, revelling in its lunar landings, devoted to baseball, and dividing its alimentary patronage among three establishments that can be found down the block a ways (the American pavilion itself has no eating facilities)—Howard Johnson's, Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken, and Coca-Cola. The entire United States exhibit is deliberately low-key, and it largely skips such areas as technology, business, and finance. But the show is attractively and effectively put together, and what emerges is a breezy, insouciant, cultivated, skillful, tremendously self-assured America that one would like to get to know better. The Japanese apparently would have been satisfied if the big building had contained nothing more than the hunk of moon rock that to date has been Expo's main lodestone—so overpowering an attraction that to keep traffic moving past it in a more or less orderly fashion has required the services of special police equipped with bullhorns and walkie-talkies. Half the Japanese who shuffle by this two-pound travel memento scarcely seem to glance at it, even though, like as not, they have stood in line for a couple of hours waiting for this moment; what apparently matters to them is to be able to say when they get home that they have enjoyed this unique, lunatic experience.

The only foreign pavilion that the Emperor inspected during his brief visit to Expo was Canada's. He made a wise choice; it is one of the most attractive and diverting of them all. It was, moreover, an eminently suitable gesture, inasmuch as the host countries

Sheraton in D.C. redefines deluxe.

No wonder the Sheraton-Carlton is the favored hotel of discriminating visitors to the nation's capital! Convenient to everything, renowned for its elegance, unique for its superb services. For example, a terry cloth robe for after your bath; a Washington Post at your door; butler service on request; a staff that worries about your comfort more than you do. Next time you're in Washington, see how delightful deluxe can be the Sheraton way. Singles from $20, doubles from $25, two-room suites from $55. Family plan.

For reservations, call free anytime—
800-325-3535

Sheraton-Carlton Hotel
923 16TH STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

the golfer's wastebasket

From the world's largest manufacturer of golf bags comes this scaled-down 19″ model vinyl wastebasket with magazine pocket. Called the Den Caddy, it has a 9″ diameter removable receptacle. Green, black or tan. $31.50 ppd.

CASUAL LIVING, Stony Hill, Bethel, Ct. 06801

Luxury on a Mediterranean isle in the Ozarks.
Red Apple Inn
Eden Isle, Arkansas 72543
Area 501 375-6161

of the two most recent world's fairs have by now achieved a close and special relationship, like that of two boys who share a pup tent at a summer camp. Canada has an enormous stake in Expo '70. Counting the pavilions of Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia (this last, shaped like a tall tree, boasts inside it a movie screen a hundred feet high, on which hundred-foot trees can be, and are, projected), Canada has invested twenty-one million dollars in the Osaka fair—even more than the Soviet Union. Long before Expo '70 was more than an idea, Canadians began promoting it by means of a psychedelically painted school bus that travelled around both Canada and Japan. During the opening-day ceremonies here, six Canadians performed a traditional Japanese lion dance, and a hundred and eighty Canadian schoolchildren helped carry in some flower-decked portable shrines called *omikoshi.* Seventy-five thousand Canadians are expected to visit Expo '70 before it closes. At the Wacoal-Riccar pavilion, a pleasant sanctuary dedicated to love, a marriage is being performed every Saturday and Sunday. To all the matchmakers hereabouts, it seemed fitting that the first couple to be wed there was Japanese, and the second Canadian.

Because of the distances involved, it is not surprising that some Western nations are absent. Spain and Yugoslavia didn't make the party. Bulgaria did, and rather nicely. Israel accepted, but changed her mind—trouble at home. Britain and France are here, the former indomitably urging fair play for all, the latter with a strobe-lighted roof and a *carte du vin* offering Château Mouton Rothschild '65 at thirty dollars a bottle. Greece has brought along some "authentic copies" of art works from the collection of the General Cement Company, in Athens, and Cuba, apparently having been tipped off by a scout that multiple pictorial images were the thing this year, has a half-dozen still photographs of Che Guevara in one spot. The Czechs, who were the stars of Montreal, are back, in somewhat muted fashion, and in the forty-one-acre amusement section of the fairgrounds, called Expoland, they have a theatre for their inimitable Laterna Magika, the blend of stage and screen entertainment with which they have been regaling fair audiences practically forever. It was easier for some of the Asian nations to get here, and a good many of them have turned up. By far the largest Asian pavilion, of course—the largest of any kind—is

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

KEEP YOUR COOL IN
OUR BREEZY VOILE

Our exclusive "Sutton East" dress shirt is the way to go for summer comfort . . . making all the right fashion points in fine cotton voile. In maize, red, medium blue, tan, chocolate or cream, $10. Men's Store, Street Floor and all stores.

3rd Avenue at 59th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 · EL 5-5900

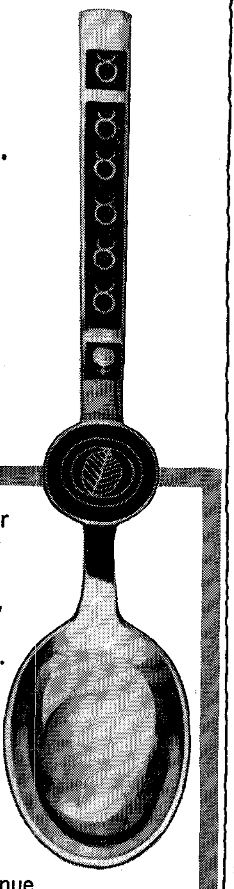
Treat your feet white

Our new squared toe slipon overcomes summer complaints . . . promotes warm weather fun. Light . . . flexible . . . cool . . . comfortable. Very dashing and debonair. Buy now, so that you can enjoy them longer.

GREAT DAY
Sparkling white shrunken calf.
About $42.

Write for our new Style Folder #N 70-7 and the name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have . . . a good man to know.

Nettleton
A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13203



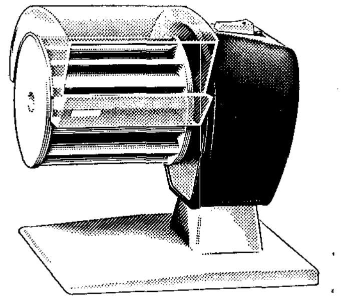
—spoon
of the
month...

One spoon for
every month
of the year.
Shown: May.

These sterling silver
spoons, beautifully
enameled with the
signs of the Zodiac,
were designed by
Paul Rene Gauguin.
6" long, $22 each.

DANISH SILVERSMITHS INC.

573 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022



Cool Customer!

Don't let muggy heat and stale air shorten your temper, lower your efficiency, slow your brainwaves. Our PERSONAL FAN will direct a steady stream of cooling air right where you want it, keeping you friendly, comfortable and sharp...without mussing a hair or disturbing a single paper on your desk. Cleanly-styled ivory/blue body makes it a handsome accessory for home or office. 2,500 rpm turbine, fully protected. 110v. 5x5x2". Why swelter? Be a "cool customer" and order yours now.

☐ Send me the PERSONAL FAN. I encl. $15.95 ($14.95 plus $1 post. & ins.) One year guarantee. Return in 10 days if not delighted. (Calif. resid. add 5% tax.)

NAME____________________

ADDRESS__________________

________________ZIP______

584 Washington St.
San Francisco, 94111
(415) 981-5688
haverhill's
NY0606

that of Japan itself, a five-part structure, each part symbolizing a petal of the cherry blossom, which is itself the symbol of the entire fair. Japan takes its visitors—most of them thoroughly fascinated Japanese—from the country's origins far into its future (certain untidy events omitted, conceivably for lack of space), and it is all computerized and dazzling and dizzying. The day I stopped by, there was one encouraging sign that the future may not be entirely mechanical and devoid of humanness. Something went wrong in a projection booth, and one-ninth of a nine-part movie screen stayed dark. A hostess who a moment earlier had given a memorized speech about what we were going to see was thrown on her own resources, alternately shouting at a man in the projection booth—who couldn't hear her well, because they hadn't been wired for communication—and collapsing into delightful giggles as she apologized to the audience for the unexpected turn of events. The audience wasn't upset; indeed, it seemed rather pleased at this revelation that in the years ahead something might not work as impeccably as the technicians who devised it insisted it had to. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

ASK THE TEACHER

DON'T BE CARELISS

Q. What makes a good speller? Why can one child learn to spell with almost no difficulty while another has no spelling sense at all? My son, for instance. He has no trouble with his reading but is illiterate as far as his spelling is concerned. It isn't necessarily tied into intelligence, is it?

After all, morons spell quite well sometimes, don't they?

By the way, the oddest part of this situation is that he can spell the strangest words correctly, such as "Mississippi," "pheumonia," etc., but the simple everyday words floor him.—Mrs. T. H. —*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

You mean words like "kold"?

•

Elemental forces are summoned. Sublime images are cast up. Great whooshes of drum-roll surge up like boiling seas to expire in a froth of cymbals. The wood-cracking cack of stick on snare flashes the image of trees snapped off like matchsticks. The vertiginous whirl of rhythms and counter-rhythms spins the ear like a pinwheel so that floor and ceiling seem to revolve. Hurling rhythmically head over heels, the listener lands asprawl his primate dignity.—*Albert Goldman in the Times.*

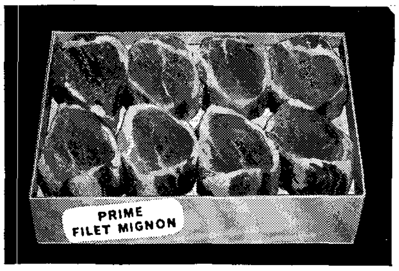
Get up, Albert, and dust yourself off.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the
great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Telephone (202) 483-6400
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, President



not for sale
(in any market, that is)

These primest of filet mignon are not sold in any market. Yet, you've probably enjoyed them in luxury restaurants. They're Prime Pfaelzer steaks—tender, flavorful, aged. Enjoy them at home, or have them sent as gifts with personalized card. Quick-frozen, packed in dry ice for guaranteed perfect arrival.

Box of 16—
6 oz. each, 1¼" thick. #30405 $37
Now Available in Canada Shipped Prepaid
Write for free catalog listing more than 200 gift items

pfaelzer BROTHERS
(pronounced FELZER)
Dept. YG-O • Chicago, Ill. 60632 • YARDS 7-7100
© P.B. 1968

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings...blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

THE RACE TRACK

Belmont in the Rain

BELMONT PARK was hardly Beautiful Belmont for the opening of its meeting last week. The weather was the dampest and most dispiriting it has been for the occasion in years. A cold drizzle slanted into the grandstand, driving the twenty-three thousand or so of the faithful into huddles for shelter. A heavy fog hung over the racecourse, and the horses galloping through the gloom all looked gray, even through the best glasses. It was a perfect afternoon, though, for the makers of raincoats and umbrellas, and not a bad one for the lads and lasses who bet on Cordero. He rode four winners.

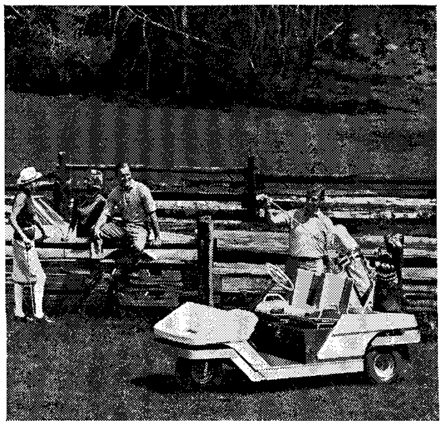
Several days later, the rain ended, the sun shone, and Belmont bloomed. Under the direction of Jack Dreyfus, Jr., the new head of the New York Racing Association, changes have been made—especially in the paddock area, with the grandstand patrons in mind. This section, which covers more than an acre behind the stand, has been attractively landscaped, and a new snack bar has been installed, with lots of tables and chairs. It's a fine place for picnicking. What I like particularly is that the brick wall in back of the saddling shed has been taken down, so that more people can see the horses being made ready for a race. This is all to the good for the horses, too; with the stalls open at both ends, they'll be cooler on the hot days to come as the meeting continues through June.

ONCE upon a time, the Metropolitan Mile was run on the opening day at Belmont, and it was quite an occasion. Then, for thirty years after that, the Toboggan Handicap was the main event on the opening-day card. Last week, it was the Edgemere Handicap, at a mile and three-eighths, over the turf course. There were ten runners, and the winner turned up in Round Table's daughter Drumtop, who won the Columbiana Handicap at Hialeah last winter. Carrying 121 pounds—the same weight as Hitchcock, the German-bred horse who was the favorite—and giving chunks of weight to everybody else, Drumtop left the gate slowly and got into close quarters on the upper turn, but Cordero, handling her with confidence and good judgment, steered her into the clear, and she won going away by more than a length from Tradesman. Chompion was third. It was Cordero's fourth score in a row. Earlier on, he'd won by six lengths on Ball Park, who paid $27.20; by a neck on Tumble Lark, who paid $14.80; and by three lengths on Son of the Wind, who paid $10.60. By then, he'd acquired quite a following, as jockeys in a winning streak always do. Otherwise, Drumtop would have paid more than $17.60.

THE Belmont Stakes, the last, the oldest, and the most important of the spring classics, will have its hundred-and-second running at Belmont Park this weekend. No doubt Personality will be the favorite. He took a long step in that direction in the Jersey Derby, at a mile and a furlong, at Garden State Park last Saturday, beating Corn Off the Cob by more than a length, with Silent Screen third. High Echelon, Personality's stablemate, was a fast-running fourth. It was a perfect workout for the coming mile and a half of the Belmont—the supreme test for three-year-olds. Elliott Burch used the same conditioning tactic with Arts and Letters last year and with Sword Dancer in 1959, and he won the Belmont both times; however, he ran his charges in the Metropolitan, which is an eighth of a mile shorter than the Jersey Derby. Arts and Letters beat Nodouble in the Metropolitan, and went on to an easy victory over Majestic Prince in the Belmont. (Nodouble, the old Arkansas Traveller, came back to Belmont last Saturday and won the Metropolitan by a head in a thrilling finish with Reviewer. Dewan was third.) To get back to Personality, Belmonte handled him with confidence, keeping him off the early pace and making his move three furlongs from home. The time was 1:48⅕—a fifth of a second off the record for the race—and observers agree that if Personality had been pressed he could have run much faster.

As for the other Belmont starters, the only ones you could make out a case for, if you ask me, are My Dad George and Corn Off the Cob. In a pinch, you could add Delaware Chief.

—AUDAX MINOR



for fun...

and games

The Cushman Golf Car, your faithful ally on the golf courses of the world. Quiet, comfortable, dependable, fun to drive in pursuit of the great game. *But,* it can be your friend *off* the course as well!

After all, what other machine will take you just about anywhere so quietly, so comfortably, so beautifully, even if not too quickly. (Top speed is just 12 mph.)

Think of it. Your very own Cushman!

Your very own adjustable sports car style bucket seats! Your very own automotive steering, adjustable bag racks, huge carpeted ball and drink compartment, and everything! Take your choice of either three wheels or four. Take your choice of gasoline power or quiet electric—just plug it in like an electric toothbrush.

It's one of those rare things you can own and use and then sell when you want to—resale value is extremely high on a Cushman.

If you want to know more, all you have to do is ask; to make it even easier, we present our coupon. Fill it in quickly and mail it to us. We'll send you our full-color literature and the name of our nearest dealer.

Think of it. Your very own Cushman coupon! Use it today!

Cushman Motors, 1008 N. 21st Street,
Lincoln, Nebraska 68501

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________ Zip______

CUSHMAN MOTORS

Lincoln, Nebraska

A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation

AROUND CITY HALL

EVEN in the days when dissenters from Administration war policies were allowed to march in sizable numbers past the White House, acres of lawn and a cast-iron fence separated the demonstrators from those inside, who were thus able to go about their business under the illusion that there was nobody much out there. The sights and sounds of dissent have come far closer to New York's City Hall recently, during the frequent rampages by construction workers over an area stretching two or three blocks on either side of Broadway from Wall Street north to Chambers Street. Unlike the occupants of the White House, the people at City Hall have known that someone was out there. Like the White House, City Hall stands in the center of a park, but the park in this case is a small one. Except for one bad day, the demonstrators have been kept away from the paved area in front of the building's main steps. Its side windows, however, are quite close to the adjacent streets, which at midday lately have often resembled union shape-up centers. From John Lindsay's office, in the west wing, and, indeed, from nearly every point in the building, those inside have been able to hear all too plainly the paraders' shouts of "U.S.A. All the Way!" and "Impeach Lindsay—He Spits on the Flag!" and "Send Lindsay Back to Moscow!" Through the tall, arched windows, they could see, above the angry faces of the workers, the gleam of metal helmets, a sea of American flags, and hand-drawn signs bearing such messages as "This Noose Is Reserved for the Red Mayor" and "Lindsay Is a Faggot!"

The leader of a black construction workers' association has attributed the white workers' intense hostility toward Lindsay to the Mayor's willingness to enforce federal provisions governing the percentage of blacks on construction jobs. But even today not every plot line is racial. Lindsay had ample additional credentials to establish him as political anathema among the flailing men in hard hats and the other devout defenders of the Nixon Administration in the current national crisis. The Mayor's steady opposition to the Vietnam war, for example, dates back to April, 1965. His term for the Cambodian venture was "absolute disaster." And his continuing defense of students' right to peaceful protest has made him one of the few national heroes of the young, whose political embrace has until very lately been considered virtually fatal in conservative circles. Most welcome of all to those eager to brand him "Lindsay, the Man for All Treasons" (as another frantically waving sign put it during the recent demonstrations) was his comment during the question period after a speech early last month at the University of Pennsylvania. When Lindsay was asked what he thought of Americans who resisted induction into the armed services, he said that in his opinion those who, without resorting to violence, declined to fight in a war they did not believe in and willingly took the legal consequences were "truly heroic." Though the Mayor has since pointed out that he is himself a veteran of two and a half years' service in the Second World War, that he does not now advocate resisting conscription, and that he had not said that young men who do so are the *only* "truly heroic" young Americans, his political enemies, already gleefully lettering signs to read "Impeach Lindsay—the Patron Saint of Draft Dodgers!," were not interested in any further explanation.

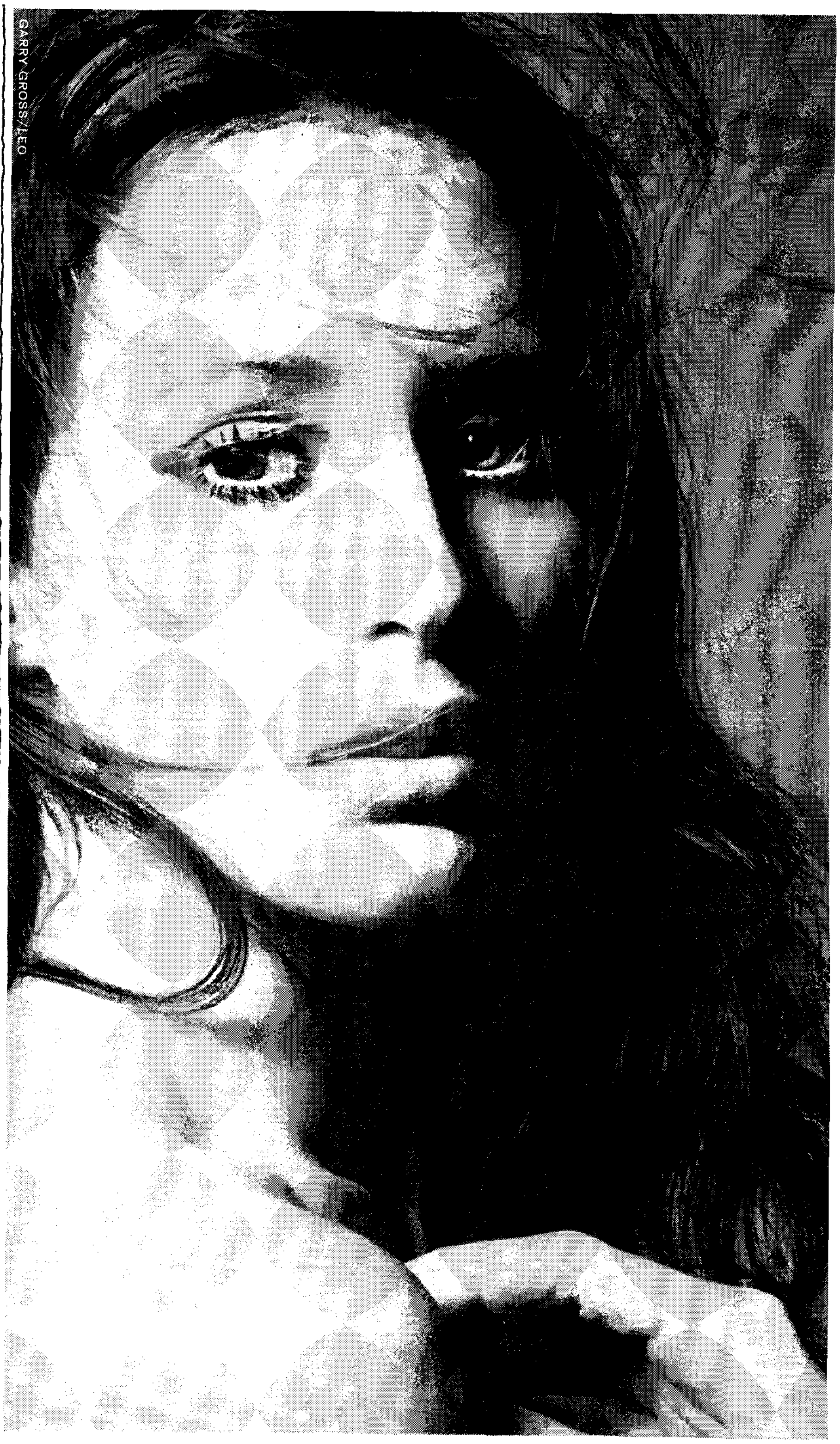
Speaking to a delegation of more than a thousand local lawyers who set out for Washington late in May to declare their opposition to the enlarged war, Lindsay said that the fighting, especially in its new phase, had "done what no enemy has been able to do in a hundred years: it has turned the nation into a battlefield." The Mayor no doubt had in mind, among other savage confrontations, the day now known around City Hall as Bloody Friday, when the workers at nearby construction sites first decided that they had had enough of the "Stop the Killing!" and "End the War Now!" signs that were flourishing in the area. Late that morning, as on other mornings that week, there had been several rather straggly student marches to protest the Cambodian invasion and the Kent State University tragedy of a few days before. Whatever violence student protesters have committed recently in other cities, or in this city in other weeks, these particular demonstrators were almost entirely peaceful; bystanders who disagreed with them were certainly in no physical danger. But by the time the men in hard hats ended their punitive counterattack that afternoon, some sixty people—not only the detested long-haired students but young lawyers and brokers and office workers who, passing by on their lunch hour, had rashly lifted their fingers in the peace sign—

were being treated in hospitals. Perhaps fifty others had had bloody heads and bruises cared for during the afternoon at an impromptu infirmary set up in Trinity Church, ten blocks south of City Hall. Some of the television scenes showing three or four burly men punching and kicking a student who was already down reminded viewers of Chicago in August, 1968, except that in this city the police weren't wielding the clubs. Instead, they either were nowhere in sight or, on occasion, seemed to be simply standing by, ignoring the brutal attacks on groups for which they, too, have little natural sympathy. The fact that police on crowd detail also wear hard hats increased the impression, no doubt unfairly, that they were part of an alliance against those citizens whose only cranial protection was unsuitably long hair.

"These people think they're representing the President. I hope to God they're wrong," Mary Lindsay, the Mayor's wife, said of the construction workers the next morning. David Mixner, a young leader of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee who is the son of a Cleveland teamster, later mentioned on Lindsay's weekly television program that it was important not to implicate labor as a whole in the attacks by a few vicious militants. The hard hats, he said, should be regarded as the Weathermen of the labor movement—an analogy that might have won him a broken jaw in other company.

A WEEK after the attack, Lindsay went to Detroit to attend the funeral of Walter Reuther. Its most moving moment was the singing of the old ballad about the I.W.W. organizer and martyr Joe Hill ("Says I, 'But, Joe, you're ten years dead.' 'I never died,' says he"). The Mayor then returned to New York to see if City Hall remained under siege by certain of Joe Hill's heirs and beneficiaries. No one knows how the Mayor would have fared if he had been accessible on Bloody Friday. Lindsay, who walked through the streets of Harlem the night Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was assassinated, has not at any point ventured out among the hard hats to try to reason with them, and few observers who have seen both crowds seem ready to fault his judgment.

It seems unlikely that even if Lindsay had tried a colloquy with the construction workers, there could have been any substantial reconciliation. The Mayor spoke several times during the next week of the real grievances of these workers and of men like



If you're hopelessly romantic and don't even want to change... shouldn't your perfume be Je Reviens?

PARFUMS WORTH PARIS

JE REVIENS

PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP POWDER, ALL MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE FROM $50 TO $5.00. FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER, WRITE TO:WORTH DEPT.NY,5 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

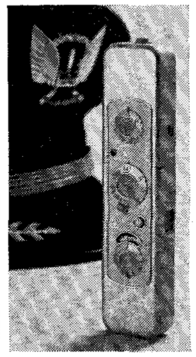
Caribbean Surprise

If you could sip cognac from a tulip, St. Maarten would be the place to do it. Half Dutch and half French, this island is a tropical surprise in the Caribbean, and Little Bay Beach Hotel is right on the most beautiful beach. Every room is air-conditioned and overlooks the water. You’re within walking distance of Philipsburg and its freeport shopping. You have a choice of beach or pool, calypso or steel bands. Everything’s here including Dutch hospitality. Just a little bit different.

LITTLE BAY BEACH HOTEL
St. Maarten’s Hotel of Distinction
See your travel agent or contact:
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.,
International Representatives
1270 Avenue of the Americas,
New York 10020, Tel. (212) 757-2444
Offices in Miami, Chicago, Toronto,
London, England

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities
IN THE HEART OF B’WAY AND THEATRE DISTRICT
200 W. 44 ST. • 524-4707
- IMPERIAL, 935 LEX. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930

FLUSHING • SUNNYSIDE
QUEENS (ELMHURST)



World’s first 4 oz. computer camera!
You just aim—and snap. Each shot electronically timed for superb picture quality—sparkling prints or color slides. Instant drop-in 36-shot cartridge. Gift yourself! Get the picture? At fine camera stores.
MINOX® C
The new electronic camera you never leave at home.
MINOX CORPORATION
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.

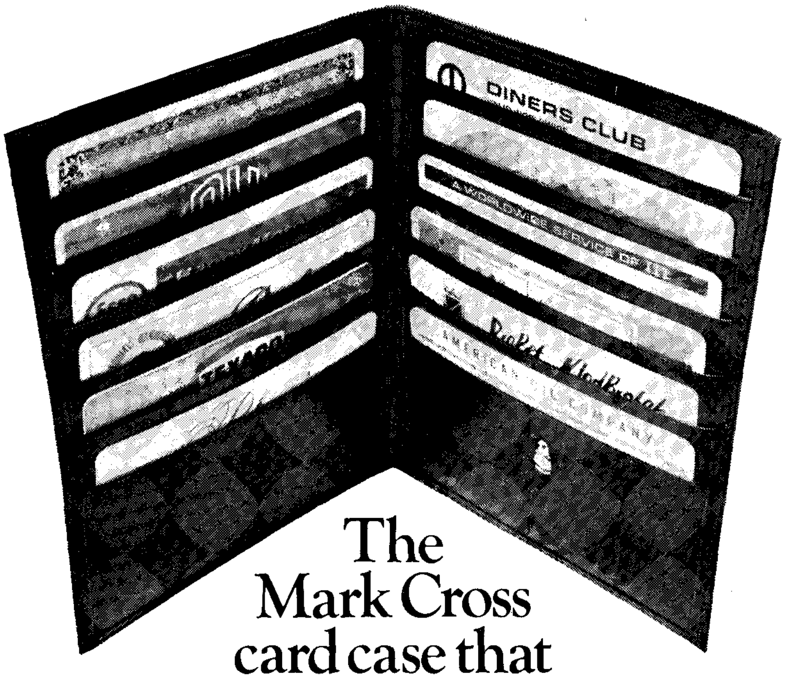
them. Their paychecks are fatter and yet their money buys less, he pointed out. Many of them are children of the Depression, and remember the desperation of those days. They do not relate their present economic problems to the war. Noisy young student critics, the Mayor said, should try to understand that the construction workers are puzzled and badly worried men. The hard hats, however, have no interest in being psychoanalyzed by the Mayor. What they want from him and his student admirers is something that probably neither can give them. What the construction workers and men like them seem to demand is unswerving, constantly demonstrated reverence for the American flag. None of the students who recently got slugged near City Hall were engaged in any flag-abusing activity, but somebody had to pay for what had gone on elsewhere. It was time, said Peter J. Brennan, the president of the Building and Construction Trades Council of Greater New York, that “somebody stood up against those who are violent and disrespectful to the United States flag.” On Channel 2 a few nights later, a construction worker, close to tears, explained what the flag symbolized for him—his country, his home, his wife, his children. “And if my own son was to desecrate the flag, I’d kill him,” he said.

The events of Bloody Friday were undoubtedly made worse by Lindsay’s decision to fly the City Hall flag at half-staff in tribute to the four students who were killed at Kent State. Considering this a form of desecration because it implied some criticism of the National Guard, the hard hats massed at police barricades on Broadway and set up a chant demanding that the flag be raised to the top of the staff. A mailman who was delivering mail inside the building obligingly raced to the roof and hauled up the flag, but a few minutes later one of Lindsay’s young assistants lowered it again. When the construction workers saw what had happened, they surged over the police barricades and up the City Hall steps. The guards held them outside the main doors, but a four-man delegation that was allowed inside to work out a solution to the dilemma insisted that the workers were now in such a state that the four leaders couldn’t be held responsible for what might happen next. At this point, word came from Deputy Mayor Richard Aurelio, who had talked with police on the spot and then with Lindsay at Gracie Mansion. The Mayor, apparently not worried that New York would immediately be regarded as a second-rate municipal power if he decided not to risk the possibility of bloodshed in the City Hall rotunda, had ordered the flag raised again and at the same time had issued a statement expressing deep regret that “the memory of the four students killed at Kent State has not been universally respected.” The construction workers then swarmed out into the surrounding streets in search of flag-burning types, and some of them resumed their assaults in the streets. A few days later, some of them were ready to make the display of the flag compulsory. Having discovered that no flag was flying over the building that houses the *Wall Street Journal*, they announced that one “had better be there” the next day. The owners of the building, of which the *Journal* is only a tenant, coöperated, but the majority of the paper’s local news staff then signed a petition accusing the building’s management of bowing to intimidation. “Yielding to a group that invades our offices and threatens us with physical violence sets a dangerous precedent, since at some future date the construction workers could well be demanding that our articles and editorials conform to their views,” the petition said. The flag above the *Journal* offices remains in place.

Lindsay’s charge that the “most appalling” circumstance about Bloody Friday was “that the people of this city witnessed a breakdown of the police as the barrier between them and wanton violence” and his announcement of an investigation into this “failure of police performance” made his already uneasy relations with the police department considerably worse. In the days that followed, however, the number of policemen on duty in the financial area was increased, and the police worked efficiently to keep roving hard hats from inflicting further serious injuries, although they couldn’t prevent an occasional bloody nose for bystanders who gave the peace sign. The Mayor issued almost daily statements praising the department’s “professionalism,” and the provision of four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in overtime payments in the week and a half after Bloody Friday also presumably proved consoling. A week and a half later, the Mayor further improved his standing with the police by swearing in an additional fifty-nine captains, an event for which the department had long been clamoring, despite the fact that the promotions would bring the captains' contingent to at least forty over strength. An additional hundred thousand dollars in annual salaries probably seems to Lindsay a small price to pay, since his day-to-day predicament at City Hall would be alarming indeed without police coöperation.

THE giant union rally held on Wednesday, May 20th, in support of the Nixon position on the war was organized by Brennan, the Building Trades Council president. He promised to make every effort to see that the display was peaceful, although his final verdict on Bloody Friday was that "perhaps a few ruffians opened the door to let the light in . . . violence opened the door to some sanity." Not only construction workers but longshoremen, leatherworkers, and members of a number of other unions swelled the ranks of the Wednesday marchers to perhaps a hundred thousand. Many of them had been bused in from as far as a hundred miles away. ("I understand that there's not a wheel turning in Peekskill or Poughkeepsie, either," one elderly crane operator boasted.) Not all wore hard hats. Among the marchers were a handful of Mohawk Indians, members of the ironworkers' union, who executed a tribal dance next to the speakers' platform. When one of them was asked if it was a war dance, he said, "Well, it ain't a polka." A number of the signs that the workers flaunted as the Indians danced supported not the Nixon withdrawal program but "No More Munichs—All the Way to Victory," and Nixon himself was hailed far less often than Vice-President Agnew ("Sock It to 'Em, Spiro!" and "Spiro Is Our Hero"). The name that came in for the most savage attention, again, was that of Lindsay. Many of the sentiments were scatological or were on the order of "Get Rid of Lindsay and All the Other Queers." The favorite idea, however, seems to have been the one expressed in a sign that said, "Bury the Red Mayor." At one point in the proceedings, while Mario Procaccino, Lindsay's Democratic rival in the 1969 mayoralty race, watched from the speakers' platform, a four-foot effigy of the Mayor was hanged from a lamppost and burned to the accompaniment of the "Funeral March." The tunes most often played during the rest of the rally were "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and "You're a Grand Old Flag!"

The evening after the rally, President Nixon, who seems to have been troubled with insomnia recently, put in



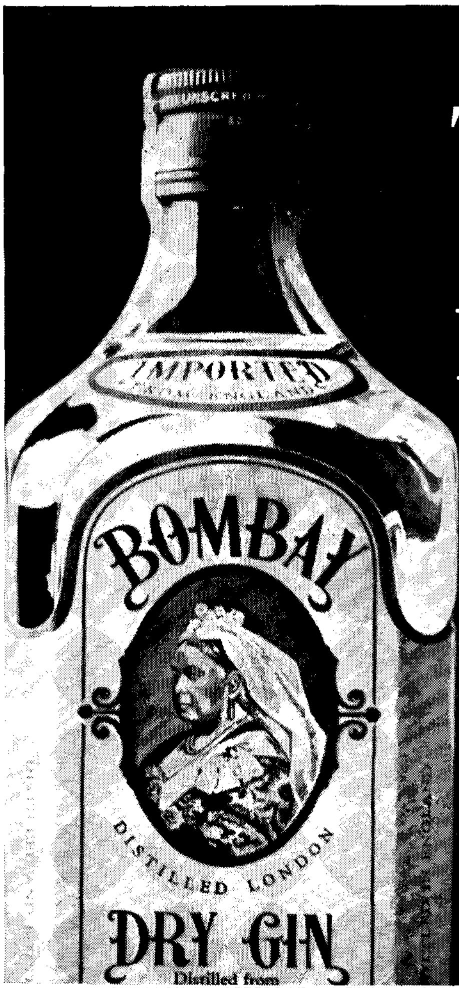
The Mark Cross card case that thinks it's a wallet. $22

Comes in buttery black calf with twelve card slots, two large pockets for papers and stuff, plus roomy compartment for bills. 5½" x 4". To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C., or phone (212) 899-8900. (Add 70¢ postage beyond delivery area.)

MARK CROSS

MARK CROSS ENGLAND

New York/San Francisco/Beverly Hills/Atlanta/Detroit/Bal Harbour, Fla.



The King is dead. Long live the Queen.

Martini people are changing to Bombay Gin, imported from England.
It's a softer, gentler gin. Which accounts for its current favor among the new breed of Martini drinkers.
Long live Bombay, rightful heiress to the throne.

Bombay Vermouth from France is the perfect consort to Bombay Gin.

CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y. 86 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

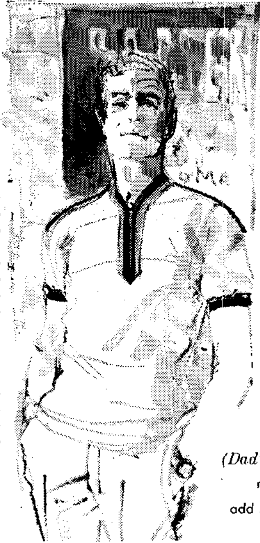
Carroll & Co.
WARDROBE FOR GENTLEMEN

The Italian Soccer Shirt

in the true colors of one of Italy's great soccer clubs (white body with navy-and-red trim), our Mr. C. had these made up over there in a very full-bodied, double-knit cotton. All we added to the original styling was the short top zipper for a neater neckline and easier pulloverability. They're really glorious sweatshirts but so good-looking and gentlemanly that we heartily recommend them for all summer sports and leisure wear; sizes s.m.l.exl.
$15

(Dad's day is June 21)
mail orders postpaid
add 5% tax in California

466 north rodeo drive, beverly hills, calif. 90210
also in los angeles, wilshire center



NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining ... and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

Barrie Ltd.®
Tassel Moccasin

6½ to 13

Made of soft grain calfskin • Genuine hand-sewn vamps • Very flexible leather soles and heels • In hand-antiqued brown ☐ or natural tan calf ☐ $22.95 postpaid. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.*
OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET NW, WASHINGTON, D.C.

a call to Brennan. Nixon, reported the union president, kept him on the phone for nearly an hour, thanking him over and over for the demonstration of support, congratulating him on its peacefulness, and inviting him to Washington. It *had* been peaceful, not only because there were vast numbers of police along the parade route (twenty-seven hundred more men than the usual force in the area, at an additional hundred and eighty thousand dollars in overtime) but because anti-war groups prudently gave that whole part of town a wide berth that day. A young man who gave the peace sign was immediately arrested for disorderly conduct and led away in handcuffs.

The hard hats are now established as a reference in the national thesaurus, available to editorial-page mahatmas and television comedians alike. ("Guess what I just saw in Central Park—a red-crested grosbeak!" "That was no red-crested grosbeak—it was a dove who'd just flown near a hard hat.") Their vote constitutes little threat in city politics; indeed, the majority of the construction men who work on local projects probably live outside the city limits, as do most city policemen. Within the five boroughs, opposition to the war hasn't been a political liability for some time. Significantly, not a single New York City councilman publicly allied himself with the helmeted brigades. If Lindsay should run for national office, of course, it would be important for him to know how many more there are at home like these men with the red-white-and-blue armbands, who see the most anguished national debate of their time as an occasion for ugly, bully-boy games.

President Nixon apparently believes that there are many millions of such Americans. In a week when a number of prominent labor leaders, some of them representing unions far larger than the Building Trades Council, were declaring their opposition to the President's Indo-China policy, he turned away from the critical voices that had finally seemed to be reaching the White House and gave his attention instead to the strident clamor on lower Broadway. A week after their demonstration, Brennan, several of his union colleagues, and the head of the International Longshoremen's Association went to the White House to receive in person Nixon's thanks and congratulations on the great City Hall rally. They, in turn, took him a gift, and the President of the United States posed for photographers holding his own hard hat.

—ANDY LOGAN

Soft spoken authority

the new
Lamy 525

The new LAMY 525 soft tip pen makes its mark with authority. It isn't a look-alike. Or feel-alike. It's a *man-size,* porous tip pen made distinctive by its handsome, brushed stainless-steel barrel with contrasting black cap and head. In a man's hand or pocket, it's a mark of distinction.

Created by internationally famous designer, Gerd Muller. Superb precision quality from the finest craftsman in old Heidelberg.

Displayed wherever finer writing instruments are sold.

LAMY 525 Soft Writing Pen, $5.00 . . . LAMY 25 Cartridge Filling Fountain Pen, $7.50.

CBP CONSOLIDATED BUSINESS PRODUCTS
Division of Consolidated Foods Corporation
1318 S. Leavitt St., Chicago, Ill. 60608

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50
Color from $150.

Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

Come let the tide tickle your toes.

Chalfonte • Haddon Hall
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc., New York
Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto
Or call collect 609-344-5131

A FIGHT BETWEEN A WHITE BOY AND A BLACK BOY IN THE DUSK OF A FALL AFTERNOON IN OMAHA, NEBRASKA

HOW did it start? If there is room for speculation, it lies in how to end it. Neither the white boy nor the black boy gives it further thought. They stand, braced off, in the cinder-covered schoolyard, in the shadow of the darkened red brick building. Eight or ten smaller boys circle the fighters, forming sides. A white boy observes the fight upside down as he hangs by his knees from the iron rail of the fence. A black girl pasting cutouts of pumpkins in the windows of the annex seems unconcerned. Fights are not so unusual. Halloween and pumpkins come but once a year.

At the start of the fight there was considerable jeering and exchange of formidable curses. The black boy was much better at this part of the quarrel and jeered the feebleness of his opponent's remarks. The white boy lacked even the words. His experience with taunts and scalding invective proved to be remarkably shallow. Twice the black boy dropped his arms as if they were useless against such a potato-mouthed, stupid adversary. Once he laughed, showing the coral roof of his mouth. In the shadow of the school little else stood out clearly for the white boy to strike at. The black boy did not have large whites to his eyes, or pearly white teeth. In the late afternoon light he made a poor target except for the shirt that stood out against the fence that closed in the school. He had rolled up the sleeves and opened the collar so that he could breathe easier and fight better. His black bare feet are the exact color of the cinder yard.

The white boy is a big hulking fellow, large for his age. It is not clear what it might be, since he has been in the same grade for three years. The bottom board has been taken from the drawer of his desk to allow for his knees. Something said about that may have started the quarrel, or the way he likes to suck on toy train wheels. (He blows softly and wetly through the hole, the wheel at the front of his mouth.) But none of that is clear; all that is known is that he stands like a boxer, his head ducked low, his huge fists doubled up before his face. He stands more frontally than sidewise, as if uncertain which fist to lead with. As a rule he wrestles. He would much rather wrestle than fight with his fists. Perhaps he refused to wrestle with a black boy, and *that* could be the problem. One never knows. Whoever knows for sure what starts a fight?

The black boy's age hardly matters and it doesn't show. All that shows clearly is his shirt and the way he stands. His head looks small because his shoulders are so wide. He has seen pictures of famous boxers and stands with his left arm stretched out before him as if approaching something in the darkness. His right arm, cocked, he holds as if his chest pained him. Both boys are hungry, scared, and waiting for the other one to give up.

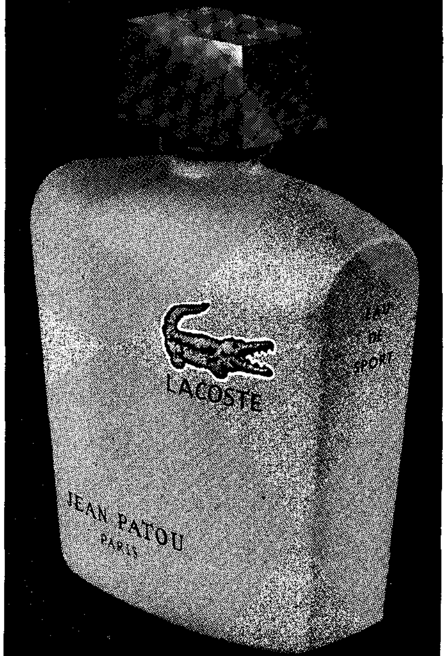
The white boy is afraid of the other one's blackness, and the black boy hates and fears whiteness. Something of their mutual fear is now shared by those who are watching. One of the small black boys hoots like an Indian and takes off. One of the white boys has a pocketful of marbles he dips his hand into and rattles. This was distracting when the fight first started, and he was asked to take his hands out of his pockets. Now it eases the strain of the silence.

The need to take sides has also dwindled, and the watchers have gathered with the light behind them, out of their eyes. They say “Come on!” the way you say “sic ’em,” not caring which dog. A pattern has emerged which the two fighters know, but it is not yet known to the watchers. Nobody is going to win. The dilemma is how nobody is going to lose. It has early been established that the black boy will hit the white boy on the head with a sound like splitting a melon—but it's the white boy who moves forward, the black boy who moves back. It isn't clear if the white boy, or any of the watchers, perceives the method in this tactic. Each step backward the black boy takes he is closer to home, and nearer to darkness.

In time they cross the cinder-covered yard to the narrow steps going down to the sidewalk. There the fight

New
for men.
Lacoste
Eau de Sport
by Jean Patou.

Expressly
for those who
can afford
the finest.



Imported from France.
A whole new concept in
fragrance for men.

Come play on Acapulco Bay

Spend one wonderful week under the sun at the Paraíso/Marriott for just $69.95* per person (double occupancy). A luxurious twin room, full breakfasts and free beach equipment. And up to two children under 12 free in the same room with parents. Meals extra. Music and entertainment nightly. For reservations, call your Travel Agent, any Marriott, or free from anywhere (800) 228-9290.

*Prices effective until Oct. 1

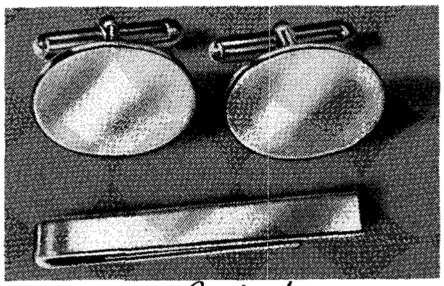
Paraíso/Marriott
Av. Costera Miguel Alemán
Acapulco, Mexico

69th ST.
MADISON AVE

The right address in New York.

A hotel of distinguished character, providing superior guest accommodations in a most desirable location. Handsome rooms and suites available by the day, month or year. Complete hotel service. Excellent dining in the Mayfair Room and Polo Bar & Lounge. We invite your inquiry.

THE WESTBURY
Madison Avenue at 69th Street
New York City 10021 • Tel.: 535-2000
KNOTT HOTELS



at Select firms

The "Midas Touch" in 14K gold cufflinks. Classic oval design. $80. Matching tie bar, $25. He'll like their masculine weight and the richness of your taste. Ask your nicest jeweler about a fine engraved monogram, too. 14K By SLIP-ONS

is delayed while a passing adult, a woman with a baby sitting up in its carriage, tells them to stop acting like children, and asks their names to inform their teachers. The black boy's name is Eustace Beecher. The white boy's name is Emil Hrdlic, or something like that. He's a dumb Polack, and not at all certain how it is spelled. When the woman leaves, they return to their fighting and go along the fronts of darkened houses. Dogs bark. Little dogs, especially, enjoy a good fight.

The black boy has changed his style of fighting so that his bleeding nose doesn't drip on his shirt. The white boy has switched around to give his cramped, cocked arm a rest. The black boy picks up support from the fact that he doesn't take advantage of this situation. One reason might be that his left eye is almost closed. When he stops to draw a shirtsleeve across his face, the white boy does not leap forward and strike him. It's a good fight. They have learned what they can do and what they can't do.

At the corner lit up by the bug-filled street lamp they lose about half of their seven spectators. It's getting late and dark. You can smell the bread baking on the bakery draft. The light is better for the fighters now than the watchers, who see the two figures only in profile. It's not so easy anymore to see which one is black and which one is white. Sometimes the black boy, out of habit, takes a step backward, then has to hop forward to his proper position. The hand he thrusts out before him is limp at the wrist, as if he had just dropped something unpleasant. The white boy's shirt, once blue in color, shines like a slicker on his sweaty back. The untied laces of his shoes are broken from the way he is always stepping on them. He is the first to turn his head and check the time on the bakery clock.

Behind the black boy the street enters the Negro section. Down there, for two long blocks, there is no light. A gas street lamp can be seen far at the end, the halo around it swimming with insects. One of the two remaining fight watchers whistles shrilly, then enters the bakery to buy penny candy. There's a gum-ball machine that sometimes returns your penny, but it takes time, and you have to shake it.

The one spectator left to watch this fight stands revealed in the glow of the bakery window. One pocket is weighted with marbles; the buckles of his britches are below his knees. He watches the fighters edge into the darkness where the white shirt of the black

ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

ELEGANT ELEPHANTS
by Johnston & Murphy

THE PRINCE OF SLIPONS

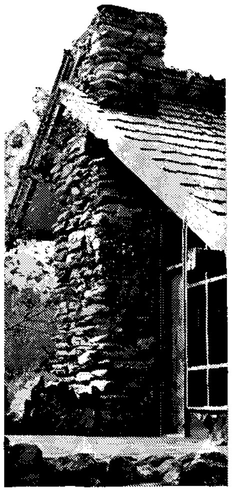
Hunting World's **exclusive Genuine Black Elephant Leather . . . soft, supple, lightweight . . . never requires shining. Leather soles; Sulvaprene heels. "So hard to wear out your Grandchildren may have to give them away!" State Regular Shoe Size.**

$60 add $1.50 Postage
N.Y. Residents Add Tax

CONSERVATION IS OUR BUSINESS!
Our Elephant Leather is collected through Government-sponsored Habitat-Preservation projects under Conservation Agency control.
Write For Our Conservation Bulletins

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

Visit Our NEW SAFARILAND™ SHOP or Write For New-84-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. New York 10022

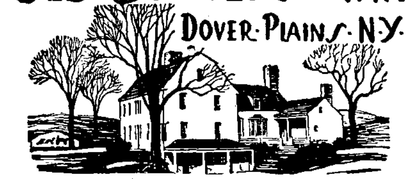


HAWK MOUNTAIN

—the essence of Vermont living in unspoiled settings of natural beauty preserved by protective covenants. A unified environmental approach with professional design, construction, property management. Four "community preserves" at Pittsfield, Rochester, Mt. Ascutney Ski Area, and Norwich, Vermont. Write for brochure.

HAWK MOUNTAIN
number 5, route 100
pittsfield, vt. 05762

OLD DROVERS INN
DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.



LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

Chilmark—Martha's Vineyard

Approximately 15 acre estate top-of-the-world, contemporary mahogany, glass, stone, 3 bedroom/4 bathroom home. Magnificent views of Elizabeth Islands, mainland and ocean. Complete privacy with easy access to all facilities. Attractive terms. Principals only.

P. O. Box 128
Chilmark, Massachusetts 02535
617 645-2839

boy is like an object levitated at a séance. Nothing else can be seen. Black boy and white boy are swallowed up. For a moment one can hear the shuffling feet of the white boy; then that, too, dissolves into darkness. The street is a tunnel with a lantern gleaming far at its end. The last fight watcher stands as if paralyzed until the rumble of a passing car can be felt through the soles of his shoes, tingling the blood in his feet. Behind him the glow of the sunset reddens the sky. He goes toward it on the run, a racket of marbles, his eyes fixed on the "FORD" sign beyond the school building, where there is a hollow with a shack used by ice skaters under which he can crawl and peer out like a cat. When the street lights cast more light he will go home.

SOMEWHERE, still running, there is a white boy who saw all of this and will swear to it; otherwise, nothing of what he saw remains. The Negro section, the bakery on the corner, the red brick school with one second-floor window (the one that opens out on the fire escape) outlined by the chalk dust where they slapped the erasers—all of that is gone, the earth levelled and displaced to accommodate the ramps of the new freeway. The cloverleaf approaches look great from the air. It saves the driving time of those headed east or west. Omaha is no longer the gateway to the West, but the plains remain, according to one traveller, a place where his wife still sleeps in the seat while he drives through the night.

—WRIGHT MORRIS

•

The chairman of the Australian Apple and Pear Board, Mr. C. E. Critchley, OBE, will retire on June 30, 1970....

He will be succeeded by Mr. W. J. Oldman, of Surrey Hills, the present board secretary, who will take over the new executive post of general manager.

They spent three nights in a snow cave at 8000 feet before being rescued. —*Melbourne Age.*

That's where Critchley got the retirement bug.

•

LAW ENFORCEMENT IN ATTLEBORO, MASS.

[*From the Attleboro Sun*]

Police Chief Russell A. Dugas made a stirring defense of expenditures for law enforcement last night as the budget of the Attleboro Police Department came before the finance committee of the municipal council for its annual review.

"We scrimp and save, lie, cheat and steal to stay within the amounts of money we're allowed."

Kim will never be a Foster Child the way her mother was.

In 1951, when Kim's mother, Chung Hae Ja, was an eight-year-old North Korean fatherless refugee, life was bleak. When her mother died, Hae Ja was cared for by cousins. And Foster Parents Plan.

In Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Stephen Kaufman saw an ad like this and wrote for a Foster Child. Through Mrs. Kaufman's regular monthly donations, Hae Ja had the opportunity to get an education. She had medical attention when she needed it. And shoes and pencils and a warm coat.

Hae Ja also had a love of music, and because she was a Foster Child she was able to pursue that interest. Today, as Mrs. Kim Hae Ja, she earns $148 a month as a piano teacher and is buying her own piano on installments.

At Foster Parents Plan we like to tell stories like these to people who say "Sure, I'll become a Foster Parent. But what good will it really do?"

Take a close look at little Kim, and you'll see what good Foster Parents Plan can do.

If you want to build a better world, do you know a better way than by sending in this coupon today?

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Peru, Indonesia, Korea, the Philippines, and Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development.

Yes, I want to be a Foster Parent.

A. ☐ I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex ______, age ______, nationality ______. ______ I will contribute $16 a month for one year or more ($192 per year). Payment will be monthly ☐ quarterly ☐ semi-annually ☐ annually ☐. ______ I enclose herewith my first payment $______.

B. ☐ I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $______.

Name______

Address______

City______State______Zip______

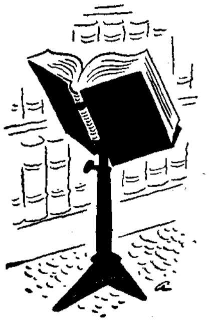
All contributions are tax deductible.

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
352 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10010. Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Quebec.
NY-6-70

BOOKS

TWO NEGLECTED AMERICAN NOVELISTS

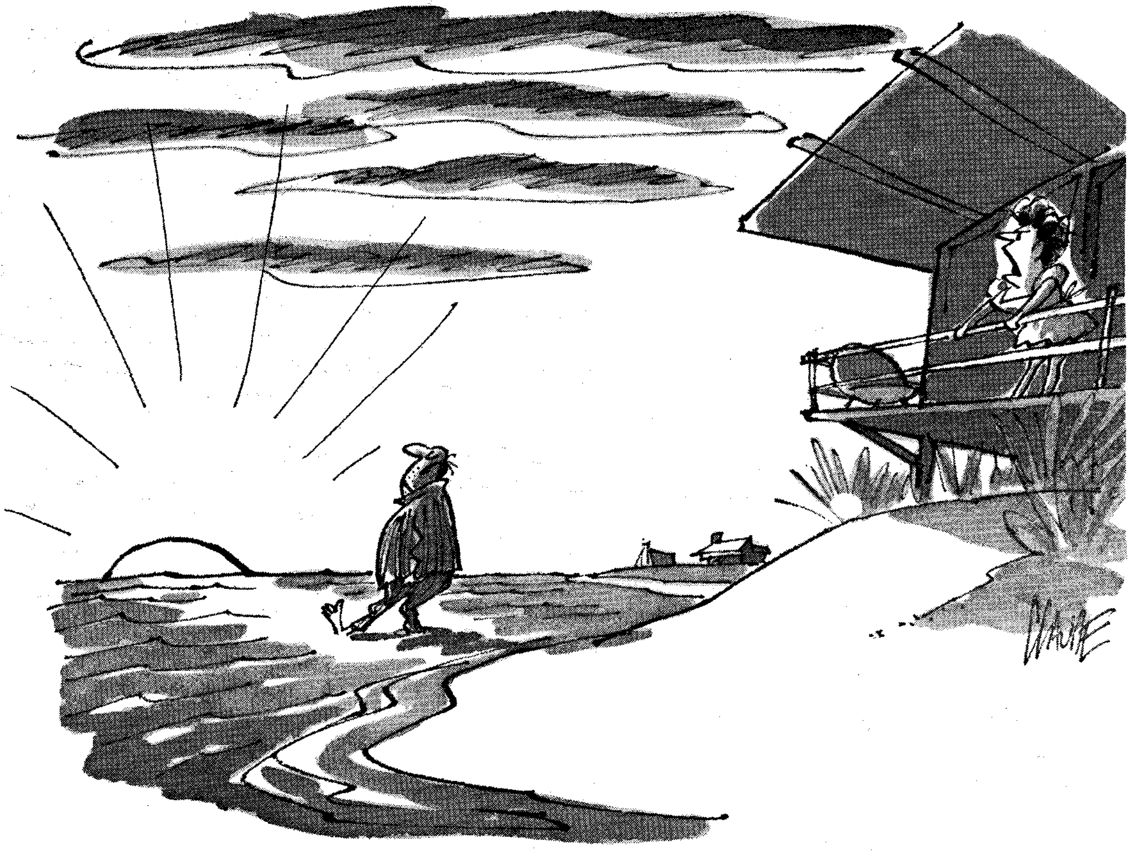
II—Harold Frederic, the Expanding Upstater



HENRY B. FULLER and Harold Frederic may be appropriately treated together because each had intensively studied, in the last decades of the nineteenth century, a certain section of American society—Fuller Chicago, Frederic upstate New York—and both had used the local background for ambitious and distinguished fiction of a kind encouraged by the fatherly example of William Dean Howells. They are likely to be ticked off rather briefly in the academic histories of American literature in a chapter with some such title as "The Beginnings of American Realism." But these two highly individual writers ought not thus to be reduced to so dreary a classification. Each deserves a serious attention such as Fuller has never been given and Frederic is only now beginning to get.

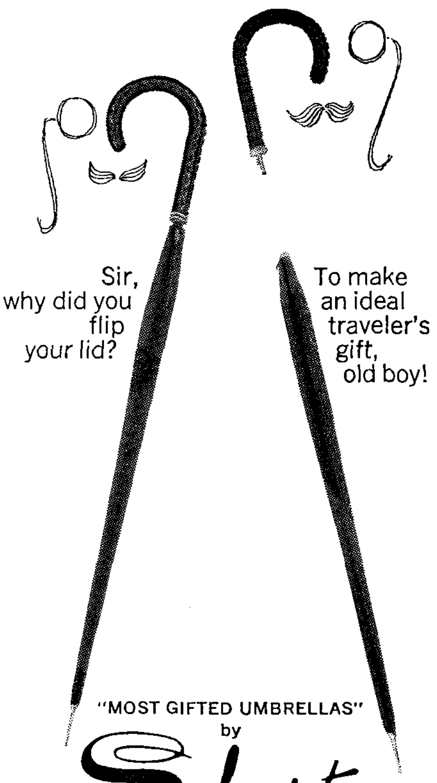
A first attempt to deal adequately with Frederic was made by Thomas F. O'Donnell and Hoyt C. Franchere in a small volume, published in 1961, of the undiscriminating and often inept Twayne series, but the dimensions of the series itself, together with the double authorship, prevented this—though Mr. O'Donnell, of Utica College, who was born in Frederic's country, is one of the best-equipped authorities on him—from becoming the full-length study that Harold Frederic deserves. An important critical contribution has now, however, been made by "The Novels of Harold Frederic," by Austin Briggs, Jr., of Hamilton College (also in Frederic's country), published by the Cornell University Press. This book represents at its best the work of intelligent scholarship in the field of American literature. Mr. Briggs has rescued Frederic from the category of bitter realist to which previous academic critics have too cursorily consigned him, and has analyzed his books from the points of view of Frederic's favorite themes and the general ideas conveyed, which go far beyond mere local realism. The fat footnotes are not the usual unnecessary padding, laid down as a stratum at the bottom of the pages to meet the requirements demanded of an academic job, but contain a good deal that is interesting. The book places Harold Frederic firmly, with all his intellectual range, on the American and international literary map. (Other sources on which I have been able to draw are the papers on Frederic by Stanton Garner, of Brown University, and the unpublished dissertation by Paul Haines, of Auburn University, the last especially valuable for its biographical information.)

Mr. Briggs has brought out Frederic's character in a way that makes him a striking contrast with Fuller. Henry Fuller was a thorough New Englander of the later, less vigorous breed, who remained uncoarsened by early Chicago. His family were well-to-do, and Fuller had enjoyed "advantages." He had early got away to Europe and, as a traveller never much involved in the affairs of the foreign countries he visited, had acquired detailed knowledge of their history and their arts. He was fastidious and somewhat shrinking. Harold Frederic had nothing of New England: he came of Dutch and German stock—the name was originally Fredericksz—which, in America, had never been out of New York State. His ancestors had been eight generations of pioneer farmers and craftsmen in the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys. His father had modestly prospered as a finisher of chairs in Utica, but his health was impaired by the confinement and by breathing the fumes of shellac that this kind of work imposed, and he was finally obliged to give it up and take a job as freight conductor on the New York Central Railroad. He was killed when his train ran off the track and the cars were plunged down an embankment. Harold was then scarcely two. His mother now made a living as a seamstress. He graduated from school at fifteen and



"You're on the wrong coast, Stupid! Nobody walks off into the sunrise!"

immediately began working as a printer and photographer's assistant. At nineteen, he joined the staff of the Utica *Observer*, and at twenty-four became its editor. It is evidence of the excellence in that period of the local education and libraries that he had learned at an early age to write lucidly and with precision. He went on, two years later, to the editorship of the Albany *Evening Journal*. He was, in consequence, deeply involved in the politics of New York State. Though he worked on a Republican paper, he had always admired Horatio Seymour, the Democratic Governor, and eventually became a journalist for the Democrats; he later contributed his influence to electing Grover Cleveland Governor. In 1884, when Frederic was twenty-eight, he was sent to London by the New York *Times* as its regular correspondent, and he not only covered the British news but visited and reported on Ireland and published series of articles on the cholera epidemic in France, the young German Emperor Wilhelm II, and the persecution of the Jews in Russia. He was gregarious, liked London club life, and was a rather aggressive conversationalist. Fuller, although his work is quite distinct from James's, belongs to Henry James's world, but Frederic, according to Thomas Beer, declared that Henry James was "an effeminate old donkey who lives with a herd of other donkeys around him and insists on being treated as if he were the Pope." An article signed simply F., "by an Old Friend," which appeared in the *Saturday Review* at the time of Frederic's death, says that Frederic had "felt himself in Utica, in Albany, and in New York very far above the men with whom he came into contact, and thus he developed a habit of mind that did not always ingratiate him with strangers. But he was capable when he liked, and generally he did like, of exercising a wonderful charm over his intimates." He could dominate, this writer continues, any company into which he came, though he might make himself a bore in the same way as Sinclair Lewis is said to have done in England by his mimicries, when an "incident of perhaps somewhat remote American life and manners, which happened to interest him at the time, would be related in merciless detail while the minutes passed into hours, and the reluctant audience thought of missed trains and neglected appointments. But Frederic, the fury of the anecdotist being upon him, would block the doorway with his towering bulk, and suffer no man to



"MOST GIFTED UMBRELLAS"
by
Schertz

Schertz Umbrellas, Inc., 15 West 36th St., N.Y. 10018

Left: Ambassador, the slim, super nylon windproof umbrella with hand-stitched marshmallow vinyl leather handle and matching zippered case. $10.50.

Right: Travelaire, the perfect companion for the traveling man. Handle detaches. Umbrella fits neatly into a one-suiter. Super nylon, windproof umbrella with choice of leather, malacca or matte black handles. $10.50.

AT THESE FINE STORES AND BRANCHES
ATLANTA: DAVISON'S
ATLANTA: ZACHRY
BOSTON: WM. FILENES
BOSTON: JORDON MARSH
BROOKLYN: ABRAHAM & STRAUS
CHARLOTTE: TATE BROWN
CINCINNATI: BURKHARDT'S
CINCINNATI: H & S POGUE
CINCINNATI: SHILLITO'S
CLEVELAND: HALLE BROS.
COLUMBUS: UNION CO.
DALLAS: DREYFUSS
DAYTON: THE METROPOLITAN
DENVER: NEUSTETER'S
DENVER: GANO DOWNS
DETROIT: HUGHES, HATCHER & SUFFRIN
DETROIT: WHALING'S
HOUSTON: SAKOWITZ
INDIANAPOLIS: L. STRAUSS CO.
KANSAS CITY: JACK HENRY
KANSAS CITY: WOOLF BROS.
LOUISVILLE: RODES
MILWAUKEE: BOSTON STORE
MINNEAPOLIS: DAYTON'S
MINNEAPOLIS: YOUNG QUINLAN
NEW ENGLAND: KENNEDY'S
NEW HAVEN: YALE CO-OPERATIVE
NEW ORLEANS: GODCHAUX
NEW YORK CITY: WHITEHOUSE & HARDY
PITTSBURGH: HUGHES & HATCHER
PITTSBURGH: KAUFMANN'S
RICHMOND: THALHIMER'S
ROCHESTER: B. FORMAN
ROCHESTER: McCURDY
ROCHESTER: McFARLIN
ST. LOUIS: BOYD'S
SAN FRANCISCO: BULLOCK & JONES
SAN FRANCISCO: ROBERT KIRK, LTD.

Countess Mara designs for "one man in a million."

The buying, or giving, of Countess Mara ties is an event accompanied by more than ordinary pleasure. For the Countess' genius in creating new designs delights both the mind and the eye. Each tie is a masterwork of originality and good taste, whether priced from $9 to $50 or one of her superlative gems at $100, And each is discreetly identified by that symbol of fashion authority, the CM coronet.
Countess Mara, Inc., 110 E. 57th St. at Park Ave., New York
Countess Mara®

EXECUTIVES...
Relocating?

Corporate Timetable?
Good Location?
Best Schools?
Right Home?
Recreational Facilities?
Right Price?
Shopping?
Resale Value?

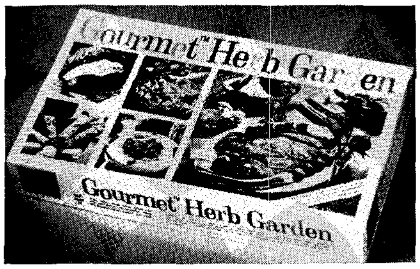
Executive Homesearch will help solve your househunting problems . . . WITHOUT CHARGE . . . quickly . . . easily . . . professionally

With eight branch offices in key locations, and a nationwide network of Realtors, we offer the fastest individualized personal attention to the home buying problems of the relocating executive and his family. Backed by Previews' 36 years of real estate experience, dedication and integrity, our trained consultants will screen communities and homes to match the profile of your requirements. Executive Homesearch charges NO FEE for its services. Literature on request.

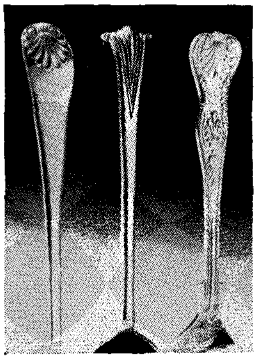
Write or call (212) PL 8-2630, V. Hebb.

Previews EXECUTIVE HOMESEARCH™
49 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022
Boston • Wash., D. C. • Chicago • Palm Beach
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Paris

GOURMET HERB GARDEN



For Gardeners and Good Cooks Alike. Start your fresh Herb Garden with a seed starter kit. Includes 24 Jiffy Peat Pots, Jiffy-Mix planting medium, plastic growing trays, seed germinating bags, 8 varieties of herb seeds including Dill, Parsley, Chives, Oregano, Basil, Marjoram, Thyme, Sage.
$5.95 per kit. Six kits $35.00.
12 kits $66.00. All prices postpaid.
PAPRIKAS WEISS IMPORTER Dept. NY6-6.
1546 Second Avenue New York, N.Y. 10028

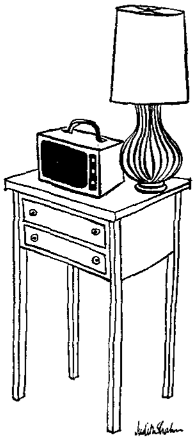


The Wyler Bride owns her silver the week she orders . . . not eighteen months later . . . and she can choose from many classic patterns. A New York institution since 1890. When you visit Wyler's you talk to a Wyler.

S. Wyler Inc.
713 Madison Avenue at 63rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10021 TE 8-1910

go till he had fashioned the last link of the long chain, till he had elaborated his theme with a Rabelaisian minuteness of detail." The polished and punctilious Conrad disliked Frederic and scornfully referred to him as "a journalist who had written some novels."

Henry Fuller was a discreet homosexual, and at the same time something of a Puritan. But the appetite of Harold Frederic for attractive women was indomitable and persistent. It appears in Frederic's work as well as in his publicly irregular life. In his novels, he violates the genteel conventions by allowing sex often to figure in its rawest, least romantic form, though he makes an effort to veil it from the more squeamish of his readers. In "Seth's Brother's Wife," the lady of the title goes so far as to fall little short of pulling her brother-in-law into bed, and it is discreetly made plain that the unfortunate Jessica of the title of "The Lawton Girl" has been at one time a prostitute. The first readers of "The Damnation of Theron Ware" must have shuddered at Theron's suspicion—which turns out, however, to be groundless—that Celia Madden is having an affair with the Catholic priest, Father Forbes. When W. T. Stead was publishing his exposé of London vice, which set off a persecution of prostitutes, Harold Frederic had the courage to defend them and to recommend replacing prostitution, as then practiced in London, with "affectionate and lasting concubinage" or "limited polyandry." And in London he himself performed the remarkable feat of simultaneously carrying on two households. He was already married to a girl from Utica, by whom he had had four children. A photograph shows her with short hair, vivacious, eager eyes which seem just on the verge of smiling, and eyebrows uptilted impishly. (Frederic himself had a blunt nose, thick lips, a bushy mustache of the period, and keenly practical yet potentially humorous eyes.) But a year after the last of her children was born, he met a young woman named Kate Lyon, also from upstate New York (Oswego), openly set up a household with her, and had by her three more children. His wife had not enjoyed, as did Harold, the social life of London—she seems to have had no woman friends—and he managed, with a minimum of scandal, to see such of his own friends as would meet his new mate and to take trips abroad with Kate Lyon. He continued, it is said, quite regularly to visit his other family.



IN London, Harold Frederic began writing novels. These dealt at first with the world he had left behind, to which he still felt a lively loyalty and of which, as a newspaperman, he had absorbed a very thorough knowledge. He had already, before he came to Europe, begun, "after years of preparation," as he says, a novel about the Mohawk Valley at the time of the Revolution, but this was not finished till 1890, and before it was published Frederic had written two other novels on the life of this region as he had personally known it: "Seth's Brother's Wife," which came out in 1887, and "The Lawton Girl," which was published in the same year, 1890, as the first of these, "In the Valley."

"In the Valley" has a certain interest for its picture of the hostile relations between the Dutch and the English colonists, and the strained situations that were peculiar at that time to New York, where a feudal tradition prevailed, as it did not do in New England, so that the farmers were driven to revolt, not so much against the King overseas as against the local Tory landowners. Harold Frederic makes this struggle come at last to a climax with the battle of Oriskany, near Utica, in which the aggrieved farmers confront and defeat the Tories, who had as allies the Mohawk Indians. But, as a story, "In the Valley" is wooden. It suffers from the stereotypes of its genre. The characters are all with such obvious design put through their historical paces that we never accept them as real individuals. Frederic later admitted that "their personalities always remained shadowy in my own mind."

Frederic's two other early novels display a more interesting talent. He did not here have to depend on study for his knowledge of nineteenth-century Utica and Albany. His powers of observation were remarkable, and, as a journalist, he had had to train them. He was aware of all the social levels, the money interests, the political maneuverings that went to make the life of an upstate community. In "Seth's Brother's Wife" and "The Lawton Girl," he presents almost every kind of person that was to be found at that time in such a city as Utica: the moderately well-to-do farmer; the swindler

Announcing the end of the cock-eyed candle.

No more will you have to use wads of paper or do other assorted tricks to make your candles fit and stand up straight.

Lenox's exclusive, patented Standtite base on every taper and twist instantly puts the candle in its place and keeps it firmly there. In fact, this base is so strong and secure, it'll stick to most anything you have in mind for a candle holder.

Lenox Candles are now being introduced at fine stores everywhere. Buy them and go straight.

LENOX CANDLES
AND ARRANGEMENTS.
From the makers of
Lenox China and Crystal

"Some people say all vodkas are alike.
Wolfschmidt's won 33 medals that say otherwise."
"I'll drink to that!"
WOLFSCHMIDT
GENUINE
VODKA
Wolfschmidt.
The genuine vodka with all the medals.

Frankfort Distillers Co. New York N.Y. 10022. Made from grain, 80 and 100 proof. Product of U.S.A.

and the crooked politician; the newspaper editor who was venal and the honest one who was zealous for reform; the serious-minded schoolteacher; the family of run-down ex-canallers; the family who had in one generation been made rich by the "knitting mills" and who lived in a large square mansion and cultivated what I used to like to call—partly deriving, as I do, from that region—their cold-storage Utica gentility. The life in these farmlands and villages is not shown in a particularly cheerful light, and though the landscape is accurately described, its ennobling grandeur and splendor are hardly done justice by Frederic, who had almost no sense of poetry, who said frankly that he could not read it, and that he had never written two lines of verse in his life. (It is noteworthy, also, that the poet Thomas H. Jones, Jr., living not far away, in Boonville, among some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, seems rarely, in his rather lush lyrics, to have written about his home surroundings but almost always about European landscapes.) You have, in these novels, the stultifying dullness of evenings on the old farm for a young man who has had to come back to it after working on a newspaper in the city; the embattled relations between workers and owners created by a lockout at the ironworks; the remorseless small-town machinations of confidence men and bankers. And Frederic very well conveys the nature of the life of a region which had only been settled at the end of the eighteenth century, where the communities had not wholly succeeded in finding their purpose and form. At one point in "The Lawton Girl," one of the characters complains that all the able and ambitious people go away and never come back, while the mediocre stagnate at home, and in "Seth's Brother's Wife" a man who has abandoned the farm to become a successful New York City lawyer says that "Agriculture is out of date in this state. Better let the old people live on their capital, as they go along. It's no use throwing good money after bad. Farm land here in the East is bound to decrease in value, steadily." In these novels, Harold Frederic has not yet been able entirely to free himself from the conventions of the fiction of the period. Though he always sticks conscientiously to real types and real conditions, he must not disappoint his readers by not having the stories come out right: the good man must get the good girl, morality must win in the end, and this is sometimes brought

Why pay for your mistakes?

With the Minolta Hi-matic 11, a sensitive automatic electric eye sets everything for you. Even flash settings are automatic.

So you never end up paying for pictures you won't be proud to show. And you'll never be disappointed with over or under exposed pictures again.

If you prefer doing your own thing, try the Hi-matic 11 on semi-automatic. It lets you select shutter speeds up to 1/500th of a second for stop action shots.

Get back pictures worth paying for. They're automatically yours with the Minolta Hi-matic 11.

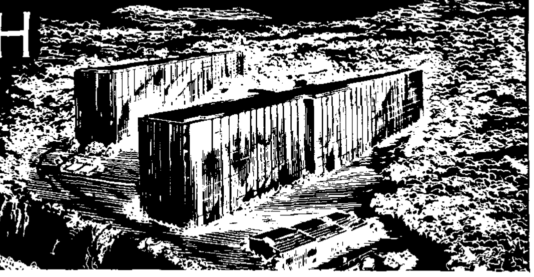
With ultra-fast Rokkor f/1.7 lens, under $115, plus case.

For details see your dealer or write: Minolta Corp., 200 Park Avenue South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., Montreal 376

MINOLTA HI-MATIC 11

Even if you could find a large enough apartment in the city, it would still be in the city.

ESCAPE TO SCARBOROUGH MANOR
IN WESTCHESTER
A COOPERATIVE RESIDENCE
For information phone 914-762-3676.



"This advertisement is not an offering. No offering is made except by a prospectus filed with the Department of Law of the State of New York. Such filing does not constitute approval of the issue or the sale thereof by the Department of Law or the Attorney General of the State of New York."

The Pierre

Is a World of its own.
A very cordial
World of beauty and charm,
of 18th century elegance and
20th century convenience,
of personal service and privacy,
Welcome.

FIFTH AVE. & 61st ST. TE 8-8000

Steaks renowned
'round the world
...the choice of
discerning gourmets

Bruno's
Pen and Pencil
Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

John C. Bruno

Mini-Kilts for Maxi-Fun

Saucy Mini-Kilts with matching vest and cap are available in our exclusive BERMUDA BLUE tartan, a magical blend of hibiscus red, tree green, aqua blue — and in various clan tartans too. Made of soft, soft Scottish wool. Mini-Kilt $21.25, Vest $15.00 — both in sizes 8-18. Cap $6 — s, m or l. All air mailed postpaid. Specify tartan preference. Duty on delivery for orders of over $10. Write to H. A. & E. Smith Ltd., Hamilton, Bermuda.

Smith's in BERMUDA

DOC SEVERINSEN

June 3 to June 20
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
Reservations: PLaza 9-3000

PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
A SONESTA HOTEL

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

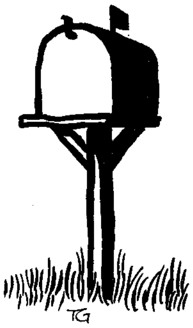
PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

about in a way that is incongruous with the general tenor. On the other hand, as Frederic explains in the preface to the Uniform Edition of his fiction, he has found himself being distracted from his tendency to plan too methodically, in order to demonstrate something, by finding that "to my surprise at first, and then to my interested delight, the people [in "The Lawton Girl"] took matters into their own hands quite from the start. It seemed only by courtesy that I even presided over their meetings, and that my sanction was asked for their comings and goings." He now confesses that it had been "a false and cowardly thing" to kill off, in deference to the current proprieties, the once fallen Lawton girl, who has so nobly rehabilitated herself and who is pathetically made to protest on her deathbed, "I tell you I *have* lived it down!"

THESE novels were, beginning in 1893, to be followed by a series of short stories about New York State during the Civil War. The bibliography of these stories is somewhat confusing, for the longest, "The Copperhead," was published in America in a volume by itself and in England together with other stories, and the three collections published in America include different combinations. The whole sequence has now been collected by Mr. O'Donnell and brought out in a single volume, called "Harold Frederic's 'Stories of York State,' " by the Syracuse University Press. In the preface to his Uniform Edition, the author says of these productions that "they are in large part my own recollections of the dreadful time—the actual things that a boy from five to nine saw or heard about him, while his own relatives were being killed, and his schoolfellows orphaned, and women of his neighborhood forced into mourning and despair—and they had a right to be recorded." But, remarkable though these stories are, it is surprising to find the author of "Theron Ware" declaring that they are "closer to my heart than any other work of mine, partly because they seem to me to contain the best things I have done or ever shall do, partly because they are so closely interwoven with the personal memories and experiences of my own childhood—and a little, also, no doubt, for the reason that they have not had the treatment outside that paternal affection has desired for them." Yet they are certainly, so far as I know, quite unlike any other fiction inspired by the Civil War, and in order to understand this difference we must look into the political background of the State of New York in the crisis.

NEW YORK during the Civil War was in the somewhat paradoxical position of supplying more soldiers for its population than any other state in the Union and at the same time putting up in the East the strongest opposition to the Republican Administration. The principal opponent of the policies of Lincoln was Governor Seymour, of Utica, who held office from 1853 to 1854 and from 1863 to 1864. Frederic, as has been said, was a great admirer of Seymour. This Governor seems, in fact, to have been one of the chief influences in Frederic's early life. "In the Valley" was dedicated to his memory, and the example of Seymour's rectitude is said to have provided the compass by which Frederic steered himself, in his novels as well as in his journalism, through the complexities and the corruptions of New York State politics. His stories of the Civil War period have the courage of a point of view which must have owed a good deal to Seymour. They reflect the peculiar mixture of patriotism and disaffection which was characteristic of their region and for which Seymour was so forthright a spokesman.

The role played by Seymour in respect to the war has been, from partisan bias, maliciously misrepresented. It soon became a part of the false mythology of the Civil War—like Lee's offering his sword to Grant and Grant's handing it back and Jefferson Davis's fleeing from the Federals disguised in a woman's clothes—that Seymour was a treacherous Copperhead who connived at the New York City draft riots of July, 1863. These events, so far as I know, had never been reliably put on record till Stewart Mitchell, an authority on New York State politics, published, in 1938, his biography of Horatio Seymour. The draft riots of '63 were provoked by the federal Enrollment Act, which was decidedly unfair to the poor, since, although it had been framed with the purpose of allowing exemption for men with large families or in positions of responsibility, it also permitted the well-to-do to buy themselves off from service by hiring a substitute or paying



three hundred dollars. New York City had already then a large foreign-born population—especially of the Irish—who, from reading the Democratic papers, were prejudiced against the government. The draft was supposed to include all able-bodied foreign-born males between twenty and forty-five who intended to become citizens, and when the names were drawn of those who were thus drafted for an immediate three-year service, a good many of them rebelled. So far from wanting to fight for the Negroes, they were savagely embittered against them, since these former slaves had been fleeing to New York and competing, as was thought, for their jobs. They lynched a number of Negroes and burned down a colored orphanage, as well as murdered several whites and burned a suburban block.

Horatio Seymour, at the time, was on his way to spend a weekend in Long Branch, New Jersey, but he immediately returned to New York. He had never been a Copperhead in the sense of someone who was totally opposed to the war. Although he wanted the conflict settled by compromise, he had loyally supported the Union and been active in raising troops. He had protested against the suspension of habeas corpus and the more and more disturbing interference with the freedom of press and speech. He had opposed the Emancipation Proclamation—as had a number of other people—on the quite correct Constitutional ground that such a measure could not be taken by the action of the Executive alone, without the approval of the people, and he now, incorrectly, opposed the draft on the ground that it was un-Constitutional. He demanded that its Constitutionality be investigated and ruled upon and, in the meantime, its enforcement deferred; and he insisted that the Republican authorities were exacting disproportionate quotas, in comparison with those of New England, from certain New York districts which were known to be Democratic. As a result, these injustices were ironed out and the enforcement of the draft was—though only very briefly—delayed. It was reported in the Republican press that Seymour had egged on the rioters from the steps of the City Hall, but this, it seems, is entirely untrue; the rioters were three miles away from the City Hall. The people that Seymour addressed were a random crowd of passersby. He urged his hearers to restrain themselves, and he called out the militia to keep order. There were few federal troops in the city, for they had mostly been sent to Pennsylvania,

BORZOI®
An English vodka?

BORZOI
IMPORTED from ENGLAND

Yes! Distilled in London
by James Burrough, Ltd.
Made for the vodka martini man.

So English in taste.

From England by Kobrand, N.Y.—91.5 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

NM-6438-CC

M. R. ("Chick") Harbert,
former Nat'l P.G.A. Champion,
Member of P.G.A. Hall of Fame

Vacation of Champions

"Two great Florida courses at one location
...wonderful spot for a golfer and family."

"Chick" Harbert likes St. Lucie Country Club with its resort features: two 18-hole golf courses, superb clubhouse dining, entertainment, lounge, swimming pool, tennis, St. Lucie River sailing and fishing, golf course villa accommodations.

Enjoy the vacation of champions. Write for info:
St. Lucie Country Club, Suite 14A
Port St. Lucie, Florida 33450
Phone (305) 287-4400

ST. LUCIE
The Country Club Resort

COMING EARLY 1971—THE NEW ST. LUCIE HILTON INN

olivetti is the office

And the Praxis 48, Olivetti's totally electric typewriter, takes the human frailties out of office work.

The Praxis 48 is built with a unique Character Sensor. It actually has a memory. It actually prevents all the common typing errors.

Your spelling may flounder, but the memory does away with the needless errors that waste your precious time. The Praxis will not let your type ghost (ghost), pile up (piling) or space improperly (spaceimproperly)

No more counting back from the center everytime you type a title.

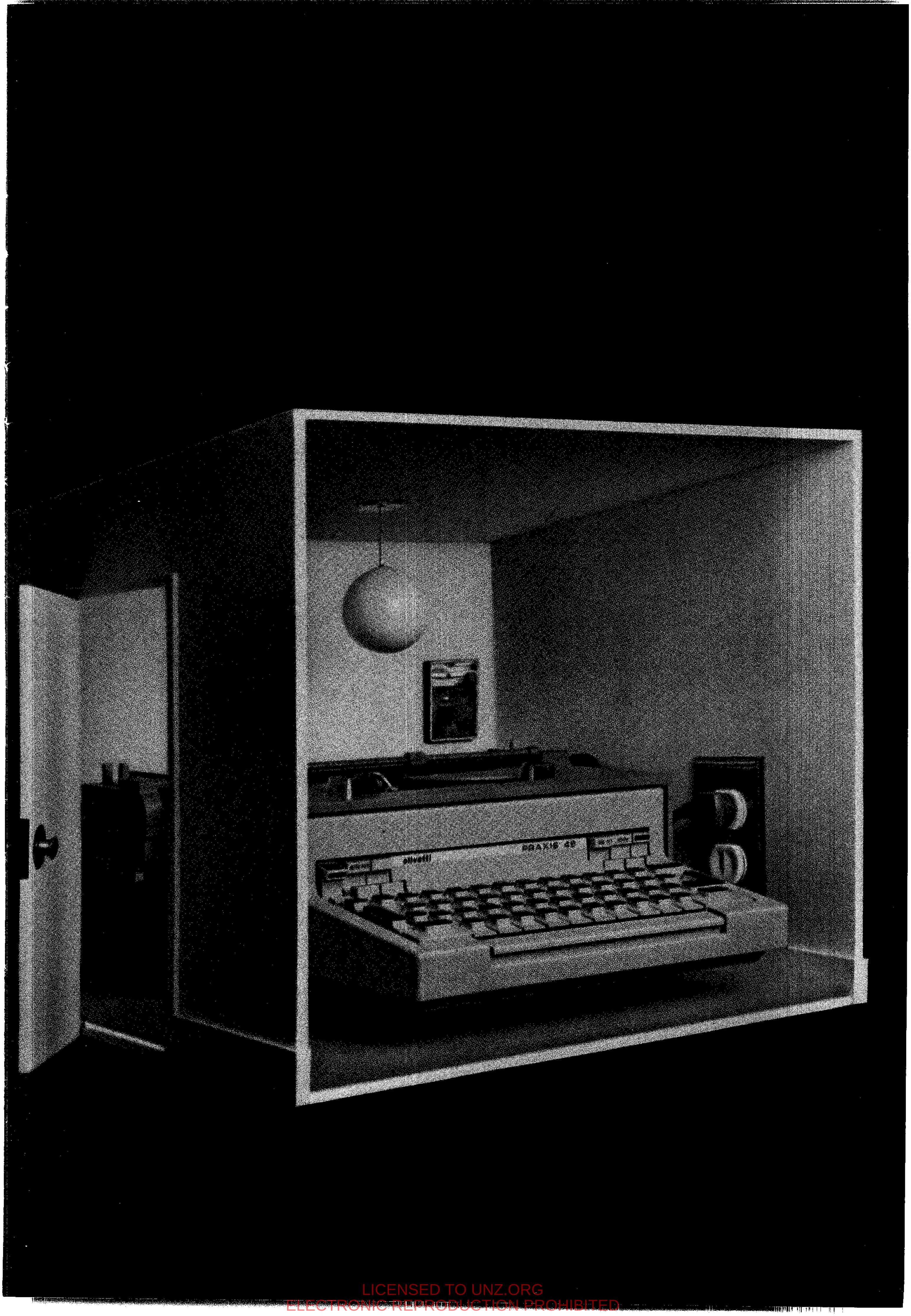
The Praxis centers titles automatically.

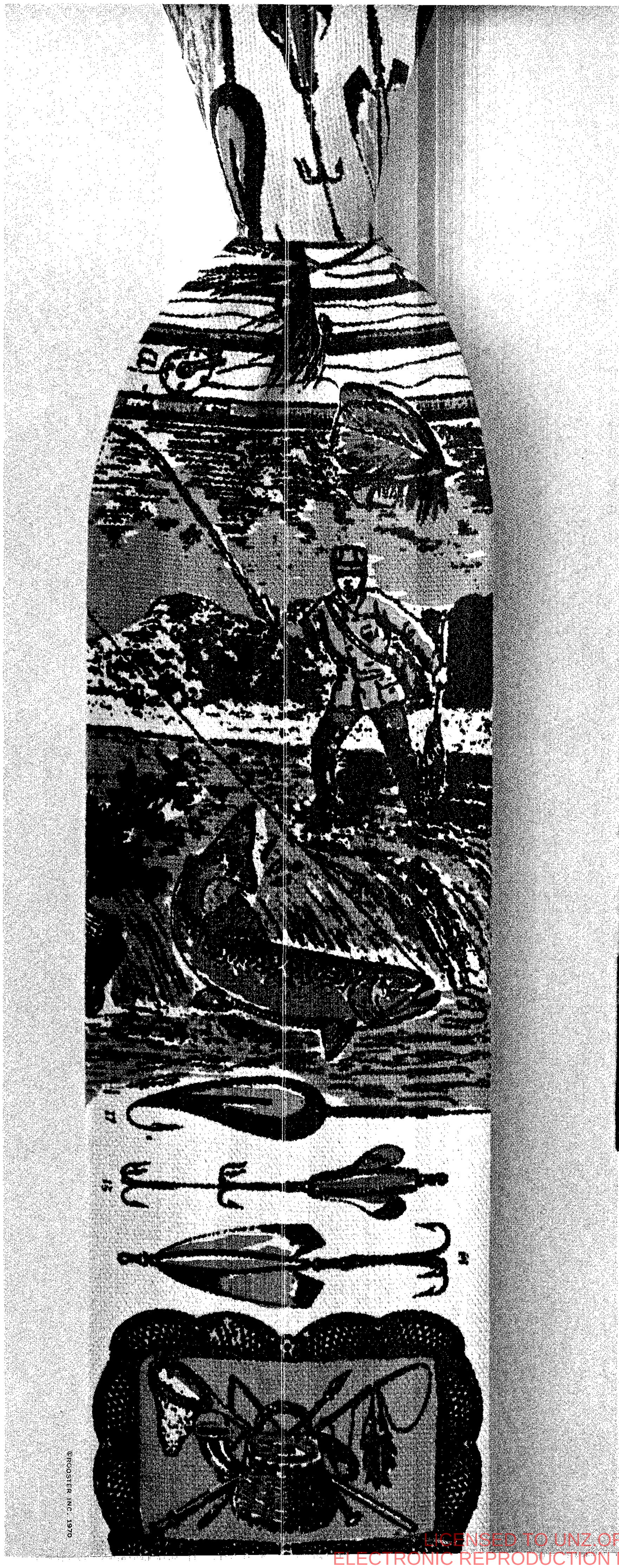
You can pound away to your heart's content. The Praxis 48 is a compact fortress of strength and reliability. It can run any office any size anywhere.

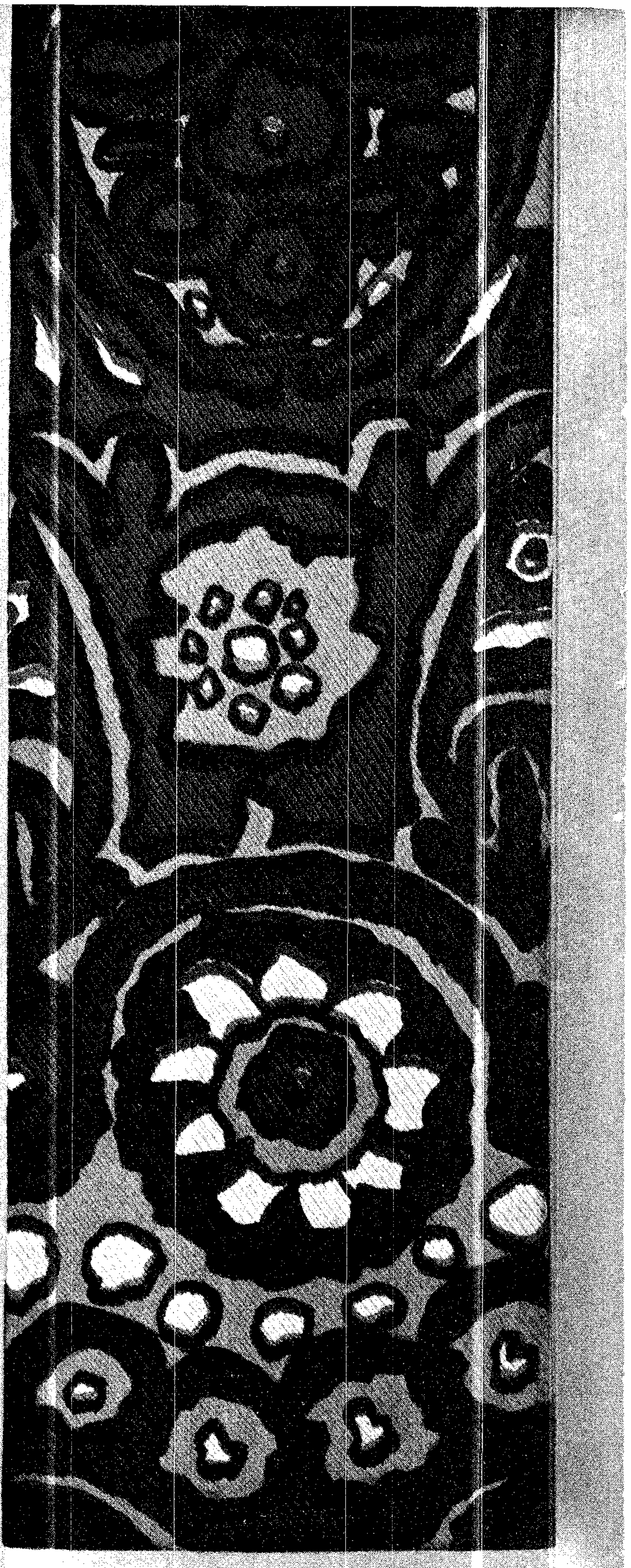
In conclusion. The Praxis will be deeply appreciated by people who like to surround themselves with tasteful and superbly-designed objects.

Interested? See the Praxis now at your Olivetti dealer. His name is listed in those famous Yellow Pages.

olivetti
praxis 48


olivetti
PRAXIS 48





The Unabashed Rooster

When called upon, it speaks out with an unequivocal individuality that carries the rest of your wardrobe along with it.

Consider, for example, the two colorful Rooster originals shown here. The one an exotic improvisation in silk twill. The other an evocative sporting print in hand screened cotton. Both from a boldly imaginative new Rooster gift collection. At very good stores.

3.50 and 4.50.

rooster®

©ROOSTER INC. 1970

where the battle of Gettysburg had just been fought.

But Seymour was made a victim of the furious fanaticism of wartime. He was denounced as a renegade, a traitor, an agent of Jefferson Davis. He was actually a cool, independent man with a strong sense of moral principle—resented by George Templeton Strong, that peevish and heated Republican, for what he called Seymour's smugness—and an unperturbed Democrat in a period of Republican ascendancy. The population of New York State consisted at that time of the long-established Dutch and the settlers from New England who in the last sixty or seventy years had moved as far west as this—together with a later-arriving admixture of Germans and Irish. Even the former New Englanders, now enjoying, in the vast spaces of that sparsely peopled countryside, a new freedom from the constrictions of New England bigotry and the tightness of New England towns, did not necessarily carry the fever of the Calvinist abolitionists from among whom they had emigrated. True, Utica produced Gerrit Smith, who financed the mad homicide John Brown, but it was also the home of Seymour, who did not believe in abolition, though, believing in free speech, he had defended the abolitionists when they were being hooted down at a meeting in Utica. The very looseness of the New York communities, and their remoteness from one another, made agreement and consistency difficult.

From this background and this situation, the Civil War stories of Frederic derive a unique historical as well as a literary importance. The hero of "The Copperhead"—really a short novel—is not merely a critic of Republican policies but a real out-and-out dissenter, a farmer whose ideas are rooted in the principles of the American Revolution and who believes that the South has the right to secede. He is ostracized and persecuted by his neighbors, but then, when the conflict is over, they realize they have injured a man who ought to have commanded respect, since he has stuck to his conviction of what was just and has braved the hysteria of the war years, and they unite in rebuilding his house, which had been burned in a raid against him. (It was and still is a custom in that part of the world for the neighbors to turn out and help to rebuild a house or a barn that has burned.)

The other stories are, in various ways, reliable records of the place and the time. They are distinct from most fiction written after the war not only in their dramatization of the conflicting feelings aroused by it but also in dealing mainly with the civilian population at home. There are very few glimpses of the armies in the field. "A Day in the Wilderness" is the only one—and it is not one of the best—which is occupied entirely with soldiers on active service. There is in general no melodrama, no romance, and very little sentiment. The anguish and bitterness caused by the disruption of domestic life and the discordance in once quiet communities is treated with a sober and ironic restraint. The call of the bugle is heard, but from afar and not always irresistibly. In the story called "The Deserter," even the deputy marshal at home feels sympathy for the outlawed boy who has been hired as a substitute but has run away from the Army to look after his ailing old father. Pretending to shoot at the fugitive, he allows him to escape to the forest. In "Marsena," one of those lethal coquettes who figure so prominently in Frederic's fiction sends a mild and harmless suitor to his death by challenging him to compete with a stronger, more dashing rival, whom she has also incited to enlist. She gets herself to the war as a nurse and, finding both her former suitors seriously wounded and the weaker one dying, she hardly condescends to recognize them, for she has found better game in the person of a fatuous and dandified staff officer who has received only a minor injury.

Two of these stories came out in the *Youth's Companion*, and they seem to have been written for boys, but all avoid Civil War clichés, and they stand as acrid first-hand testimony to the delusions and lasting grievances inflicted on American society by that fracture which, in the course of the recent centenary, was so much misinterpreted and so much romanticized.

THE next working of Frederic's regional field was his first really successful novel, both artistically and from the point of view of sales: "The Damnation of Theron Ware" (called in England "Illumination"), which appeared in 1896. We are still in upstate New York, but we are introduced to characters of a different kind from those who have figured in Frederic's earlier fiction. They are at once on a

Bean's
Calfskin "Knockarounds"®
For Men and Women

Full grain, calfskin leather uppers are strong, supple and "breathe." Shag finish outside. Glove finish inside. Feel good with or without socks. Rubber outsole features zig-zag anti-skid tread.

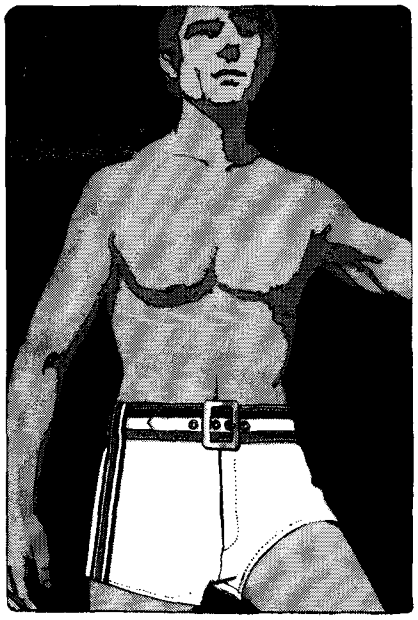
Ladies' sizes 5 to 10. Narrow and Medium widths. White or Light Blue.

Men's sizes 7 to 13. Medium width. White, Light Blue, Natural or Dark Brown.

☐ **Send Free Catalog**

Ship________Ladies' Knockarounds @ **$13.95** ppd.
Color________Size________
Ship________Men's Knockarounds @ **$14.95** ppd.
Color________Size________
Name________________
Address________________
____
Zip________________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
351 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping and Hunting Specialties



For every Bill Blass man under the sun.
White, khaki or navy cotton poplin, contrast stripped. Sizes 30 to 38 by Blass for PBM. 25.00. Mail orders: Box 2968, Dallas, (Add .75)

Neiman-Marcus Man's Store
Dallas Houston Fort Worth

in the great cities of the world there is a distinguished hotel...

in Denver — it's the Brown Palace ... where the World Registers.

THE Brown Palace HOTEL

A Network of the World's great independent hotels. Represented by Robert F. Warner, New York City; Glenn W. Fawcett, (A Div. of John A. Tetley Co., Inc.) Los Angeles. Or contact your travel agent.

SAVE YOUR HEART

OUTDOOR Stair-Glide®

RENTAL-PURCHASE PLAN AVAILABLE

Installed quickly and easily. Completely weatherproof. Operates all year-round. Surprisingly inexpensive! Operates 110 volts, 60 cycles.

Perfect for: • LAKE FRONT HOMES • STEEP HILL TO THE GARAGE • OUTDOOR STAIRWAY TO HOUSE

INDOOR MODEL ALSO AVAILABLE

Write for free brochure

AMERICAN STAIR-GLIDE CORP.
201 W. 80th Terr. Dept. NY-66
Kansas City, Missouri 64114

Country house for sale

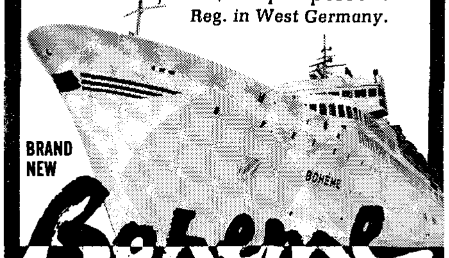
Millbrook, New York. 100 minutes from Manhattan. One floor, 3 Bedrooms, 2 baths, Livingroom 26x18, fireplace, 15-mile view, 2-car garage, swimming pool 20x40. Guest house, 3 Bedrooms, 1 bath. 17 acres, protected. $60,000. Whalen 914 677 3434.

higher level—men of exceptional intellect, a woman of aesthetic sensibilities—and more mercilessly treated by the author, with an almost complete disregard of the contemporary literary conventions. The book attracted much attention both in England and over here. The story was run off with the smoothest skill; the author had been at work on it five years. It was amusing, absorbing, rather shocking. It dealt in the coolest way with those problems of religious faith which had already, with more emotion, been made the subject of novels and poems. It was the kind of book that everybody read. A young Methodist minister—Theron Ware, married but with no children—comes to the pulpit of an upstate town. This town, which is given a classical name, Octavius, like so many of the towns of New York, is not really to be identified with Utica, because Utica was at that time a city of something under forty thousand, whereas we are told that Octavius had a population of only ten thousand. For this reason, the few highly intelligent people have to depend much more upon one another. The learned Catholic priest has come to dine twice a week with an equally but otherwise learned doctor, who has now retired from practice in order to conduct scientific experiments, and he has also made a friendly alliance with a beautiful and cultivated Irish girl—Celia Madden, the daughter of a peasant father, a wheelwright who has made himself rich as the owner of a wagon factory. She believes herself a votary to the Greek ideal and, though insisting she is really a pagan, enjoys playing the organ in the Catholic church. Theron Ware is sufficiently sensitive and, though ill-educated, sufficiently educable to come under the influence of all three of these people, who, themselves being hungry for companionship, take a special interest in him. They become, as it were, his three tempters. The priest, though quite faithful to his duties and though he predicts that the United States will eventually, on account of the quarrelling among the Protestant sects, find it more comfortable to become Catholic, is sophisticated in the extreme in regard to the origins and the nature of his Church and casually disturbs for the first time the Methodist faith of Theron, a subversion to which the doctor further contributes by his materialistic atheism. The minister is an eloquent preacher, and he has already been antagonized by one of the trustees of his church, who has warned him against bringing "book-learnin' or

4 ISLAND 7 DAY CRUISES

Sails every Saturday at 3:30 P.M. from New Port of Miami to **FREEPORT, ST. THOMAS, SAN JUAN** and **CAP HAITIEN,** too! Luxury ship with first class staterooms, two lower beds, fully air conditioned. Duty-free shopping, pool, sauna, gym, superb cuisine, star entertainment, plus the glamorous Caribbean. See your Travel Agent or call **COMMODORE CRUISE LINES:** (305) 373-5502.

Fare from $195 per person.
Reg. in West Germany.



BRAND NEW Bohème

COMMODORE Cruise Lines

The OCEAN DUNE Apartments
Amagansett, L.I.

PRIVATE BEACH and SWIMMING POOL

An attractive resort residence in a setting of unspoiled colonial charm. Luxuriously furnished 2½ to 4½-room suites with fully equipped kitchenettes, sun decks, daily maid service. Golf privileges. Recreation nearby. Seasonal, monthly, weekly. Rates and brochure on request.

Dial (516) 267-3406

The unspoiled resort on an unspoiled island . . .

Bakoua Beach Hotel

FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE, F.W.I.
Write direct, see your Travel Agent or call
I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc. / Ruth Appar

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

A little book that lists over seven hundred flowers and the interpretations of their names—lovingly compiled, in a gentler time, by a devoted husband as a gift to his wife. Originally a charming scripted notebook with delicate water-coloured flowers bordering each page, we have reproduced it exactly as it was & imported it from England. $5.50 ppd.

BOUTIQUE CAPRICE
22 Cross Keys Village Square Baltimore, Maryland 21210

dictionary words" to the pulpit or "puttin' in organs an' choirs" and who has told him that his "wife'd better take them flowers out of her bunnit afore next Sunday"—an admonition to which Theron has cravenly submitted. His demoralization is completed by the red-headed Irish girl, who makes up to him, takes him to her rooms, and, with a background of reproduced Greek statues, plays the piano and saturates him with Chopin—who does, in fact, everything but literally seduce him. He becomes dissatisfied with his wife, with whose own aspiration toward beauty, as manifested by the flowers on her bonnet, he has been bullied into interfering, and he decides he must abandon the ministry. His Protestant hostility to the Catholic Church has been shaken not merely by the urbanity of the priest but also, on a crucial occasion, by his having had an opportunity to contrast the wrestlings with Satan of a Methodist camp meeting with the jollity of a Catholic picnic, its gay music and baseball and beer. This outing has been made romantic by its having been followed by a walk in the woods with Celia, at the end of which she kisses him.

Many readers, including myself, though they have followed this novel with fascination, cannot help finding it rather repellent. A rereading makes the reasons for this plain. The three tempters, though Celia and the priest are presented not without sympathy, do really behave rather badly. They all put on performances for Theron in a way that shows little consideration for a green young man they are supposed to like. Why, for example, is Father Forbes, who is presented as the last word in Catholic sophistication and must know about Methodist doctrine, made to begin talking about "this Christ-myth" only the second time Theron has met him? This is surely neither behavior becoming a priest nor elementary good manners. And why, in the midst of this, should he talk in a perfectly irrelevant way about Lucretius foreshadowing Darwin? Is this Frederic himself showing off or Frederic making the priest show off? And then why should Dr. Ledsmar, unless with malevolent purpose, have made a point of sending Theron a translation of Renan's "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse"? (It must have been due to Frederic's own ignorance that he also makes the Doctor send him a volume of Renan "which appeared to be devoted to Oriental inscriptions." The only work of Renan's which could possibly answer to this description is

Leonard Harris wouldn't jive you.

ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
Dean Jones
Elaine Stritch
Barbara Barrie
COMPANY
A MUSICAL COMEDY

"I loved it. It is new in form, fluid, musical theatre without the cliches. The cast is superb. In fact 'Company' is a knockout from start to finish."
—Leonard Harris, CBS Television Network

The Original Cast of "Company" will run forever. Or at least as long as you own the Original Cast Album.
On Columbia Records

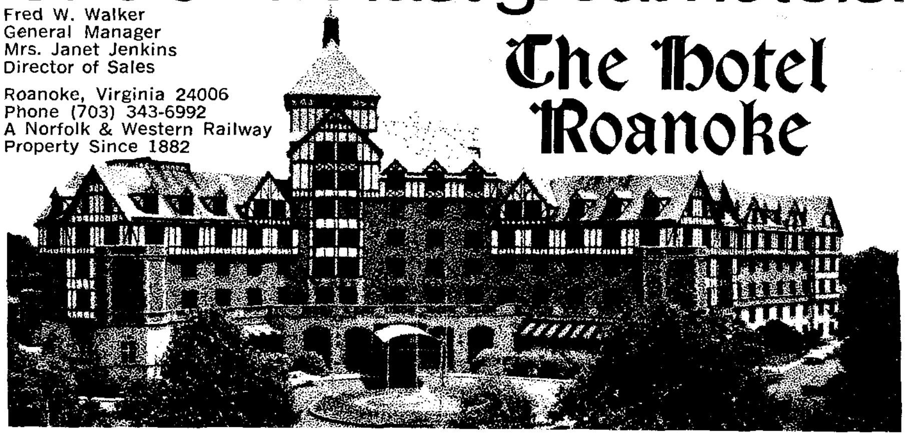
® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

One of the last great hotels.

Fred W. Walker
General Manager
Mrs. Janet Jenkins
Director of Sales

Roanoke, Virginia 24006
Phone (703) 343-6992
A Norfolk & Western Railway
Property Since 1882

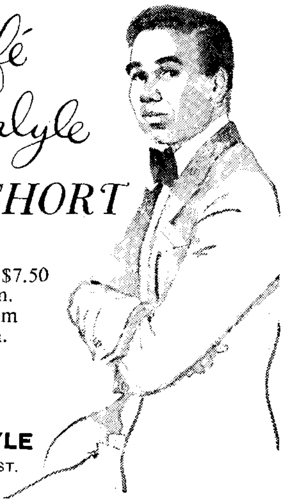
The Hotel Roanoke



Café Carlyle
BOBBY SHORT

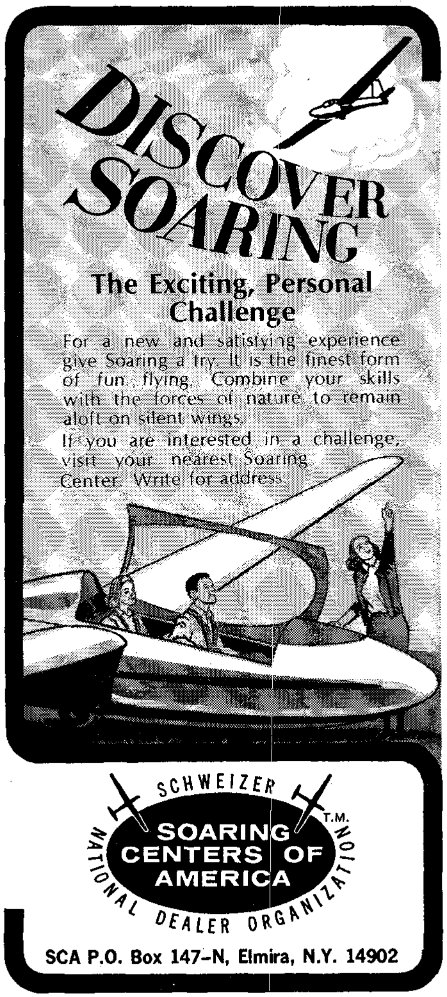
Complete Dinner $7.50
served to 9:30 p.m.
Entertainment from
9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Cover $3 p.p.
Minimum $3 p.p.
after 9:30.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. at 76th ST.
TEL. 744-1600



JAMES BOND
Was Born Here!

The Ian Fleming estate in Jamaica is now available for rental. The house in which Mr. Fleming wrote every word of his James Bond books is at Oracabessa on Jamaica's fabulous north coast. 3 bedrooms; 3 bathrooms; living room; beautiful private beach. Staff of four included! 17 acres of lovely grounds. Now renting for only $200 a week! To reserve the place for one or more weeks: Mrs. Robert Braham, P.O. Box 40, Port Maria, Jamaica, W.I. Tel.: Port Maria 282.



DISCOVER SOARING

The Exciting, Personal Challenge

For a new and satisfying experience give Soaring a try. It is the finest form of fun flying. Combine your skills with the forces of nature to remain aloft on silent wings.

If you are interested in a challenge, visit your nearest Soaring Center. Write for address.

SCHWEIZER T.M.
SOARING CENTERS OF AMERICA
NATIONAL DEALER ORGANIZATION

SCA P.O. Box 147-N, Elmira, N.Y. 14902

The Buccaneer

On its own three Beaches

It's so handy to the island's highlight hub, yet freshly far from vacation furor and fussing...

Small wonder The Buccaneer is St. Croix's Number 1 hotel.

THE BUCCANEER, St. Croix, U. S. Virgin Islands. For reservations contact Ralph Locke, 315 East 72 Street, Box S, New York City. JU 6-3070.

Le Restaurant
Par Excellence

LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY

QUO VADIS

26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

DINER A LA FRANCAISE
Nightly exc MON.
6:00 to 11:00 P.M.
SUNDAY from 5:30
LUNCHEON 12/3
A BIT OF BRITTANY IN NEW YORK
L'Armorique
2ND AVE. corner of 54TH ST. · PL 3-3787

the "Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum," a scholarly compilation of the Institut de France which Theron would not have been able to read and which the Doctor would hardly have had in his library.) Celia Madden should surely have been able to size Theron up well enough to know that when she refers to "Meredith" he would hardly have known about George Meredith. He thinks she means Owen Meredith, the once popular author of "Lucile," of whom Theron *has* vaguely heard. When they see what is happening to Theron as a result of their "illuminating" him, all three wash their hands of him with cold contempt and without a word of pity or counsel. The "damnation," also, is made to take place with what seems improbable speed. Though Theron's weaknesses have been shown from the start—his cowardice and his impracticality—is it plausible that in a mere six months Theron's face, as Celia's brother is made to say, should have ceased to give the impression of "the face of a saint" and to seem "more like the face of a barkeeper"? When Theron follows Celia to New York City, full at the same time of nasty suspicions of her relations with Father Forbes and of daydreams of going with her to Europe on a yacht supplied, presumably, by her money, she dismisses him and crushes him in what is surely—though it has never been suggested that this rather conceited girl is remarkable for a kindly nature—an unnecessarily bitchy way. It is impossible, it seems to me, at the present time to agree with Harry Thurston Peck, who said when "Theron Ware" came out that it was "a literary event of very great importance." I doubt whether a great novel can be written around a central character who, having once been made sufficiently attractive for the reader to share his emotions, is in the end so abjectly humiliated. It is true that Sister Soulsby, the half-charlatan Methodist "debt raiser," whose sympathy and common sense provide the redeeming element among Theron's mischief-making friends, does rescue him from his "damnation" by finding him a job in Seattle, to which he sets out with visions of using his exceptional oratorical gifts to get himself elected to the Senate, but the effect of the book is unpleasant. It had appeared in Frederic's earlier novels that, unlike his respected Howells, he took a harsh sort of relish in producing confrontations which would give rise to quarrels and insults. Though Frederic, as his talent develops, is becoming more and more a master of a clear and impartial kind of comedy, there is a certain sour flavor in all his work, which perhaps, although certain of his books in their time could not fail to attract attention, has kept them from being much read since.

Yet Frederic himself, from all accounts, though he was capable of bullying and truculence, was remarkable for good-natured high spirits and usually possessed by enthusiasm for some idealistic cause. There is a passage at the beginning of "Theron Ware," when Theron has not yet come to Octavius, in which Frederic ascribes to him a state of mind that must have been characteristic of himself. For Theron, "the period was one of incredible fructification and output. He scarcely recognized for his own the mind which now was reaching out on all sides with the arms of an octopus, exploring unsuspected mines of thought, bringing in rich treasures of deduction, assimilating, building, propounding as if by some force quite independent of him. He could not look without blinking timidity at the radiance of the path stretched out before him, leading upward to dazzling heights of greatness." (This is not a good example of Frederic's prose.) An intellectual and imaginative expansion was to go on in an astonishing way all through Harold Frederic's life. It is this kind of "illumination," transferred to the mind of a somewhat loutish boy from the farm, which he projects into Theron Ware. But Frederic was not so loutish and, though brought up on Methodism—his family had been active in the Methodist Church—he had himself no stake in religion. He makes Theron Ware soon come to grief, but Frederic himself had gone on to more and more illumination and more and more worldly success. It should be noted, however, that at the same time that Theron is in this state of expansive euphoria, he is running into serious debt, and that this kind of disregard of consequences was also characteristic of the career of Theron's creator.

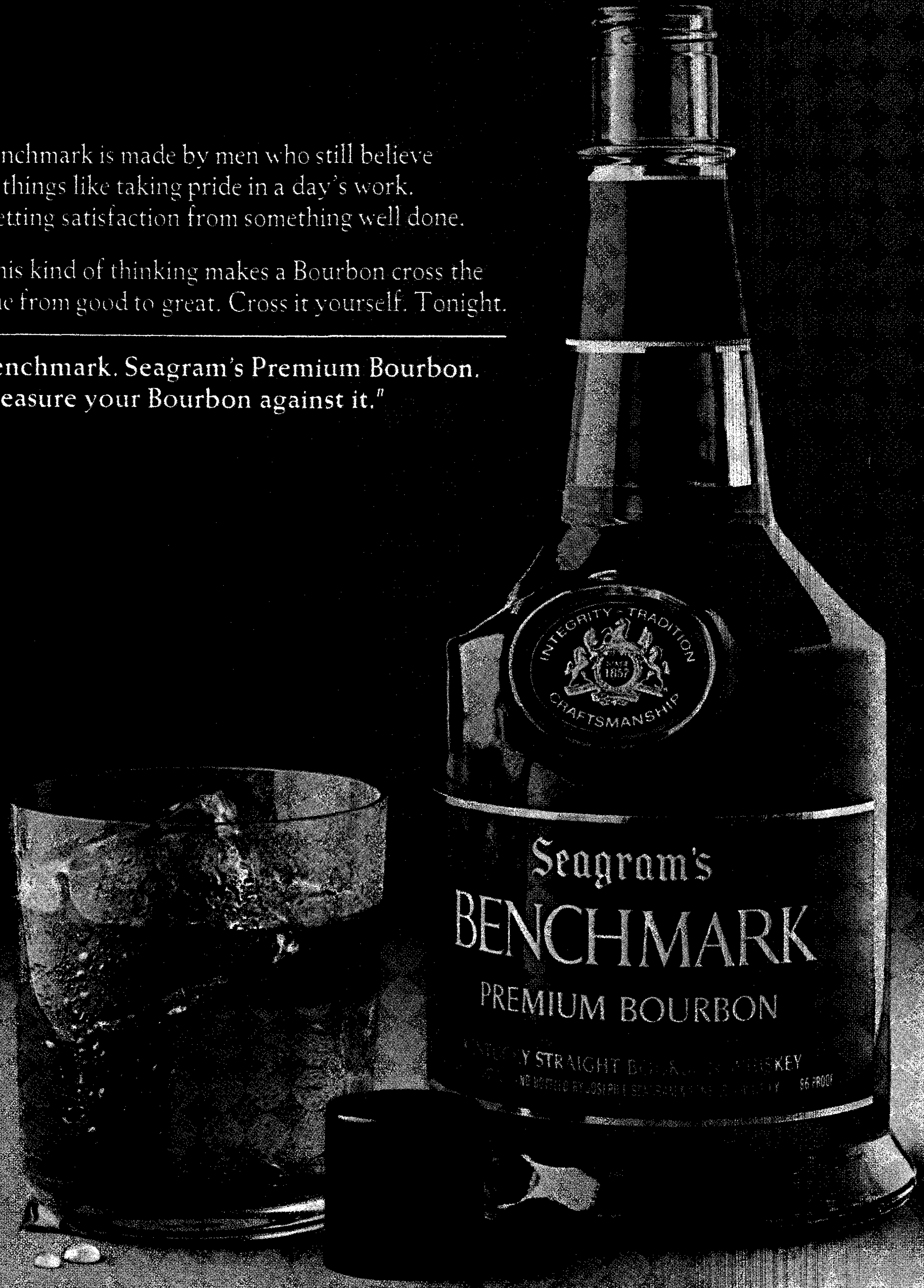
I HAVE said that one of the most striking features of Frederic's New York State fiction is the accuracy and completeness with which he covers these communities. As a reporter for the Utica *Observer*, he had written about everything from art exhibitions to the gruesome crimes of the country-

Craftsmanship. It's what makes a good Bourbon a great Bourbon.

Benchmark is made by men who still believe
in things like taking pride in a day's work.
Getting satisfaction from something well done.

This kind of thinking makes a Bourbon cross the
line from good to great. Cross it yourself. Tonight.

Benchmark. Seagram's Premium Bourbon.
"Measure your Bourbon against it."


INTEGRITY TRADITION
1857
CRAFTSMANSHIP
Seagram's
BENCHMARK
PREMIUM BOURBON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
86 PROOF

eagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

This hour-hand tells you the time where your mind is.

This hour-hand tells you the time where your body is.

ACCUTRON
ASTRONAUT
MARK II
15

And you can set our new Accutron watch for a second time-zone without disturbing the original setting.

Telling time in the jet age just isn't as simple as Big Hand/Little Hand anymore.

So Accutron, not content to give you exquisitely accurate time in one time-zone, now provides it in two.

Introducing the Accutron Astronaut Mark II's. They can do things no other watches ever could.

Let's say you're leaving your office in Boise, Idaho for a meeting in London. Just click the hour-hand ahead 8 hours, and you're on London time. A second "hour-hand" (which normally hides behind the first) is now exposed to keep track of the time back home.

And since the other hands aren't disturbed, neither is our famous claim: that Accutron is the most accurate watch in the world.

The Accutron watch is guaranteed accurate to within one minute a month* because it measures time with a unique electronic tuning fork movement.

(Conventional watches, with their conventional balance wheel movements, simply can't match accuracy like this. Friction and the effects of gravity are just too much to overcome.)

If you do any traveling at all, you'll appreciate the new Accutron Astronaut Mark II.

And the next time you're in London, and someone asks you the time, you can reply with a straight face, "Here? Or in Boise, Idaho?"

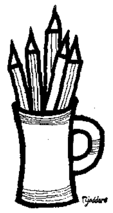
ACCUTRON
ASTRONAUT
MARK II

Instead of an additional hour-hand, this model uses a small "read-out window" to show the time back home. The Accutron Astronaut Mark II's. From $175.

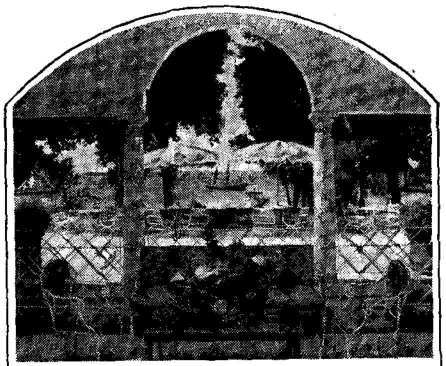
Accutron® by Bulova

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from and returned to an authorized Accutron dealer within one year of date of purchase. Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

side, and when he went on to write its editorials, he became an expert commentator on politics. He qualified himself by reading and local tradition to write about the Revolution as well as the Civil War, of which he had also kept the first-hand impressions of a very observant child. And he was now, during his years in Europe, to demonstrate his capacity for acquiring through study and through personal experience a knowledge of the history, the structure, and the habits of living and thinking of any social or national group to which he turned his attention. An experienced newspaperman whom he consulted in New York on his way to London describes him, says Paul Haines, as "uncouth and awkward in 'a long green overcoat that made him look like a cucumber' " and "mainly anxious 'about the etiquette of the steamship, not at all about his press functions after landing.' " But he soon seemed to get the hang of London almost in the same way as he had known the ins and outs of New York, and he became one of the most searching and most alert of American foreign correspondents. He followed British politics with a diligence that sometimes surprised the English, had Burke's *Peerage* at his fingers' ends and was able to bring it up to date, familiarized himself with the slums and the criminal low life of London. He informed himself at first hand about current affairs by dining with and entertaining the journalists and politicians, and became one of the liveliest members of the rather bohemian Savage Club, where he could always, it is said, hold the floor, up to the time he was asked to resign in consequence of having cabled to the *Times* the contents of an as yet unpublished book of Swinburne's which had been lent him by another member. Swinburne's copyright was thus destroyed, and the two clubmen came to blows. Frederic then joined the National Liberal Club, but was still received at the Savage. (Gertrude Atherton says, in her memoirs, that he is supposed to have assaulted John Lane, the publisher, in an argument about money, as a result of which the latter had to spend several days in bed.)



Frederic also covered Europe and Russia. Two of his series of articles were published in book form, in 1891 and 1892: "The Young Emperor: William II of Germany" and "The New Exodus: A Study of Israel in Russia." The second of these is much better than the first. It is probable that Frederic's German blood made him overrate Wilhelm II—though at that time, in the United States, the admiration for modern Germany, which seemed in some ways so like America, was carried to extravagant lengths. A novelist's sense of character gave Frederic some imaginative insight into the personality of the Kaiser, but what he takes for Wilhelm's liberalism under pressure of labor disturbance and the rise of the Social Democrats excites him, after three years of Wilhelm's reign, to write that, though "the future may be tempestuous and discoloured by fire and blood," it may, "far better, be a gentle story of increasing wisdom, of good deeds done and peace made a natural state instead of an emergency in the minds of men." He praises the German Army as the greatest that the world has ever seen and seems to be unaware of the dangers of Prussian militarism. He is said, however, in conversation, to have made the prediction to an English friend "that the armed peace of Europe would be exploded by 'some idiot in the Balkans . . . with a bomb or pistol shot at some useless Kinglet . . . into the goddamndest hellfire ever imagined . . . and don't you fool yourself into the belief that we all—British and Americans—will get off scot free. We'll all be in it.' " "The New Exodus" is a much more convincing job, because, as Mr. Haines has shown in his extracts from Frederic's articles on the cholera epidemic, his reporting is more effective when he is telling about what he has seen. Harold Frederic spent two months in Russia and, without knowing the language, succeeded, through translations and interpreters and by first-hand observation of what was going on, in more or less penetrating the murk and confusion which are so likely to blot out Russia from the rest of the world. He broke the appalling story, which the censorship had tried to suppress, of the hounding and dispossession and banishment of tens of thousands of Russian Jews. In "The Return of the O'Mahony," a romance which followed this book—though, with its absurdities of Gothic gimmickry and its extremely implausible plot, it is by far Frederic's weakest novel—he does, also, show real knowledge of Ireland, a country in which he had become interested when he discovered the Irish in New York State; which he frequently visited when he lived in England; and about which he wrote for the *Times* some articles so strongly pro-Irish that the editor tried to make him tone them down. (It is probably important in this

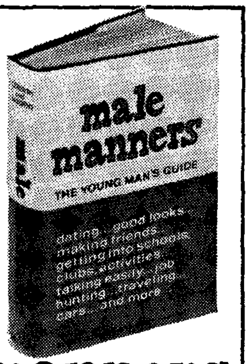


Barbados is very special at Sandy Lane.

Barbados has 33 sugar beaches. We think our hotel has the best. All our rooms have private verandahs. Barbados has perfect weather throughout the year. Perfect for our swimming, water skiing, skin diving, tennis and golf. The Bajan moon shines down on our outdoor dancing and diversified entertainment. Lots of exciting things to do and places to visit. And even the price is special. Just $33 single and $48 double room daily, Apr. 16 to Dec. 15, MAP (breakfast and dinner).

Sandy Lane Hotel
BARBADOS, WEST INDIES

See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., Dept. NY, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020. (212) JU 6-4500. Other offices: Boston, Washington, Chicago, Miami, Toronto.


male manners
THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE
dating · good looks · making friends · getting into schools · clubs, activities · talking easily · job hunting · traveling · cars · and more

Social confidence for boys starts here...

male manners
THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE
By Corinth and Sargent
Indexed • $6.95 • McKAY

FOURTH LARGE PRINTING
Winner, Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award

Elizabeth Cullinan
HOUSE OF GOLD

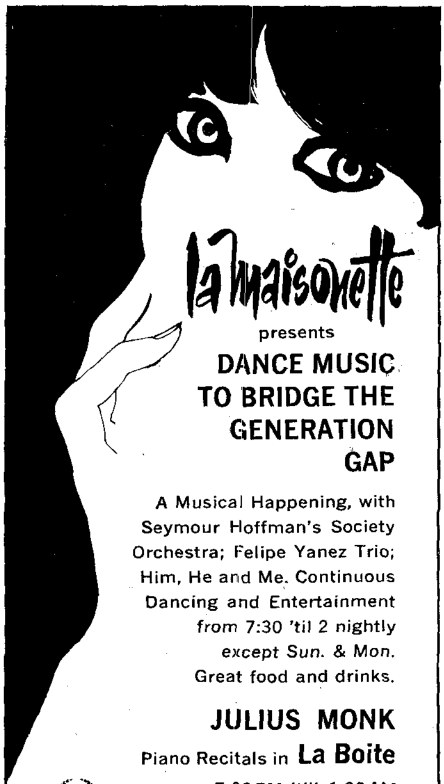
"Miss Cullinan's first novel proves she is a big writer."
—*The New Yorker*

At your bookstore • $5.95

connection that Kate Lyon's mother had been a Mahony.) He had visited French Canada in the eighties, and what he wrote about it shows that he had sized up its situation in a way then and now uncommon for visitors from the United States. In an article on "The Race Question in Canada," he said that the priests there exploited the peasantry. "The future must turn upon the ability of the priests to hold their people. If they had a tithe of the sense and tact of the Irish priests in the States they could do it. But they are narrow, intolerant, ignorant men as a class, and the drift is all against them. And the moment the beam tips their way, snap will go the Dominion!"

As the power, then, of Frederic's mind had gone on from a Utica paper to exercise an influence in state politics, so it now went on from New York State to the comprehension of Britain and Europe. The author of the memoir already quoted says of Frederic that he "admitted one day, when challenged, that, after having seen what real world politics meant, nothing would have tempted him to go back to America and take up his pen again in the squalid struggle for a living at the public expense that is called politics in America." And where a Fuller or a Henry James looked on from the fringes of Europe, Harold Frederic plunged into its life, participated in its movements. It is plain from his notes for his books and from the scheme of "Theron Ware" itself that he had soon come to think in terms of the larger conceptions of Western thought. And as an American from upstate New York, he suffered from few inhibitions. "All these years of the nineties," wrote Frank Harris on Frederic's death, "Frederic was growing rapidly, but it was primarily the American in him which appealed to me from the first—a power of judging events and persons on their merits, heedless of position or apparent importance."

It was for a long time a serious error on the part of American criticism to disparage Frederic's English novels. Ernest Sutherland Bates, in the "Dictionary of American Biography," says of them that, "written in failing health and during domestic trouble, they add little to his reputation." (Actually, "The Market-Place" was a best-seller in 1899.) And even Van Wyck Brooks brushes off these books in "The Confident Years" by declaring that Frederic "lost himself . . . as a novelist in his foreign surroundings, and he seemed to bear out the rule that Howells laid

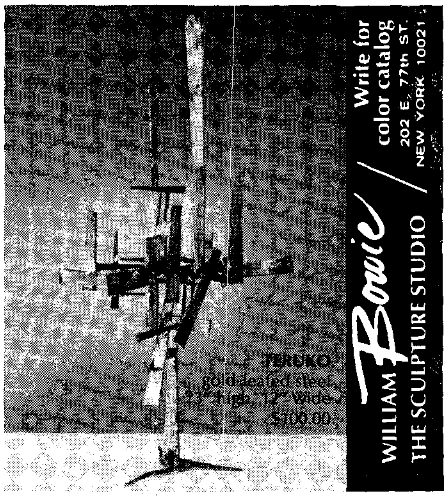


La Maisonette
presents
DANCE MUSIC TO BRIDGE THE GENERATION GAP
A Musical Happening, with Seymour Hoffman's Society Orchestra; Felipe Yanez Trio; Him, He and Me. Continuous Dancing and Entertainment from 7:30 'til 2 nightly except Sun. & Mon.
Great food and drinks.
JULIUS MONK
Piano Recitals in La Boite
7:30 PM 'till 1:30 AM
Reservations PLaza 3-4500
St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel
5TH AVE. AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 10022
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Alaska
13 Day Cruise
Seattle to Seward
The only cruise to go beyond the Inside Passage into glacier-lined Gulf of Alaska, with land never out of sight. See Vancouver, B.C., Ketchikan, Juneau, Tracy Arm Fjord, Valdez, Columbia Glacier, Seward (with optional side trip to Anchorage), Cordova, Glacier Bay National Monument, Sitka, Prince Rupert. Round trip from $395. See your travel agent.
SAFETY INFORMATION: The D.E.S. Polar Star registered in Canada, and the M.V. West Star registered in Liberia meet the International Safety Standards for new ships, developed in 1960, and the 1966 fire safety requirements.
West Line, Division of:
WESTOURS, INC.
900-90 IBM Bldg., Seattle, Wa. 98101
MEMBER ASTA
Send folder on 13 day cruise.
Name________
Address________
City________
State________ Zip________

Fine Foods Cocktails
The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.

An 18th century Japanese palace to eat in, drink in and be entertained in.
The Benihana Palace
15 W. 44th St., NYC. Phone 682-7120



TERUKO
gold-leafed steel
23" high, 12" wide
$100.00
WILLIAM Bowie / THE SCULPTURE STUDIO / Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

FOR RENT
ARCHITECTS TOWNHOUSE TRIPLEX
BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED EIGHT ROOMS, FOUR BATHS IN EAST EIGHTIES WITH MAID SERVICE. AIR CONDITIONED, FIRE PLACES. $1,500/MO. FROM JUNE 15.
212-TR-9-2453

The finest ice in the Grenadines
The perfect hideaway resort hotel, a 113-acre private island, south of St. Vincent, north of Grenada. Charter cruise yachtsmen make a beeline here for . . . the finest ice in the Grenadines.
For reservations, see your Travel Agent, or call our New York office: (212) 986-4373.
Petit St. Vincent Resort

down for his disciples, 'Write about the life you know best.'" But Frederic had evidently exhausted the material of the life he had known at home; he had nothing more from there to write about. Yet it is important to note that, in his subsequent novels, the central figure is, except in one instance (in whom, however, there is also an American element), either a transplanted American, an Englishman who has lived in the United States, or one who has grown up abroad and just come for the first time to England. Harold Frederic has simply gone on to utilize his own later experience. This is a Frederic now immersed in English life but still unmistakably American.

In the novels he is henceforth to write, Frederic's mimicry of English, Scotch, and Irish speech seems, at least to a non-British reader, almost as faithful as his expert rendering of the speech of his various kinds of New Yorkers. The little book "Mrs. Albert Grundy: Observations in Philistia," which he published in 1896 in a series called "The Mayfair Set"—when he had been in England twelve years—is a curious tour de force. It exactly catches the tone—coy humor, snobbish chit-chat, light discussions of subjects of general interest—of the writings of G. S. Street, who also contributed to this series. At the other extreme of history, in a pair of short stories that are made to take place in the Middle Ages, Frederic brings to the Wars of the Roses the same kind of practical grasp and carefully exact description as he does to an Oneida County turkey shoot or a Methodist camp meeting. When he came, in "The Market-Place," to deal seriously with modern England, I learn from Mr. Austin Briggs, it was the American reviewers, not the English, who complained that Frederic's knowledge of English life was only superficial.

Of his later books, three are light potboilers—"Mrs. Grundy," "The O'Mahony," "March Hares"—though I agree with Mr. Briggs that the last of these, and the most amusing, probably reflects Frederic's state of mind, melancholy and disillusioned, when he had not yet accomplished much and, in its love story, the stimulating excitement of his discovery of Kate Lyon. Two more serious books came out after Frederic's death, which occurred in 1898—two years after "Theron Ware"—when he was only forty-two. The first of these, "Gloria Mundi," is not of Frederic's best, but ambitious and rather surprising. Frederic is trying here to deal with the pressure of mod-

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $10.00

☐ Two Years (104 issues) $17.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00;
Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name ________________
Street ________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ________________
Street ________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
Gift card to read: "From ________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ________________
Street ________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
Gift card to read: "From ________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ________________
Street ________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
Gift card to read: "From ________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $________ to cover ________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

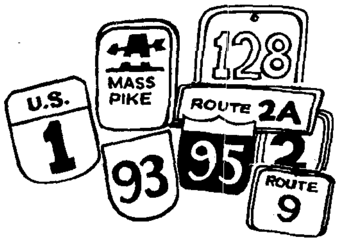
The Japanese Steak Ceremony.

At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

BENIHANA of TOKYO
YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.
120 E. 56th St. New York LT 1-0930
Open 7 days a week. Sat. and Sun. dinner only.
61 W. 56th St. New York LT 1-0931
Open 7 days a week. Sunday dinner only.
Chicago • Honolulu • Las Vegas • San Francisco



All roads lead to The Colonial Inn

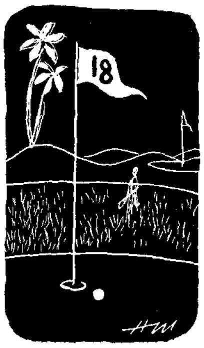
We're right off busy Route 128, overlooking The Village Green in historic Concord. It's a little bit of a different world . . . quiet, charming, relaxed and friendly. And so is the Inn. Maybe that's why all kinds of people love us. Tourists, salesmen, families, businessmen, movie stars, airline pilots, bird watchers, wedding parties (and honeymooners), Canadians, New Yorkers, Bostonians, Midwesterners, and our own townfolk. So whether you're planning a trip, a sales meeting, a wedding or just stopping by for cocktails and dinner, we go out of our way because you have.

• 60 modern airconditioned rooms • TV • Free parking • Major credit cards • Good Food • Village Forge Lounge • Direct dialing phones.

The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

ADVENTURE in CREATIVITY
Art • Music
Writing
Theatre
Dance • Film
Summer residential program. Coed Ages 14-19 June 28-Aug. 9
H. J. Motley, Jr., CRANBROOK SCHOOL, Box Y
520 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, Mich. 48013

ern change on the hereditary structure of England. It is very much the kind of thing that Shaw was already writing and that Wells was later to write. Frederic's notes for it show the range of the problems that he contemplated attacking: “Big Estates, Business, Man at 40, Religion and Education, Art, The Sex Passion, Woman, England, The Army Set, and Children.” A young man called Christian Tower, who has grown up in France, falls heir to a great ducal estate and comes for the first time to England, which he sees, as Frederic had, with the eyes of an English-speaking foreigner. His grandfather, the Duke, is a brutal old man, dying in a room full of rank-smelling dogs. He says of a local farmer who has barred him from riding through his property, “A good hearty cut across the face with a whip is what'd teach swine like Griffiths their place—and then let 'em summons you and be damned.” He represents the barbarity of feudal England, which is tenacious but now on its last legs. One of Christian's cousins, who has Jewish blood, is aware of the cruelty to the tenants and serfs which has maintained the Duke's position, and he has tried to atone for it on his own estate by inventing what he calls “the System.” This is a limited utopia of fifteen square miles inhabited by two thousand people. They are made to work at medieval crafts, for which the estate itself provides most of the raw materials. The aim is to isolate them from the modern world and to regulate their lives in such a way as to make everybody happy. When Christian suggests that this is socialism, his cousin is horrified and indignant, and it presently becomes apparent that this artificial community is almost as much at the mercy of the discipline imposed by its master as the serfs had been enslaved by theirs. Christian cannot accept this solution any more than he can acquiesce in the tyranny of his feudal grandfather, but, after the Duke dies, he cannot see any way out of taking on the responsibilities of the great estate. He does, however, violate tradition by marrying a London typist, an independent and intelligent young woman of the kind to which belong so many of the heroines of Wells and Shaw. The reader is left wondering what point Frederic wants to make. Is it simply that it is difficult for the landed nobility to dispossess themselves?



The second book, “The Market-Place,” is connected with “Gloria Mundi” and evidently intended as a counterpart to it. Though Frederic has studied and documented himself on the life of the aristocracy, “Gloria Mundi” is rather unreal. “The Market-Place” is closer to what he has lived. It is perhaps, after “Theron Ware,” the best of Frederic's novels. Here the half-alien central character, Joel Thorpe, is the son of a London bookseller and an adventurer who has been away fifteen years. From living for some time in America, he has got to talk like an American and is sometimes mistaken for one. He is what we call nowadays an “operator,” and completely unscrupulous and unashamed. The novel is the story of his struggle with the London Stock Exchange—his disasters when he is outswindled and his outrageous successes in outswindling the swindlers. In the end, he has made a fortune by selling stock in a rubber plantation in Mexico. When taxed with this property's worthlessness by someone who knows about it, he replies that, for his own purposes, the plantation might as well not exist. He exploits the nobility, whom he double-crosses, and outwits the Jewish financiers. Having become in his travels an excellent shot, he can qualify in England as a sportsman. By his animal vigor and verve, he induces a Lady Cressage to marry him—an impoverished, somewhat shattered former beauty who has already appeared in “Gloria Mundi.” Her companion—Celia Madden, from “Theron Ware,” who has inherited her father's money and has left Octavius for Europe—takes a very much shrewder view of him and says that “crime was his true vocation.” But, having set himself up as a country gentleman, he finds himself restless and bored, and decides to get himself into Parliament. Despising the philanthropists as duffers, he has a vision of the possibilities of a demagoguery that would pretend to aim at the improvement of the miserable masses. His wife now “beheld in his face, as she scrutinized it, a stormy glow of the man's native, coarse, imperious virility reasserting itself through the mask o torpor which this vacuous year hac superimposed.” The young Duke fron “Gloria Mundi” appears in the las chapter. Thorpe makes a crafty effor to interest him in his project, which th Duke comments on as “interesting” bu to which he does not commit himself.

The merits of “The Market-Place'

Take a world cruise with HOPE.

If you could sail with HOPE you'd have one of the most rewarding experiences of your life.

HOPE is the gleaming white hospital ship that travels the world and brings medical aid and training to the sick, the crippled, the neglected.

HOPE is you. And so we invite you to join in our next mission by contributing your dollars today. Help make the world a little healthier, a little happier, a little more peaceful.

PROJECT HOPE

PROJECT HOPE, DEPT. A,
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007.
Your contribution is tax deductible.

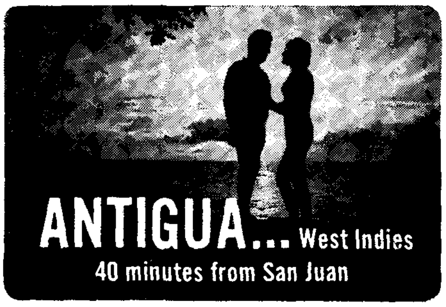
Marlborough-Blenheim

ON THE BOARDWALK AND OCEAN

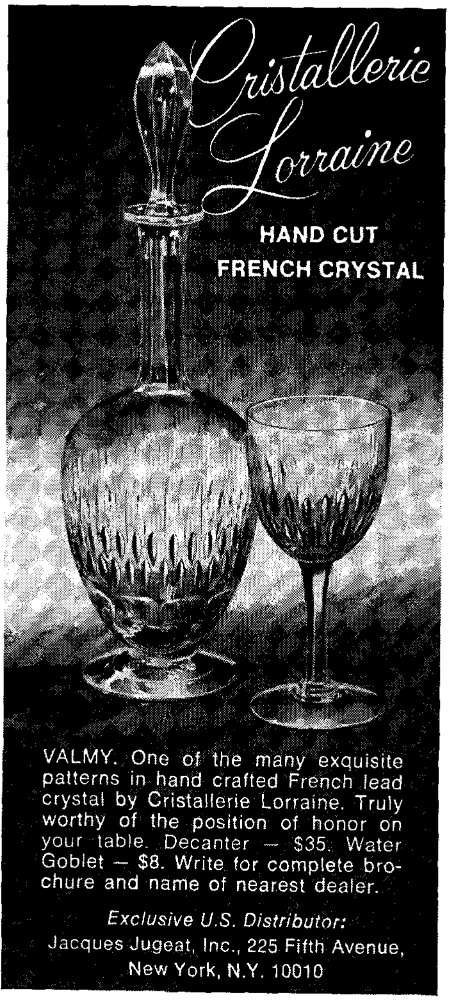
Time-honoured as a "mark of excellence" in exquisite charm, unsurpassed personal service and eminent clientele. Situated on 5 Magic Acres at Park Place in America's famous ocean resort, ATLANTIC CITY.

lie not only in its elements of adventure but also in the psychological interest of the specious rationalizations and the pseudo-benevolent sentiments with which the predatory Thorpe tries occasionally to justify to himself the more and more callous skulduggeries into which his drive for power is dragging him. Theron Ware was an unself-flattering version of Harold Frederic as a young provincial eager to widen his social, aesthetic, and intellectual scope and to make for himself a career. Joel Thorpe is a similar version of Harold Frederic the man of the world and the international journalist who has been able to go from conquest to conquest.

Harold Frederic had, at this point in his own career, arrived at the height of his powers. He was generally regarded as an important writer, and Scribners was about to bring out a Uniform Edition of his fiction. He was planning in his next novel to return to the American Revolution and to tell the story from the point of view of a Hessian mercenary—he had had one among his ancestors—who would figure as "a big swaggering bully," despising both the British and the colonists. But, like Theron, he was now deep in debt, and he was loaded with domestic burdens. He had to support two households—two women and seven children. (It seems to me rather amusing, as an example of Frederic's insouciance, that his villa in Surbiton, where his wife lived, should have been called Oneida Lodge, and his second house, in Surrey, Homefield.) He now wanted to give up potboilers and journalism and concentrate on his serious fiction, and, remembering Hawthorne, he applied to Oscar Straus, a man with whom he had the connection that they had both worked for Cleveland, for the consulate in Liverpool. Straus promised to try to help him, but he was never given the post—perhaps on account, Mr. Briggs says, of the disorder of his private life. In the meantime, he heavily overworked, and in August, 1898, had a stroke. The doctors advised him to rest and to adapt himself to more temperate habits, but he dismissed their admonitions with scorn and went on smoking cigars, drinking brandy and whiskey, and riding. Kate Lyon was a Christian Scientist and called in a woman healer, who, Frederic said, "bores my head off." He became confused in his mind, insisted, like Dickens just before his death, that he was going up to London, gave self-confident opinions on foreign affairs, and bewildered a friend by asking, in



For casual luxury choose
Blue Waters
BEACH HOTEL
1000 feet of snowy sand beach on scenic Soldier Bay...glass enclosed dining room, cocktail terrace...spacious rooms with private terraces...wonderful food.
MAP $20 – $28 Single; $30 – $38 Double*
For luxurious living choose
Half Moon Bay
HOTEL
150-acre estate on the wide crescent shaped beach...fresh-water pool...9-hole golf course...tennis courts...superb food ...modern rooms with private patios.
MAP $28, $30 Single; $38, $40 Double
*All rooms are beach front, facing sea with private bath and balcony or patio.
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.
International Representatives
1270 Ave. of the Americas
New York 10020 • (212) 757-2444
Offices in Miami, Chicago, Toronto and London



VALMY. One of the many exquisite patterns in hand crafted French lead crystal by Cristallerie Lorraine. Truly worthy of the position of honor on your table. Decanter — $35. Water Goblet — $8. Write for complete brochure and name of nearest dealer.

Exclusive U.S. Distributor:
Jacques Jugeat, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10010

his last hours, "Have you got that job done for poor Sullivan's daughters?" He died on October 19, 1898. He was cremated, and his mother had his ashes sent back to Utica, where he was buried in the Forest Hill Cemetery.

Frederic's death caused much trouble and scandal. He had made a will dividing his property equally between his two families, but actually they were both left penniless. Stephen Crane and his wife, close friends of the Frederics in England, took Kate and her children in. Petitions on behalf of both families were circulated by their respective friends. Bernard Shaw contributed five pounds for Kate's, with some especially tart remarks: "We have three very expensive orphans on hand already—parents alive in every case. My impulse is to repudiate all extra orphans with loud execrations. . . . I should simply take them out into the garden and bury them;" and Henry James, who had signed an appeal, contributed the same amount, writing, "Deeper than I can say is my commiseration for those beautiful little children." When Cora Crane sent James "The Market-Place," he wrote her that he had read it "with a lively sense of what H. F. might have done if he had lived—and above all lived (and therefore worked) differently!" But Grace Frederic's faction brought a charge of manslaughter against Kate Lyon and her Christian Scientist healer—a charge that was quite unjustified. The evidence about this is confused. It seems certain that Frederic had had two qualified doctors and refused to take their advice. To one of them, he had replied, "You order what you like, and I'll take what I like." But a close friend of his says that in his lucid moments he protested against the healer and demanded medical treatment. The case got into court, but the charge against Kate had been dropped and the other defendant was acquitted.

Certain aspects of this imbroglio have remained rather mysterious. Some light has been thrown on it by Mr. Haines and by the Stephen Crane letters and Lillian Gilkes' biography of Cora Crane. But, as in the case of Henry Fuller, a full-length biography is needed. I understand, however, that all Frederic's books are soon to be made available in a good edition. A botched photographed edition, at a very high price, has already been issued by the Greenwood Press. Here Frederic's first novel, "In the Valley," and his third, "The Lawton Girl," appear in a volume called "The Later Years," and they are both wrongly dated as of 1900 instead of 1890. "Mrs. Grundy" is included in a volume of "Non-Fiction." But an edition in fourteen volumes, under the supervision of Mr. O'Donnell, has been announced by the Garrett Press. In the meantime, there have been several reprints of "Theron Ware," and the first complete collection of the Civil War stories, published by the Syracuse University Press. And a short but able study of Frederic by Mr. Stanton Garner has appeared in the University of Minnesota series of Pamphlets on American Writers.

—EDMUND WILSON

(This is the second of two articles on American novelists.)

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A BEGGAR IN JERUSALEM, by Elie Wiesel, translated from the French by Lily Edelman and the author (Random House). Mr. Wiesel grew up in a Jewish community in Transylvania, survived Auschwitz and Buchenwald, worked as a journalist and writer in Paris, and is now an American citizen. He was in Israel during the Six-Day War, and published this novel about it in France, where it won the Prix Médicis. The narrator is a Jerusalem beggar, significantly named David, who fought in the war; his companions are mad beggars and visionaries; the theme is eternal Jewish suffering; and the result is a novel as a series of hysterical declamations, full of spurious profundities.

"A hauntingly unforgettable reading experience...

superb...as contemporary as it is timeless, as deftly witty as it is profoundly sorrowful."
—MARCIA SELIGSON, Los Angeles Times

Photo: Jerry Abramowitz

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS

A novel by LOIS GOULD

$6.95, now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE

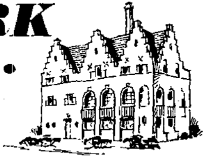
A Terrible Thing Has Happened to Miss Dupont

a mystery by Polly Hobson

■ That implacable British bloodhound, Inspector Basil, turns up enough curious clues, aberrant passions, and wickedly amusing by-play to make any body turn gleefully in its grave. $4.50, now at your bookstore

THE McCALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

KNIFE & FORK INN...



ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD

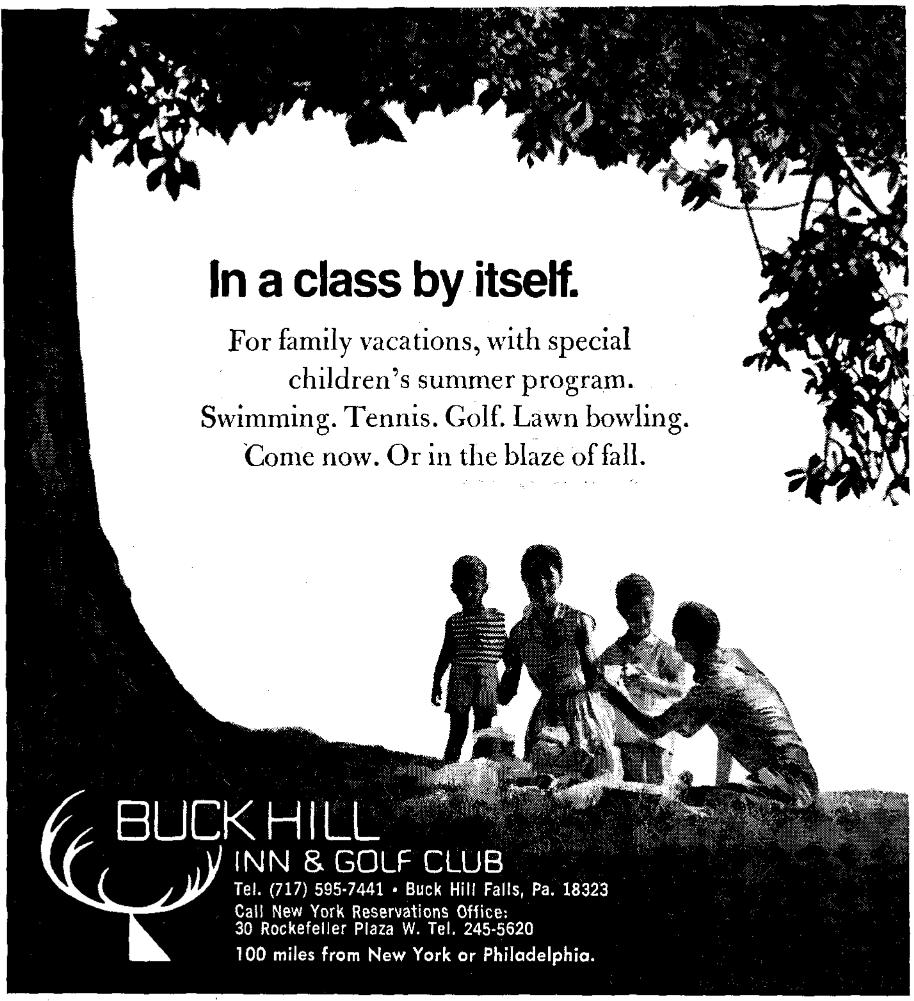
Est. 1912

FOR SALE

In Putnam Valley, N.Y.—charming house on 2½ wooded acres with brook. 52 miles from NYC. 2 or 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, den, living room, stone fireplace, modern kitchen, large sauna, heated swimming pool. Furnished or unfurnished, one room cabin in back. $58,000. Contact owner, 914 LA8-5166 weekends or, 212 MU2-7464, extension 106, weekdays.

or simplifying, while Clark elevates his readers and makes them aware of complexities. Fifteen dollars.

LUMUMBA: THE LAST 50 DAYS, by G. Heinz and H. Donnay, translated from the French by Jane Clark Seitz (Grove). This icily precise, factual book is the work of authors described by their publisher as Belgian professors who were in the Congo when Patrice Lumumba was killed, who made further investigations into his murder, and who remain pseudonymous to protect their informants as well as themselves. Even if the reader is worried about not knowing the identity of the writers, this dispassionate work—its authors are not partisans of any group in the book, Congolese or Belgian—is impressive. The story starts on November 27, 1960, when Lumumba escaped from house arrest in Léopoldville. (The President of the Congo, Joseph Kasavubu, had ousted Lumumba as Prime Minister in September and had him arrested after Lumumba had attempted to rally his supporters to overthrow Kasavubu.) Lumumba was trying to reach Stanleyville, where some of his supporters, led by Antoine Gizenga, were fighting well enough to raise Lumumba's hopes that he might win a civil war. But Lumumba was recaptured, held in an Army camp a hundred miles from Léopoldville, and then, in January, with two colleagues, flown to Elizabethville, the capital of Katanga—a dark act of complicity between the central government and a rebellious province, and one on which the authors shed some light. They do not know how badly Lumumba had been mistreated during his imprisonment, but they reject the Katangese excuse that Lumumba and his associates were already dying when they arrived in Elizabethville. The authors insist that the victims were deliberately killed—not accidentally, and not while trying to escape—on the night of their arrival (January 17-18, 1961) in a small house outside Elizabethville. Carefully sifting the varying accounts of the actual killing, the authors try hard to say nothing of which they are not certain, but they do mention whatever foreign individuals (Belgians, mainly) they think were involved. The general impression a reader gets is of power struggles comparable to wars among early medieval barons. The authors acknowledge that to many Africans Lumumba has become an


In a class by itself.

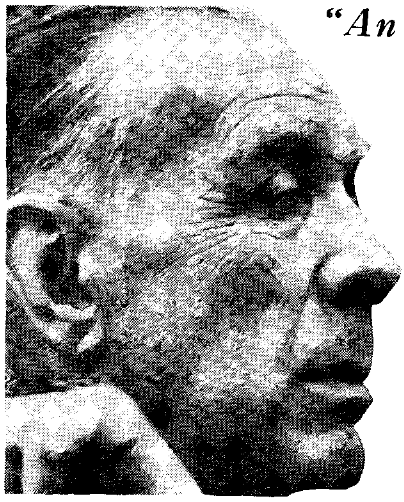
For family vacations, with special children's summer program.
Swimming. Tennis. Golf. Lawn bowling.
Come now. Or in the blaze of fall.

BUCK HILL
INN & GOLF CLUB
Tel. (717) 595-7441 • Buck Hill Falls, Pa. 18323
Call New York Reservations Office:
30 Rockefeller Plaza W. Tel. 245-5620
100 miles from New York or Philadelphia.

From the author of
"The James Joyce Murder"
POETIC JUSTICE
A Kate Fansler mystery, by
Amanda Cross

Jacques Barzun says: "Amanda Cross knows a university when she sees one (which takes some doing these days) and with the same expertise she slips in a bit of homicide, much wit, and lashings of the great poetry of this century —*Poetic Justice* indeed."

Second printing • $4.95 • Alfred • A • Knopf


"An extraordinary work." —*Washington Star*

THE BOOK OF IMAGINARY BEINGS
by Jorge Luis Borges
Translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the author

"An astonishing 'construct'—and the brave beautiful man behind it ranks among the few perfectly composed, thoroughly fascinating literary intelligences alive."
—*N.Y. Times Book Review*

"A marvelous miscellany."
—*Peter S. Prescott, Look*

"Borges creates literary logarithms that raise base ideas to exhilarating heights."—*Time*

$6.95

dutton

◆◆

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St. 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St. 751-1960

◆◆

PRIVATE
REPORT ON N.Y.
RESTAURANTS!
THE
STENDAHL
LETTER
Send for
Free Examination Copy

Unique monthly newsletter . . . detailed, authoritative 8-page report on New York restaurants . . . carries no advertising. Unlike anything ever available before!

Write: The Stendahl Letter, 103 Park Ave., Dept. Y6. New York, 10017, (212 683 8083)

SHERATON IN
NASSAU Ⓢ
Sheraton-
British Colonial Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
Call it free—Anytime from anywhere
in the Continental United States
800-325-3535

ideological martyr; the book implies he was just a loser.

THE DIVINE MISTRESS: A BIOGRAPHY OF EMILIE DU CHÂTELET, THE BELOVED OF VOLTAIRE, by Samuel Edwards (McKay). Mme. du Châtelet was Voltaire's mistress from shortly after they met, in 1733, until her death, in 1749, when she was forty-three. She was an aristocratic beauty and, as Mr. Edwards tells us, much more: her translations of the classics were the standard French editions down through the nineteenth century, and she also did original work in the natural sciences. She was a passionate, eccentric personality. Mr. Edwards thinks she would have attained considerable celebrity even if she had not had a liaison with the star writer of the era, simply because she was a prodigy—a woman who explicated the works of Leibniz, was a pretty good fencer, and became a formidably successful gambler. The biography is entertaining because its subject is, and its author has a neat way of explaining to twentieth-century readers the marital, romantic, and sexual decorum of the eighteenth century, which assumed that love and marriage were separate enterprises, each with its own duties.

NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published John McPhee's "The Crofter and the Laird," an account of the Scottish island of Colonsay and its people. All the text originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MANY DEADLY RETURNS, by Patricia Moyes (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). There are an alarming number of brilliant but unscrupulous doctors roaming with purposeful stealth about the green fields and twisty lanes of murder and mystery literature this year. Most, if not all, of these medical creeps are turning up in English stories, but it must be noted, comfortably, that nearly every one of them is a *foreigner*—a Czech, or a Pole, or a Hungarian, or a German—and that they all exude, vaguely or aggressively, a disquieting airlessness that we like to think of as Essence of Freud. Un-English, anyway. Well, on to Miss Moyes—this time with reservations, because she seems to be trying too hard, and we don't know why she should, with everything going for her and hordes of admirers brightening and reaching when they see a new dust jacket with her name on it. Lady Balaclava, who remains a mad young thing of the nineteen-twenties although she is nearly seventy, is expecting her three daughters and their husbands to join her in celebrating her birthday at her posh but peculiar estate in Surrey. She fears that one of her children may try to murder her, and Detective Chief Superintendent Henry Tibbett is dispatched from Scotland Yard to guard her. With Henry comes his wife, Emmy. The daughters are Primrose, married to a Swiss; Violet, married to a Netherlander; and Daffodil, whose husband is American. They all arrive, and murder comes, too, just as the lady feared.

THE BLESSING WAY, by Tony Hillerman (Harper & Row). A thriller set among the mountains and deserts and labyrinthine canyons of the Navajo reservation in northeastern Arizona, and enriched by the matching spiritual complexities of the Navajo Way and a chorus cast of Scalp Shooters, Stick Carriers, Hand Tremblers, Listeners, and Singers. The action has to do with the murder of a young Navajo named Luis Horseman by a manifestation of the Navajo Wolf (or werewolf), and it is most satisfyingly resolved by a Blue Policeman called Lieutenant Joe Leaphorn. Highly recommended.

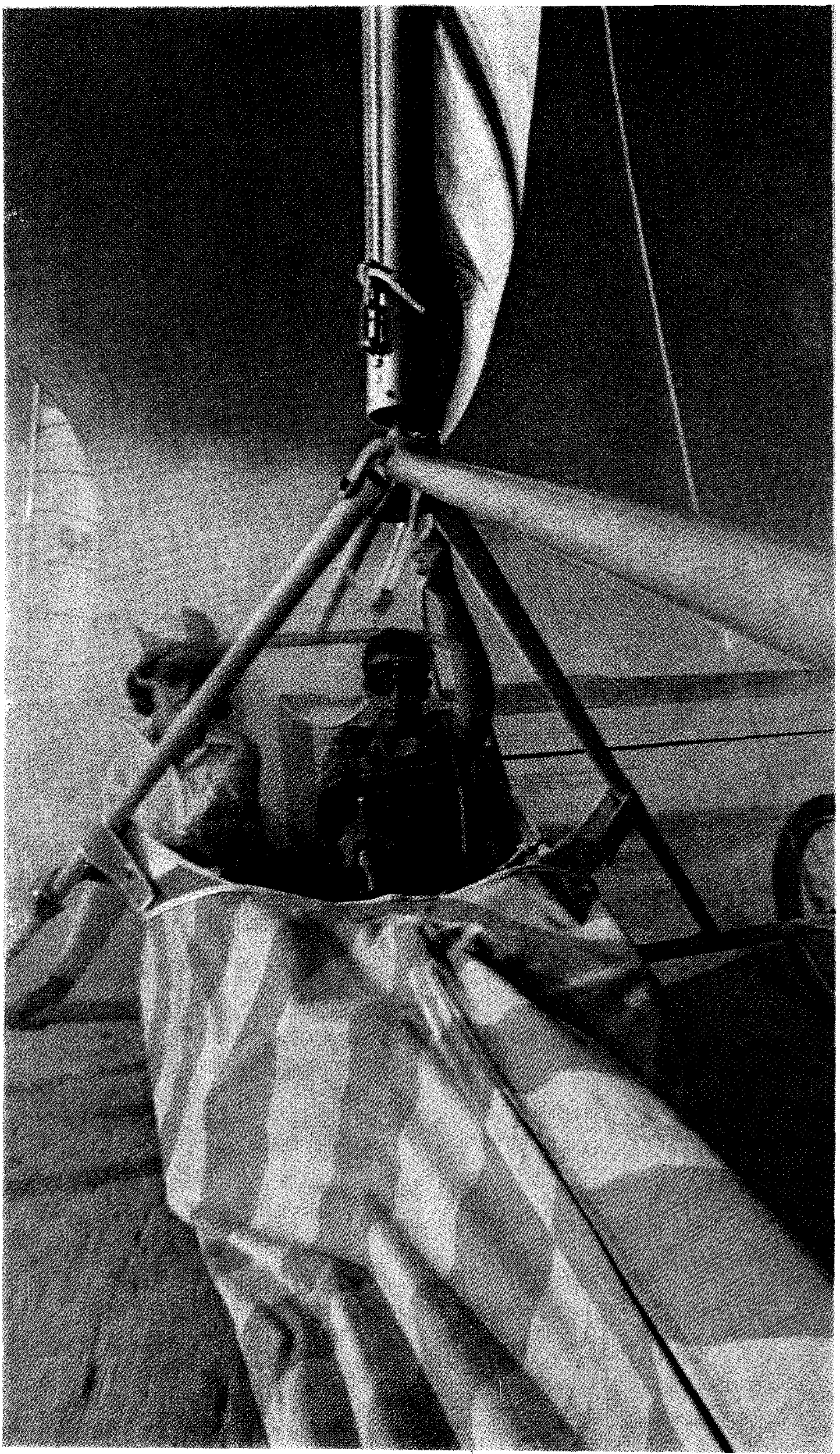
HIGH TIDE, by P. M. Hubbard (Atheneum). This murder-mystery sea story involves a remarkably poised ex-convict; two villains, naturally cruel, who appear to be in a dangerously anxious hurry about something; a tall, beautiful young girl who is twice as nice and not half as clever as she imagines herself to be; a magnetic foreign woman; two splendid dogs, one alive, one dead; and a proudly mundane sailboat named Madge. We get a nice run in a motorcar to the coast of Cornwall, stopping at a pleasant country hotel on the way, and then we sail suspensefully around the coast to the place where the treasure is. Mr. Hubbard has a way with readers, even if he is inclined to keep both hand clamped on the plot as he writes.

•

Specifically, this means that Jersey—like industry in general—must take int account the social and environmenta consequences of its operations—e.g. cough up willingly to fight pollution
—*Fortune*

No vivid writing, please.

Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?



Racing the wind in land yachts at El Mirage Lake, California.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

No.

That's it. Don't spoil her. Make sure she earns her Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

IMPORTED
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

Notice the carpet.

The carpet is muffling the noise.

The carpet can take the pounding for years and years.

The carpet looks nice.

And when she gets around to knocking over that glass of milk, the carpet will be easy for her to clean up.

It's Masland's "Rosemere," made with 100-percent Cumuloft® nylon pile.

And, believe it or not, it isn't expensive.

The Magic of
Masland
Carpets®

C. H. MASLAND & SONS Carlisle, Pa. 17013
1970—Our 104th Year